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~~Ross, John D.~~

A CLUSTER OF POETS.





Wallace Bruce

A CLUSTER OF POETS

SCOTTISH AND AMERICAN,

With Biographical and Critical Notices.

BY

JOHN D. ROSS, LL. D.

Author of "Scottish Poets in America," "Random Sketches on Scottish Subjects," and Editor of "Celebrated Songs of Scotland," "Round Burns' Grave," "Highland Mary," "All about Burns," "The Burns Scrap Book," "Burnsiana," "Burns' Clarinda," etc., etc.

Poetry is
The grandest chariot wherein King thoughts ride.—ALEX. SMITH.

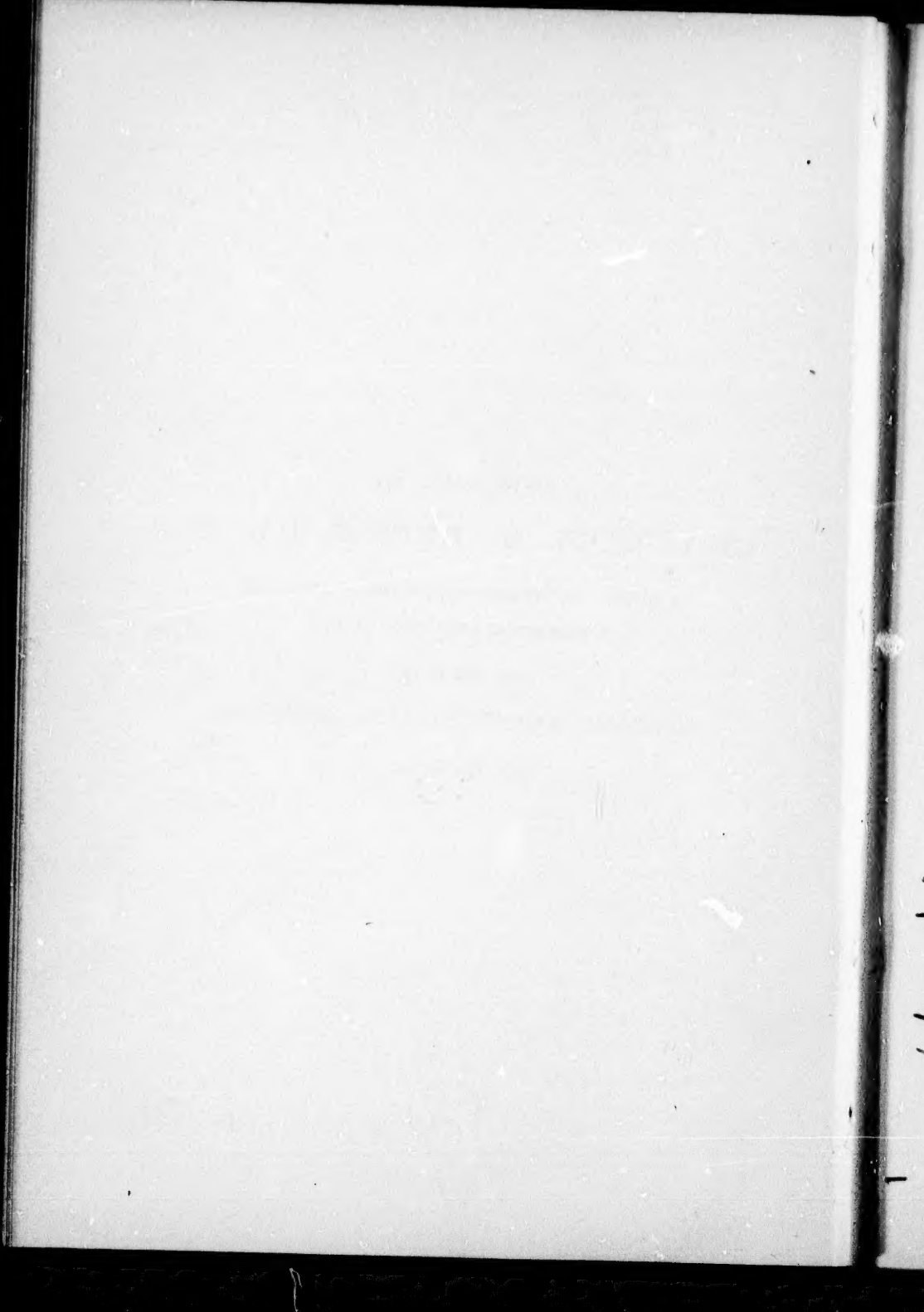
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DEDICATED TO
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, LL. D.,
A LOVER OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART,
A WARM-HEARTED GENTLEMAN
AND ONE OF THE
FOREMOST REPRESENTATIVE AMERICANS
OF OUR TIME.



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HON. WALLACE BRUCE.

DISTINGUISHED on the roll of American poets of the present century stands the name of Wallace Bruce. An accomplished scholar, a brilliant orator, a voluminous reader and an able critic, he combines with these artistic qualities the feelings and taste and imagination of a true poet, and many of his productions through their exquisite beauty have lent a lustre to the poetical literature of our country, and are destined to live, and thus become a monument to his genius long after he has passed to his final reward.

His is indeed a muse of surpassing sweetness and excellence and power, and, to his credit be it said, there is not a line or a verse which he has penned that he need ever wish to blot out. As we glance leisurely through his poems we find here and there realistic touches of the fascinating beauty of Tennyson, the quaint simplicity of Wordsworth, the exuberant humor of Butler, the dramatic strength of Shakespeare, the divine loftiness of Milton, the sturdy independence of Burns, the weird charms of Coleridge, the gentleness of Whittier, the melody of Moore, the picturesqueness of Chaucer, and the vivid descriptive power of Byron. His language is choice and appropriate, the expression dignified, the

similies striking, the versification harmonious, while the subjects are invariably interesting and instructive. Truly an original and pleasing and inspired singer in all respects. Where all is so uniformly good it becomes a difficult matter to select pieces for quotation, especially when these pieces must necessarily be short ones and our author's talents are always displayed to better advantage in his longer compositions. Here is one however that will serve as an introduction :

THE SNOW ANGEL.

The sleigh-bells danced that winter night ;
Old Brattleborough rang with glee ;
The windows overflowed with light ;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas tree.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught ;
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited until the guests were gone,
He waited to dream his dream alone ;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night ;
He piles the snow in the village square ;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
And the lad toils on.

And lo ! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there ;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name,
For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face with prayerful thought ;
But its features wasted beneath the sun ;
Its life went out ere the day was done ;
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this : In the years to be
I will carve the angel in lasting stone ;
In another land ; beyond the sea,
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone ;
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won ;
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might ;
He has gained renown in the land of art ;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart ;
And the dream of the boy, that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Snow Angel in marble—his purpose won ;
And the man toils on.

"Wallace Bruce touches smoothly and sweetly chords that have an echo on both sides of the Atlantic," said the *Edinburgh Scotsman* in reviewing his poems, and the *Glasgow Herald* concluded an

extended notice of his merits by saying, "His verse thrills with fine, free-flowing, vigorous spirit, which imparts to it that feeling of reality and freshness that gives to the poetry of Burns its permanent attraction." "Keenly alive to the beautiful," says the *Birmingham Gazette*, "whether in art or nature or in home life," while the *Saturday Review* declares that there is to be found in his writings "freshness and power and a certain open-air flavor at no time common to writers of verse." The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher claimed that his poetry, "by its merit and beauty made its way to all eyes and hearts," and Mr. Gladstone, acknowledging the receipt of one of his volumes, wrote : "The outward form is beautiful, and my first acquaintance with the contents is in harmony therewith."

As a poet, Mr. Bruce is endowed with a great command of language and abundance of rhyme. His verses flow naturally and musically, and we become interested in them at once. The following poem, entitled "The protest of the Immortals," may be given as a specimen of this. It was recited by Mr. Bruce at a banquet of the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club, and was not only well received then but was much spoken of and quoted by the Scottish press at the time :

A singular meeting the other night !
Did you hear of it up at Parliament Hall ?
Just twelve o'clock the moon shone bright ;

A strange, weird brilliancy flooded all
The rich-stained windows ; the portraits there
The spectral radiance seemed to share

I followed the crowd, a ghastly throng,
A curious group of former days ;
As through the portal it surged along
Familiar faces met my gaze,
As if the library down below
Had yielded its worthies for public show.

In close procession, a hundred or more ;
But it seemed so strange, no voice or word,
No footfall on the oaken floor ;
An old time Provost proffered a word,
A motion forsooth, for then and there
Sir Walter responded and took the chair.

He seemed full pale as he rose to speak,
And bowed his head to the eager crowd,
But a flush forthwith illumed his cheek,
Erect his form, which erst was bowed ;
Intent on the Wizard seemed to be
That strange, peculiar company.

I noted expressions of scorn and pride
Vividly flashed from face to face ;
The minstrel dashed a tear aside,
Appealing, it seemed, to the Scottish race ;
Aye more, each gesture seemed to be
For his darling city a loving plea.

I saw him point to the legend there
Enblazoned upon the windows high ;
To the Crown that Scotia used to wear

When her heroes dared to do or die :
And he seemed to say, " Edina's crown
Shall not for gold be trampled down."

All hands went up at the table round,
Where sat Kit North with flowing quill,
And the sentences seemed to leap and bound
Like living sparks from his sturdy will—
A protest deep, a trumpet word
Straight from the heart, for his soul was stirred.

A moment's pause ; they were asked to sign ;
But who would lead that famous band ?
Who on the roll of auld lang syne,
Prince or peasant, thus dared to stand ?
With one accord the gathering turns,
And straightway summoned Robert Burns.

He came, and proudly wrote his name,
The clear, bold hand, beloved by all,
And there seemed to burst a loud acclaim
That shook the roof of the stately hall.
His plain sign-manual seemed to say—
We guard "Auld Reekie" from wrong to-day.

Shoulder to shoulder, in steady file,
I noted them all as they passed along—
Dugald Stewart and stern Carlyle,
Riddell and Lockhart, of Border song,
Professor Aytoun and dear John Brown,
Brougham and Erskine, in wig and gown ;

Hugh Millar and Pollok, Mackenzie, Blair,
Cockburn, Jeffrey, and David Hume,
Hogg and Ramsay—a curious pair,

De Quincey, "Delta" in nom-de-plume,
Drummond of Hawthornden, Boswell, Home,
Fergusson, Allison—still they come.

They stood in groups, the roll was done ;
The chairman rose, they listened all ;
St. Giles pealed out the hour of one,
They took their way from the silent hall ;
Over the parchment alone I bent—
It seemed like the League and Covenant.

I read it there in the fading light,
A message strange from the shadowy past,
With storied names for ever bright
While Scotland's fame and glory last ;
The ink on that parchment shall never fade
Till Arthur's Seat in the Forth is laid.

"Stand by your city and guard it well—
That street is more than a common wynd
For smoking chimneys and sooty smell ;
Has Plutus made your guardians blind ?
What god your senses has so beguiled
That Art and Nature shall be defiled ?"

So said Kit North : and I read with joy—
"Stand by your city and guard it well ;
For a mess of pottage, or base alloy,
Who dare your birthright or beauty sell ?
Never ! ah, never ! Edina mine,
Shall force or foliy thy virtue tyne.

"Stand by your city and guard it well ;
Burrow in rocks for your tunnelled ways,
Taint not the soil with carbon fell,

The flowers of the sod where the sunlight plays."
No wonder the hall with wild applause
Greeted the reading of every clause.

"Stand by your city and guard it well ;
Greed is mighty, but truth prevails ;
Let not your children's children tell
How beauty was bartered for iron rails."
Such was the meeting in Parliament Hall—
"Nemo impune !" Guard us all.

The entire poem proves that Mr. Bruce has a very sincere regard for Scotland, the home of his ancestors. He delights to talk and lecture on her heroes, her poets, her statesmen and her preachers, and he loves her old traditions, her ballads, her songs, her literature and her customs, with a love that is hardly surpassed even by a native-born Scotsman. This love for Scotland and all things Scottish is visible in nearly all his writings and it was therefore a gratifying and appropriate compliment to Mr. Bruce when President Harrison appointed him United States Consul at Edinburgh.

I now take pleasure in appending another poem on a Scottish subject and one which I think all readers will admire. The poem is thoroughly Scottish in tone and expression, besides being so well written that any Scottish poet would be pleased could he say that he was the author of it.

INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.

[The island burial-place of Clan Alpine, resembling, from Rosdhu, a reclining body with folded arms.]

No more Clan Alpine's pibroch wakes'
Loch Lomond's hills and waters blue ;
"Hail to the Chief" no longer breaks
The quiet sleep of Roderick Dhu ;
Enwrapped in peace the islands gleam
Like emerald gem in sapphire set,
And, far away, as in a dream,
Float purple fields where heroes met.

Inch-Cailliach—*island of the blest !*
Columbia's daughter, passing fair,
With folded arms upon her breast,
Rests soft in sunset radiance there ;
A vision sweet of fond Elaine,
And floating barge of Camelot,
Upon her brow no trace of pain,
And on her heart "Forget me not."

Forget thee, saintly guardian ? Nay,
From the distant lands across the sea
To this lone Isle I fondly stray
With song and garland fresh for thee ;
I trace the old inscriptions dear,
Fast fading now from mortal ken,
And through the silver lichens peer
To read McAlpine's name again.

My mother's name, a sacred link
Which binds me to the storied past ;
A rainbow bridge from brink to brink
Which spans with light the centuries vast.

Two-hundred years ! Clan Alpine's pine
Has struck its roots in other lands ;
My pulses thrill to trace the sign
And touch the cross with reverent hands.

All ruin here !—the shrine is dust,
The chapel wall a shapeless mound ;
But Nature guards with loving trust,
And ivy twines her tendrils round
The humble slab, more fitting far
Than gilded dome for Scotia's line ;
The open sky and northern star
Become the chieftains of the pine.

The light streams out from fair Rossdhu
Across the golden-tinted wave ;
That crumbling keep, that ancient yew,
Still mark a worthy foeman's grave ;
But warm the hearts that now await
Our coming at the open door,
With love and friendship at the gate,
And beacon-lights along the shore.

Dear Scotia ! evermore more dear
To loyal sons in every land ;
Strong in a race that knew no fear,
And for man's freedom dared to stand ;
Ay, dearer for thy songs that float
Like thistle-down o'er land and sea,
And strike the universal note
Of love, and faith and liberty.

Mr. Rowland B. Mahany, writing of Mr. Bruce
in *The Magazine of Poetry* says : "It is as a poet,
however, that his genius shines with the greatest

lustre. Disregarding the mannerisms and conceits of the present school, whose productions are at best but ephemeral, he has held fast to old standards, and struck a tone whose echo is destined to vibrate in the hearts of listeners, now and hereafter. No American poet of this generation, not even Whittier, has set to sweeter music the tender memories of home. Without the broad effects of Will Carleton or the stilted moralizing of Longfellow, Wallace Bruce's "Old Homestead Poems," have that delicacy of fancy, sincerity of expression, and depth of feeling which give fitting utterance to the vague sanctity with which we hallow the past. The same truthfulness of motive is characteristic of all his verses, even when his abounding humour ripples into song. This nobility of purpose and excellence of execution are the qualities which make those familiar with his work enthusiastic admirers. His shorter lyrics, published in the leading magazines, have always been widely praised and copied ; and the fervent patriotism that pulsates through his poems has caused his selection as poet on many distinguished occasions, notably at the Newburgh Centennial, over which President Arthur presided, and at which Senator Evarts and Senator Bayard were the chief orators. The success of "The Long Drama," read by Mr. Bruce, was by common consent the triumph of the celebration."

Patriotism is certainly another predominating feature in many of Mr. Bruce's poems. It is introduced and interwoven into his verses with great skill and

always commands our admiration. Nor are his efforts in this direction confined to America alone. Wherever the bugle has sounded in the cause of liberty and right, that country has become sacred ground to him. But his patriotism is never boisterous or unpoetical. It is set forth clothed in the finest of language and very guarded in expression, so as to give offence to no one. The following poem, besides being one of his best, will give a good idea of this particular feature of his muse :—

"UNO DE MILLE."

[One April day in 1890 I saw a steamer draped in black bring home to Como for burial a soldier of the immortal One Thousand of Garibaldi. By a strange and dramatic coincidence his comrade, an eloquent scholar of Como, died a few hours later at his desk, while preparing for the morrow a tribute to his friend's memory, and on the next day the boat bore his own body to his own kindred.—W. B.]

Another gone of the thousand brave ;
Across Lake Como borne to his grave.
" Uno de Mille," they softly say,
Waiting there by the quiet bay ;
A crowded plaza, a weeping sky—
Hush ! the steamer is drawing nigh.

" Uno de Mille !" Who is he ?
A soldier, they whisper, of liberty ;
One of the thousand from College hall

Who rallied at Garibaldi's call :
His voyage finished, the anchor cast,
Home at Como to sleep at last.

Home, by her rippling waters blue,
Mirroring skies of tender hue ;
Home, where a kinsman's heart-felt tear
Hallows a brother soldier's bier ;
Home, where a noble comrade now
Plaits a chaplet to grace his brow.

Strew with roses the hero's way,
Over the sleeping warrior pray ;
Home, from journeying far and wide,
Welcome him here with stately pride ;
The night, my brother, comes to me,
The morn, Italia, to thee !

Strew with roses the hero's way,
Over the sleeping warrior pray ;
Wake, Italia ! speak for me,
Reunited from sea to sea,
Place a garland upon his bier,
" Uno de Mille " is lying here.

Thus mused his comrade through the night,
Weaving a chaplet fresh and bright,
Sorrowing for a brother dead,
Summoning hours forever fled ;
The light burns dim, the dawning day
Touches the mountains cold and gray.

The pen has fallen from his grasp,
His head is bowed, his hands unclasp ;
The sunlight pierces the casement there ;

He greets the morning with stony stare ;
The day, Italia, breaks for thee !
The night, my brother, comes to me.

Not as he deemed. He little thought
The morrow's work would be unwrought,
Little he dreamed the boat that bore,
His comrade dead to Como's shore,
Dark-draped its homeward course would keep
To bear him, too, where his kinsmen sleep.

Hushed again the crowded square,
Sky and lake the stillness share ;
Over the mountains a fading glow,—
"Duo de Mille," they murmur low :
One, with tapers in yonder dome,
One, 'neath the starlight, going home.

And so they parted, not in tears,
Wedded in death through coming years ;
Sleeping remote by the sunny shore,
Reunited for ever more !
Lake Como sings one song to me—
"The morn, Italia, to thee !

Here also is a touching little poem on the death of General Grant, and in which the same quiet patriotic feeling will be noticed. The poem is founded on the following incident. It is said that when Grant was dying a ray of sunlight through the half-closed shutters of his room fell upon Lincoln's picture, leaving the general's portrait, which hung beside it, in deep shadow. After lingering for a moment on the brow of the martyred President it

passed at the instant of death and played upon the
portrait of the great soldier.

THE SILENT SOLDIER.

From gulf to lake, from sea to sea,
The land is draped—a nation weeps,
And o'er the bier bows reverently
Whereon the silent soldier sleeps.

The mountain top is bathed in light,
And eastern cliff with outlook wide ;
Its name shall live in memory bright—
The Mount MacGregor, where he died !

A monument to stand for aye,
In summer's bloom, in winter's snows,
A shrine where men shall come to pray,
While at its base the Hudson flows.

A humble room, the light burns low,
The morning breaks on distant hill,
The falling pulse is beating slow,
The group was motionless and still.

Two portraits hang upon the wall,
Two kindred pictures side by side—
Statesman and soldier, loved by all—
Lincoln and Grant, Columbia's pride.

A single ray through lattice streams,
And breaks in rainbow colours there ;
On Lincoln's brow a glory gleams,
As wife and children kneel in prayer.

A halo round the martyr's head,
It lights the sad and solemn room,
Above the living and the dead,
The soldier's portrait hangs in gloom.

In shadow one, and one in light ;
But look ! the pencil-ray has past,
And on the hero's picture bright
The golden sunlight rests at last.

And so, throughout the coming years,
On both the morning beam shall play,
When the long night of bitter tears
Has melted in the light away.

A highly moral and religious sentiment pervades all of Mr. Bruce's work, and this characteristic makes his writings all the more acceptable to readers of intelligence and refinement. Indeed, many of his smaller poems are on religious subjects entirely, and each of them gives strong evidence that their author is a man who has a sincere reverence for his Maker and for all things holy. A brief specimen may be given :

THE STRANGER.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent ;
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread ; his strength was well nigh spent,
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east.
Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies,

The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The Patriarch rose, and, leaning on his rod,
"Stranger," he said, dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?"
He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said:
"Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night.
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
"Where is that aged man?" the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
What right hast thou the wanderer forth to cast?"
"Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
"Ah me! the stranger might have with me stayed,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee:
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait:
Could'st thou not lodged him one night in thy gate?"

From a pamphlet recently issued by the Bryant Literary Union we glean the following interesting particulars regarding Mr. Bruce and his career.

Wallace Bruce, whose name bespeaks his Scottish ancestry, was born at Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York. As a lad he was distinguished for zeal in scholarship and love of literature. At the age of thirteen he translated a portion of the first book of the *Æneid* into English verse. He entered Claversack College at sixteen, where he took the valedictory. Went to Yale University, where

he distinguished himself as scholar, writer, and speaker, winning six literary honours, including first prizes in English composition and public debate. Was made editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* by unanimous vote of his class. In 1869 was admitted to practice law. In 1870 went to Great Britain and France; was in Paris the night Napoleon was captured at Sedan; walked over a large part of Scotland and England, studying the characteristics and customs of the people. On his return to the Hudson he adopted literature as his life-work, and was received with marked favour on the lecture platform. In 1871 went to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he resided for eighteen years. In 1872 was invited to lecture on the Poughkeepsie Lyceum. It was a brilliant course, consisting of John B. Gough, Robert Collyer, De Witt Talmage, Daniel Dougherty, etc., but Mr. Bruce was awarded the palm of the winter entertainment, and his fame as a lecturer was established in the Hudson Valley. From this happy opening in the Queen City of the Hudson his fame widened throughout the State, and within two years he had all the appointments he was able to fill. Since that time he has appeared ten times on the Poughkeepsie Lyceum, always giving his new lecture as the opening or closing lecture of the course. Unlike many orators his fame began at home, and in the lecture field he has not been without honour "in his own country and in his own house." Between 1871 and 1889, in addition to orations and poems on

public occasions, Mr. Bruce has lectured in almost every town and city in New England, the Middle and Western States, aggregating over two thousand appointments between New York and San Francisco. Mr. Bruce was appointed United States Consul to Edinburgh, July 1, 1889, from which post, after an honourable career, he retired on September 1, 1893. During his four years in Scotland he was invited to appear on almost every lecture course in the realm, and for four years in succession before the Edinburgh Literary Institute. He also gave several lectures in England, and was enthusiastically greeted by the Parkside Institute of London.

While in Scotland he was made Poet Laureate of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning, Edinburgh, as a successor to Robert Burns, Scotia's national poet, and James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, besides being elected honorary corresponding member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art, to succeed the poet John Greenleaf Whittier. He accepted the invitation to write the poem for the unveiling of the Burns monument at Ayr. Over forty thousand people were present when the poem was read and it was pronounced the event of the day. He responded to "Burns Clubs All Around the World," at Edinburgh and Kilmarnock ; gave an address at the unveiling of Symington's monument at Leadhills; a poem at Linlithgow at the Riding of the Marches; an address on Washington Irving at the old grammar school building of Stratford-on-Avon, and an oration

on the occasion of putting up the Scottish Standard on the battlefield of Bannockburn. He also gave the dedicatory address at the unveiling of the Lincoln monument in Edinburgh, the first erected to Lincoln in Europe, the money for which was raised by his exertions from American citizens as a memorial to Scottish-American soldiers.

On his leaving he was honoured with a farewell banquet by the Cap and Gown Society, a letter of esteem from the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce; was made honorary president of the Shakespeare Society of the Scottish capitol, and was tendered a complimentary farewell dinner by citizens generally. The Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh also presented him with a solid silver loving cup, weighing seventy-five ounces, bearing the following inscription:

Presented to
Hon. Wallace Bruce,
Consul of the United States of America,
by the
Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of
Edinburgh,
On His Retiring from Office in the City, as a mark of
Esteem, and Recognition of His Services to Scot-
tish Literature, September, 1893.

A grand reception awaited him on his return to America, and his services have been much sought after ever since. In the midst of this busy life a poem now and then appears in *Harper's* or in *Black-*

wood's Magazine, like bookmarks in the story of a successful literary and business career. His various publications have been good ventures; his hand-book of the Hudson having reached a sale of one hundred and fifty thousand copies; and his poems, "The Land of Burns," "The Yosemite," "The Hudson," "From the Hudson to the Yosemite," "Old Homestead Poems," "In Clover and Heather," "Here's a Hand," "The Long Drama," "The Candle Parade," and "Wayside Poems," have aggregated twenty-five thousand volumes. In brief, whatever Mr. Bruce does he does well. He has made his way to the very front of the lecture platform without sensation, and has won his position by his qualifications as an orator, a poet and a genial man of letters. His poetry and oratory are both full of the sunshine and enthusiasm of his own nature. For grace, scholarship and magnetic power, he stands to-day without a peer.



PATRICK MACPHERSON.

It has been my privilege for some years past to present to the lovers of poetical literature at intervals, short biographical sketches, accompanied by brief criticisms of the musings of a number of men, on whose shoulders had fallen the coveted mantle of poetic inspiration. And the reward of my labors has been great and abundant in the knowledge that the few kind words thus spoken have cheered and encouraged those sweet singers and in many instances inspired them to make greater fights in the realm of poesy than what they had hitherto undertaken. It is true, of course, that they have not all gained the same pinnacle of success in those latter fights, yet the attempt which they made and the results attained have been creditable to each and all of them.

And so, when my evening lamp is lit there is nothing that gives me greater delight than to take up the writings of one of these gifted individuals—some one with whom I am not already familiar—and to note the pure thoughts that ring through his soul, or the dainty expressions that come from his big honest heart. I am a true optimist in all poetical matters, and I have yet to open a new volume of poems, or to run through a bundle of unpublished rhymes without finding some good qualities—some tokens of

merit and interest—in them

To-night I have spent a couple of very enjoyable hours with the poems of Mr. P. Macpherson, the bard of the New York Caledonian Club. I am not at present aware whether or not Mr. Macpherson has yet appeared before the general public in book form, but if not, I would strongly advise him to gather a cluster of his pieces together immediately and to issue them in permanent form, as by doing so, he will please a great many of his friends and admirers, besides making a valuable addition to the Scottish-American poetical literature of our time as well.

I find him to be a man largely imbued with true poetic genius and instincts. His muse is strong and impulsive, tender and pathetic, pure, patriotic, and inspiring. There is no mistaking his meaning. His language is terse, clear and to the point. You learn to love him the moment you take up his poems, as you find something in them that immediately interests you. The very first poem that I examined, "A New-Made Grave," at once conveyed the impression that the author of it possessed ability of the right sort and that there was nothing of the mere rhymster about him. Apart from the simplicity and sterling beauty of this composition, there is considerable philosophy embodied in it, and, short as it is, it is worth a hundred of the namby-pamby so-called poems that we find in many of the newspapers and magazines of the day. Read it over slowly:

A NEW-MADE GRAVE.

A cool summer eve, a boy and his sire,
In the weird silent home of the dead—
Sculptured encomiums on slab, plinth and spire,
And some not a stone at the head!

"A new-made grave without flowers," said the boy;
Who is it, papa, do you know?
In death so forlorn! was life void of joy?
The end lacks the semblance of woe."

My dear loving boy, two questions you ask—
He who slumbers in death was my friend;
'Twas not his good fortune in sunshine to bask,
The shadows were dark to the end."

"Papa, dear papa! did your friend much repine
That fortune should pass by his door?
Did he notice and envy the wealth that was thine
And sadly bewail being poor?"

"The friend, my dear boy, who has gone to his rest,
Had no craving for power or wealth;
Whatever was sent he thought was the best—
The riches he wanted was health."

"Papa, dear papa, do you think it is fair
That the sick should also be poor?
Their load of ill health is heavy to bear;
What misery some must endure!"

"My dear earnest boy, adrift on life's sea
Great dangers beset us and care;
'Tis fate, the imperious, that gives the decree;
So all we can do is to bear."

"Papa! dear papa, if such is the case
Then naught we can do can be wrong;
The favored by fate will win in the race;
So calmly let things drift along."

"My dear thinking boy, you are young yet in years;
Our conduct through life is the test;
Reflections like those bring nothing but tears;
Be prudent, and hope for the best."

Born in the land of the heather, it is only natural that the theme of many of Mr. Macpherson's poems should be Scotland. Indeed, the motherland is a fountain from which his muse very often drinks its inspiration. And when he strikes the lyre on this particular subject, there is certainly no mistaking the sound. His enthusiasm, at such times, is boundless, and yet, mingling with the patriotic sentiments of these poems are many sweet and pathetic lines and similies. In America, there are numerous Scottish poets who frequently sing of auld Scotia, but I question very much, if any of them has ever sung of it in a more patriotic tone or spirit, or, even in a more pleasing manner than what Mr. Macpherson does. Here is a specimen :

SCOTLAND.

There's a land in the sea, by the Orient shore;
Its aspect is rugged, stupendous and hoar;
Its fauna, the red deer, the roc and the hare;
For flora, the bluebell and daisy are there.

Its mountains are draped with the birch and the pine ;
On its wave-battered rocks marine algae entwine ;
There, shadow and sunshine abound in full form—
The soft lulling zephyr and the blast of the storm.

Ossian and Homer tuned the lyre to relate
The patriot's devotion in times out of date ;
Of heroes and glory sang loud and sang long,
With the fancy of bards, in the dreamland of song.

No fiction is needed the laurel to twine
On brows, bonnie Scotland, of heroes like thine ;
With valor undaunted they fought and were free—
Your Wallace, your Bruce, Montrose and Dundee.

The pibroch, the quickstep, the reel, the strathspey,
Can weep with the mourner, can laugh with the gay—
Make the young and the old to feel gladsome and hale,
As they flow like a stream, from the pipes of the Gael.

To whom but to thee does the title belong ?—
"The home of the Muses, the fountain of song ;"—
They may talk of parnassus as much as they will—
Land of Scott, Ramsay, Hogg, Campbell, Burns, Tannahill !

Let ours be the aim to be worthy of thee,
Our stern loving mother, unconquered and free :
With hearts light and stalwart seek fortune and fame,
Aye loyal and true to the dear Scottish name.

Then home of our sires, though oceans us sever,
Till death's chilly hand stills the heart's heaving swell ;
The wreath of old Scotland for ever and ever !—
The thistle, the heather, and bonnie bluebell !

Scotland forever ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 Be false to her never ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 The pink of creation—surpasses them a',—
 Ev'ry country and nation. Hurrah ! hurrah !

But I came upon another poem to-night in connection with Scotland which very greatly pleased me, It is one entitled "Dark Culloden Day," and so highly was it ranked by competent judges at the time of its completion that it secured for its author a valuable prize from the New York Caledonian Club. It is a very excellent piece of poetical work in all respects and I do not wonder at the warm reception it met with when it was first issued. The subject itself is one that every Scotsman is or should be familiar with. American readers, however, may not at once recall the full particulars. Therefore, I quote the following from Chambers' "History of the Rebellion" for their special benefit :

"After the battle of Falkirk, the Highlanders continued their retreat, and on the 18th of February, 1746, entered Inverness. On the 25th of February, the Duke of Cumberland's army entered Aberdeen, and both sides engaged in petty skirmishes in their district, till on the 18th of April, the duke marched upon the northern capital. The Highland army advanced to Drum Mossie Moor, about five miles, to meet him, and on the 16th of April, 1746, engaged in the celebrated battle of Culloden, which resulted, as is well known, in the complete defeat of the Highland army. The battle of Culloden lasted little more

than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the royal army, and any other result would have been very discreditable to the English army. Its numbers and condition of fighting were so superior, their artillery did so much for them, and the plan of the battle was so much in their favor, that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehavior for which even Preston-pans and Falkirk had not prepared us."

"Dark Culloden Day" is a somewhat lengthy composition, but I quote it in full as it is now, and must ever remain, one of Mr. Macpherson's best poems :

DARK CULLODEN DAY.

April 16, 1746.

Ye glorious sisters nine—
Melpomene divine !
A tragic theme is mine,
Inspire my mournful lay ;
The tale has oft been told
In tears, by patriarchs old ;
The interest ne'er gets cold,
In " Dark Culloden Day."

The heavens, o'er cast with gloom ;
O'er all the wreck of doom ;
Each cairn a patriot's tomb ;
Let wailing pibrochs play !

O'erwhelmed by deepest woe,
The tears of feeling flow ;
Our Royal line laid low,
On "Dark Culloden Day."

With death's funeral pall,
And cypress drape the wall ;
Deplore in cot and hall
The outcome of the fray.
In sorrow we bewail
Each fallen loyal Gael ;
The brave, from hill and dale—
On "Dark Culloden Day."

The crimson Highland blood
Was poured out like a flood ;
In gory reeking mud,
The slaughtered clansmen lay.
They fell upholding right,
The Prince they loved, in sight,
Out numbered in the fight
On "Dark Culloden Day."

The vale of fair Glencoe
Saw scenes of deepest woe ;
Treach'rous were the foe—
They struck midst feasting gay ;
Duke William in command
Was worse—with sword and brand,
Let loose a murdering band
On "Dark Culloden Day."

O'er hill and dale they sped,
The fiend incarnate led,
A swath they strewed with dead,
Like reapers mowing hay,

The sun of Scotland's glory,
Her place in song and story.
Eclipsed were by this foray,
On "Dark Culloden Day."

The old, the young, the fair,
To wrongs beyond repair,
To death and violence were
Consigned by lordings gay.
The true historians tell,
The carnage that befell,
Where rode those imps of hell
On "Dark Culloden Day."

The mem'ry of the brave,
Who fought their Prince to save
From every treacherous knave,
Untarnished lasts for aye ;
Around the festive board,
Their names will be adored,
Their foes will be abhorred
On "Dark Culloden Day."

The absent alien stock,
Who claim each foot of rock ;
Debased in hoof and hock,
Unloved have had their day.
Their sun has nearly set,
The claymore draw and whet ;
Arouse ! and don't forget
"Dark Culloden Day."

Then Scotland in her might,
The vampire bats will smite ;
Will rule her own aright
Exultant pibrochs play.

The mirky clouds will fade ;
The nations debt be paid ;
The howling spectre laid
Of " Dark Culloden Day."

Like all true Scotsmen, Mr. Macpherson is an admirer of the national poet, Robert Burns. It would certainly be strange were he otherwise. And yet, I cannot say that any of his poems are modelled after Burns. Far from it. His muse is free and independent, and follows its own inclination at all times. It is related of him that in the town where he lived fifty years ago, there was a Dr. Grant, a retired naval officer, who knew Burns well. The doctor was a very nice old gentleman, and would let people shake the hand that had shaken the hand of Burns. To this day Mr. Macpherson is proud of the fact that he had on at least one occasion, warmly grasped the old doctor's hand. And he sings of Burns in one or two poems that are well worthy of quotation, as, apart from the subject, they contain a great deal of merit. The following may be taken as a specimen of his powers in this direction :

SCOTIA'S BARD.

The classic bards of ancient Greece and Rome
Live but in name—like the " Appian Way ;
On shelves unread rests many a pond'rous tome—
Museum fossils, the book-worms prey ;
In later times come Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope,

And Milton's epic—sombre, hazy, weird—
 Though rich in fancy and of wond'rous scope,
 It lacks vitality, is dead and sere;
 Material presence we never feel—
 A real personage is Burns's "Deil."

When Scott essayed olympic heights to scale,
 And fill his goblet from the fount of song,
 He stormed Parnassus like a fearless Gael;—
 And gained the summit, for his flight was strong:—
 Then, when struck by Byron's skillful hand—
 To chime attuned with mountains, rocks and rills—
 Gave forth such music as entranced the land,
 The beauties charm us and the pathos thrills;
 Whilst soaring pinions to them both belong,
 Burns reigns unrivaled in the realm of song.

Southey, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth and Tom Moore
 Dazzle us no more—their light has failed—
 The lyre they struck in resonance was poor;
 'Twas measured music, neatly pitched and scaled;
 The minor bards may startle loving friends
 With droned dullness, nor tune, nor time;
 Their balked ambition soon in failure ends—
 Ignoring method while they strangle rhyme,
 The struggling crowd of many blank decades
 Just floundered on and clubbed their spavined jades.

Mackay and Swinburne may be rated high,
 Compared to others of the rhyming brood;
 We grant it so, but do they e'er come nigh
 To Burns in strength or in altitude?
 The muse of Tennyson was gentle, mild—
 Distilling philters feminine—yet he
 Has launched a pean, darksome, thrilling, wild,
 A sample glorious of war's minstrelsy;
 'Tis really great, a living sketch, but say,
 Can it compare with Burns' "Scots wha hae?"

Uncounted millions charmed hear Burns's lay,
They list in ecstasy, 'tis from above,
So sweet its cadence, all their homage pay,
With reverence bowing in their faith and love ;
At home, or drifting on a foreign shore,
Of Scotia's bard we are ever proud ;
Our homage true to the inmost core.
Till life is ended and in our shroud
With joy exultant when the day returns,
We'll meet to honour immortal Burns.

In these lines are sentiments and other sterling qualities which stamp the author as a true poet.

In connection with Mr. Macpherson, I take pleasure in quoting a brief biographical sketch of his which appears in "Modern Scottish Poets." He was born on the 19th of December, 1829, at the Dam of Dulsie, Nairnshire, Scotland. In 1836, his mother, then a widow, removed to Forres, in Morayshire. Then our Highland boy new only Gaelic, and for the amusement of his playmates he frequently had to repeat the Lord's prayer, in that ancient language. After a year at school, however, he knew as much "Forres English" as the other boys, and ultimately took first prize for English reading. About 1841 he entered the services of a bookseller, as a shop boy, and as his employer was formerly a schoolmaster, he taught the lad Latin and other higher branches of learning. Here he also gained a knowledge of bookbinding and land surveying. After three years his master died and the business was disposed of. Thus was closed our young High-

lander's career as a bookseller, but the teaching of the old bookseller and contact with his books and the learned but eccentric people who frequented his shop, became prime factors in determining Macpherson's character and tastes. Our hero was next apprenticed to a shoemaker, singing in the church choir on Sundays and in his leisure moments in the evening receiving musical lessons from an old soldier, and ultimately became clarionet player in the local instrument band. He also attended evening schools for singing, dancing, elocution, etc., and was precentor in Rafford Church for three years previous to 1851, when he went to Edinburgh and followed his calling in one of the leading bootshops in that city, and from thence to London, and to New York in 1870.

While in London Mr. Macpherson was one of the first to join the science classes in the new Royal Polytechnic Institute, where he studied mathematics, chemistry and practical mechanics, and he afterward passed with distinction in an examination held by the Society of arts. It may be urged, he says that such abstract studies could be productive of no pecuniary benefit to a mechanic. Accumulating wealth is not the sole object of human existence. Such studies have a salutary effect in clearing and strengthening the intellectual faculties. Many well-meaning friends advised the abandonment of manual labor for a more ethereal occupation. But this specimen of the (alleged lazy) Highlanders kept at

work, knew neither poverty nor riches, was never sick, and found bootmaking, on the best class of work, to yield as good an income as any calling within reach. It also afforded absolute freedom of action—was just the business for an erratic, rough-hewn essayist and versifier. For twenty years he has been in the sewing machine and musical instrument business at 319 9th Ave., New York.

Since his 18th year Mr. Macpherson has been writing articles, verses, etc. He is still stalwart in body, vigorous in mind, ever progressive. Intensely Scotch, he has been over twenty-five years a member of the New York Caledonian Club. An interviewer in one of the New York papers says: "In some respects he is a remarkable man. He is certainly a scholar of no mean attainments, a fine musician, playing upon several different instruments, including the bagpipes of his native Highlands. He has written songs and set them to music and he does not hesitate occasionally to harness his muse into the shafts of business."

This reference to our author's lyrical powers is well merited and recalls quite a number of those pieces that I have had the pleasure of reading. Here is a brief specimen. It is very musical:

THE THREE KATES.

The crowfeet and the furrows
Attest the lapse of years,
But yet there's a panacea
To mitigate our tears;

We think of Janes and Jessies,
Who influenced our fate—
I was gone on three completely,
And each of them was Kate.

There was bonnie Katie Fraser,
Amiable and fair,
And winsome Katie Kynoch—
Her ma was from Kildare—
And darling Katie Calder,
My affinity and joy,
She just was all perfection,
So clever, sweet and coy.

Our paths in life diverged—
Like me she crossed the seas—
I westward went, her goal was
The far antipodes ;
Beneath the "Southern Cross"
She chose a wedded life,
And pledged her love and troth
As a faithful, tender wife.

Gentle, kind and winning,
Pure as mountain air,
The frosts of three-score winters
May bleach her raven hair,
May blanch her rosy cheeks,
The dimples may efface,
Her youthful charms will linger,
She'll bear the years with grace.

There all my knowledge ceases
Of those charming, pretty girls,
We get what Fate decrees us
As the ball terrestrial whirls—

If still among the living,
I wish them every joy,
Time, their youth and beauty
To me, cannot destroy.

There is quite a large number of Mr. Macpherson's poems and songs which I would like to touch upon did space permit. But I am unable to do more than mention the names of the best of them. They are as follows: "Annie the Fair," "I'm Scotch," "To Scotland," "Tut the Towie," "Sandy," "Bonnie Annie McQueen," "Eppie Tam," "Highland Hunting Song," "The Cyclone," "The Viking Rover," "McDonald on a Wheel," "The Highland Crofters," "Farewell," and "Usguebagh." These, along with a few others, and the pieces which I have already quoted in full, would make a very respectable looking volume of poetry, and I hope Mr. Macpherson will take the hint and ere long be able to announce that his poems are "in the press." Another writer has said of him: "As a poet and prose writer, Mr. Macpherson traverses many interesting fields and teaches many important truths with considerable descriptive power and in clear and forcible language. His patriotic songs are characterized by stirring sentiment, and show that while real to the land of his adoption, his heart keeps warm to the tartan—the sentiment of deep loyalty and admiration for the heather hills that nourished his infancy and inspired his earliest imagination." And here before taking leave of Mr. Macpherson, I would like to quote a

little lyric, an especial favorite of its authors. The title is "Princess Louise of Lorne," and it is as dainty and patriotic and loyal a little song as ever was put forth by one claiming to be a "Scotch-American:"

PRINCESS LOUISE OF LORNE.

We hear not the name of a Campbell,
Nor yet in Argyle were we born ;
But we love the land of the thistle,
And the Princess Louise of Lorne.

The flower reappears in the blossom—
A blending of even and morn—
Like the Empress and Queen Victoria,
And the Princess Louise of Lorne.

Some names we hold dear and cherish,
For those who have left us we mourn ;
With feeling we think of Prince Charlie,
With love, of the Princess of Lorne.

Though far from the land of our fathers,
By fortune's rough hand we've been borne,
We can trace the Bruce's blood Royal
To the Princess Louise of Lorne.

No recreant oath will enslave us—
To the Queen our fealty's sworn—
Our loyalty, roused from its slumber,
Stands fast to the Princess of Lorne.

Long life to Empress Victoria !
For years may her honors be worn !
The other Princesses and Princes,
And the Marquis and Princess of Lorne.

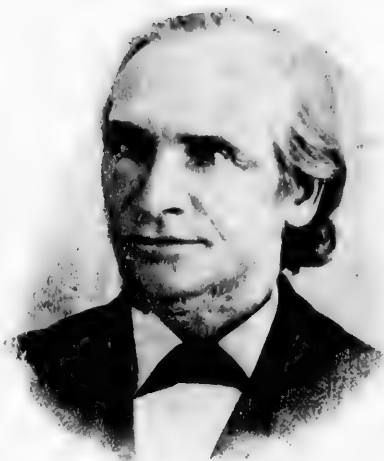
In conclusion, let me assure Mr. Macpherson that I am glad his poems came under my notice. I have spent a pleasant time over them, and they have done me good. And when one claiming to be a critic can say of another's writings that a perusal of them has done him good, the reader may be sure that there must be considerable talent—something that will live in them.



REV. ARCHIBALD ROSS.

It is seldom that theologians come prominently before the literary world as writers of poetry. While many of them are endowed with poetic gifts of a high order, and while they undoubtedly exercise those gifts more or less during their leisure moments, it is only on certain occasions, or for special reasons that their musings are ever allowed to pass beyond, or even become known outside of the family circle. Why this should be the rule instead of the exception, we are at a loss to determine or explain. We confess ourselves confident that many of them would ultimately attain a high rank among the poets of their country were they to place their productions within easy reach of such readers as delight in, and acknowledge themselves interested in this particular branch of literature. The Rev. Archibald Ross of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a fair example of the kind of poet preacher that we have reference to. While he has been for many years a successful laborer in the Master's vineyard, he has not neglected to cultivate and make use of the poetical talents that he has been blessed with, and his numerous poems are not only intelligent and readable productions, but are in every respect well worthy of preservation. There is indeed something to cherish and admire in all that he

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REV. ARCHIBALD ROSS.



has written. His muse is refined but vigorous, his language classical and terse, his rhythm musical, and his descriptive and argumentative powers keen and active. In no instance is the spirit of frivolity visible. We perceive at a glance that each of his poems has been studiously brooded over and carefully worked out, while an independent and earnest yet encouraging tone is conspicuous and makes itself felt in almost every line. He rarely introduces or pictures the darker side of life to us, but for the shams and idle pretensions of the world he certainly has no mercy, and he holds them up to ridicule and scorn in words of reproach and condemnation that continue to echo through our memory long after they have been listened to or read. On the other hand, however, and as may readily be surmised, his veneration for all that is noble and pure and sincere in life is equally intense and asserts itself at all times. That he loves his fellowman, no one can doubt after once reading his writings, but for the honest, liberal, broad-minded Christian man he has an especial regard and he extends the hand of fellowship and good will to him on every possible occasion. He looks upon the poet's office as high and noble, even godlike; and the reader will not fail to be pleased, in this connection, with an extract from "The Poet," where the imagination is luxuriant, the diction clear and expressive, and the thought magnificent yet chaste and delicate :

THE POET.

He walks with men, and yet he is a king—
A right and royal one, and on his brow
Is stamped the impress of God's coronal.
He bears the aspect of a messenger,
And enters on his work with dignity.
He parleys not, nor wavers, for he knows
The Graces are around him to delight,
While soaring through his field, the universe.
Thus, conscious of his ancient title deeds,
And rich inheritance, he vindicates
Justice and order wisely, nor will swerve
A hairbreadth from the will within his hands.
To him all form and substance play a part
In perfect unison. The azure bound
Alive with him, rejoices ; the bleak earth,
So cold and bare to millions, he transforms
To labyrinths of grandeur, where the walks
Of opal, garnet, and a thousand gems,
Blaze in the lustre of cerulean fires.
The vaporous clouds in his alembic eye
Like huge leviathans plough the serene,
Bearing the fleecy waters, from whose breasts
Drop welcome fatness, while the smiling earth
And jubilant heaven meet and assert their loves
With passion awful in its majesty.
To him the chaste, clear evening sky unfolds
A spangled vesture fit for deity.
He rides earth like a charioteer, observes
Her graceful sailing round the galaxies
Unharm'd and undisturbed. He knoweth well
Disease is but derangement—maladies
But atoms in disorder, where the line
Is broken, and the air is full of death.

He is a priest of nature, wandering through
The alcoves of his garden, and avers
That as a poet he must teach, arouse,
And open out the beauties of his house.
Though the world laugh, his work goes bravely on.
He watches undercurrents, and while men
May think him nerveless, vapid and inane,
He pierces through their being like the spear.

Armed and accoutred at the fountain head,
He comes to earth prepared to speak to men.
The circumambient air, the marvelous light,
The subterranean fires : all hidden things
Declare his active presence ; fruits and flowers,
As well as noxious vapors, and the warmth
Of sunshine, or the gloomy depths of night.
The adamantine rocks unloose their bands
Within his presence, while Boötes waits,
With Hercules and all the host of heaven,
To bid him welcome to their distant zones.
He mounts the tempest, flying etherward,
Or, silently, steals in the heart of man ;
For he knows human nature ; he can play
With infants, or hold converse with the peer
Of schools ; he meets with nature's commonest pets,
Buds, leaves and blossoms ; the huge oak and elm
To him are distant brothers, carrying on
Some holy ministration. When he sleeps,
His favorite monitor pours in his ear
Rare chords of melody known but to few.
He wakes : the tiniest grasses in the plain
Give solemn lessons for his lecture hour,
While insect matins and the song of birds
Reveal the glories of his paradise.

Who knoweth but the suns of other realms,
Whose beauties sparkle on the breast of Night,
May speak his parentage ; for this we see,

His ways are singular, his habits strange,
His soul subdued and pensive, or lit up
With eddies of delight that grave their lines
More deeply than in faces of the crowd,
Pleading as if he knew that our life here
Were but a school, while his intensive speech
And mode of utterance savor of abodes
Mayhap contiguous, if not of this world.

Welcome, thou visitant from other climes !
Stay with us, teaching us that to be wise
Is our great privilege, our brightest joy.
The earth cries out from villainy and wrong.
And in thy sacred mission souls will rise,
And learn to love their great Original.

Mr. Ross has been a pretty keen observer in society, and our readers may rest assured that Henry Ward Beecher gave him great theme for contemplation. When this extraordinary genius passed away, the strange stagnation and adverse currents of opinion that followed in his wake were ably reflected in a most brilliant poem by the author. The ire of the narrow theologians was aroused ; the commendation of the Broad Christian Church was noble and outspoken ; and in the lull—

While some grow vengeful, waiting for a chance
To kiss Pelagius, and kick Augustine,
Others, conversely, chose more beaten paths,
That lead, they swear, from Paul's theology.
And so religious valor is at ebb,
And thought is squeamish from the want of fire,
And Zeal is purblind from the lack of faith,
And vile Suspicion gnaws one to the bone,

And teachers, prisoned in the iron bands
Of narrow dogma, lie down in the mire,
Nor will they shake themselves till once they hear
A shout from Plymouth, that will make them turn
Their lazy selves—may it come speedily.

Both in Canada and the United States, Mr. Ross has been an extensive traveler, and he could not fail to be interested in the question of ventilation as a sanitary precaution in our dwelling-houses and workshops. In the pulpit and the press he has spoken on this theme to good advantage. In the following picture from "Gaza" (well styled from Samson's prison house), the reader can see the workmen, notice the filth in every direction, and hear the outbursts of infamy that accompany them. And this of a workshop in New York. Thank Heaven, things are mending by degrees, and God's pure air is more and more allowed to permeate our dwellings and shops every year.

GAZA.

Twelve days did I grind hard at Gaza prison,
Where the proud Philistines set up their tools
And implements of war, and the rooms reeked
With feculent odors, and the slimy floors
And purulent atmosphere smelt of grim death.
There stood the martyrs in their nauseous pens—
Where the hours rolled like an eternity—
So unaccustomed to the air of heaven,
That when God sent the light-winged zephyrs forth,
The windows shut to rapidly as if Hell

Were on the rampage ; and the hacking cough,
And pale and sombre visage, and dry tears,
With flakes of sputa floating in the gloom,
Midst ghastly laugh and noxious gases—all
Spoke of a race of white slaves yet on earth,
Cursed by King Mammon to disease and shame.
The cruel Philistines looked in and laughed
At the poor helots gasping for their breath,
And conjured how a further ten per cent.
Might be adroitly fleeced without suspicion.
There were young Jezebels attired in paint,
Hot in their maledictions, whose sly oaths
Like scimetars would pierce the putrid air.
And men who erst showed on their pensive brows
Beauty and genius, now depraved and base
As Sodom in its fall.

“Life” is a most exquisite piece of reading. It is a poem of over a thousand lines in long iambics, and exhibits a thousand beauties. Here we find a large pasture ground, forcing upon our attention, from the monad to the stellar spheres, theme upon theme for illustration. “The Heavens,” “Sleep,” “The Rain,” “The Snow,” “Flowers,” etc., are crystallized throughout in the highest flights of sacred and impassioned language. Morals, beauty, character, are here. Is this not beautiful ?

Here, veiled in innocence, comes one,
Resplendent, radiant, like the sun.
Go where we may, do what we will,
Her sweetness shines upon us still.
HOPE still holds queenship in the soul,
Still wields her sceptre of control—

A remnant of the happy time
Our parents passed in Eden's prime.

In the writer's opinion, "Theodemia, a glimpse of the Divine Academy," is his masterpiece. This is a remarkable poem in many respects; strong, impulsive and full of genuine poetic power. It is exceedingly rich in valuable and beautifully expressed thoughts and similes; the tone is highly moral and elevating, and there is an abundance of what, at first, seems peculiar, but which proves to be good and sound philosophical arguments. The author states that "the object of the poem is to pay grateful homage to useful minds, and to point out various avenues where we may be led to improve more rapidly in the midst of so many advantages in this school of the world." It is impossible to properly analyze or even to give a synopsis of the poem here, so numerous and profound are the themes which it embraces and discourses on, but we quote a few extracts from which the reader no doubt will be enabled to form a general idea of its meritorious character:

Where, then, are all our teachers? People look
As they have right to do—for pabulum
To feed the intuitions, and we give
Them piles of chaff with but a grain of gold,
And sometimes not e'en that. They know some things,
And they expect their teachers should know more,
And so they may in such a favored school.
What then should we exact of those who teach?
But close adherence to the laws of right

As stamped within their being—earnest men,
 In knowledge large, molded in modesty,
 Careful in observation, choice in thought,
 Rich in resources, fertile in the stores
 Of illustration for unfolding truth.

* * * * *

To maintain

That we can make no progress in the line
 Of spiritual knowledge would be libellous
 Upon ourselves as minds; our ethics stand
 On footing where all innate truths agree
 With revelation, as with nature also.
 These innate springs exist—a wondrous proof
 That power, subjective, personal, apart
 From matter, acts infusing energy.
 Here Hume and Locke—philosophers diverse
 On Christian planes—are staggered, and declare
 That knowledge must first pass the ordinary senses
 Ere the will show its bias and demeanor;
 That these are warders of the human mind,
 Or keys to all our world of acquisition—
 A fallacy that keener knowledge pushed
 Right to the wall as worthless and unsound.

* * * * *

Nor hesitate to study well the plans
 Of teachers, pure, illustrious in their lives,
 As Pestalozzi or as Arnold—men
 Who swept the depths of nature to enrich
 The dawning genius of the younger mind.
 But for enquiring men who must be answered,
 Pierce everywhere for knowledge—nor be checked,
 And make earth's friction your Bucephalus.
 Grandest of records of the eloquent past
 Is the great book of Job—this read and think.
 Whether in fact or symbol, here is truth.

Here is the richest living without surfeit ;
Here is abundance and a bracing harvest ;
Here Providence, freewill, necessity,
Speak for a hearing ; here the mark of law
Is shown as in the whisperings of the wind.
Here the demoniac wrong, the god-like truth
Face without friction ; here the blackest night
The brightest day look to one sovereignty.
Poet and prophet, sage and seer combined,
Job stands within a hallowed vestibule
Betwixt the earth and heaven—and sees them both ;
But in the garniture of primal truths
He will see things—nor thoughtlessly lets slip
One word for human nature—how he showed it :
“ I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.”
But rising to a loftier cadence sings,
“ God tries us that we may come forth as gold.”

Take the following picture from the same poem :

Jealousy is a low, insatiate fiend,
And an infernal one. We have watched men,
Spotted by this vile wretch at every turn,
And the more Jealousy spattered them with sin,
The readier grew they to be men of honor.
O reader, there are simpletons who say
God makes no use of evil. We have seen
The lusty blacksmith working at his forge ;
The cooper at his bench ; the printer, too,
Setting the type as if to save his soul—
Stop suddenly as if some thundering voice
Claimed their attention, and would have it too.
And as they listened, and by slow degrees
Felt the prophetic import that lay there,
They set themselves as students to their work—
Then suddenly swooped upon them foul-mouthed Slander,

Envy and inuendo hedged them round,
While Falsehood and the whole ubiquitous crowd
Of hell-born villainies pelted them with stones,
To quiet them forever ; and the more
The enemy forced the battle the better for them.
And so with other evils—they are here.
It is not many, therefore, for the crowd
To censure providence for placing man
In midst of such a fire—the curse remains,
And man must shun it as a withering curse,
Yet that does not necessitate its fall
To pure negation—it is used as a rod
To spur men to their duty—aye, to lash
Till the very blood, and sweat, and scalding tears
Perfect the soul for heaven. It is God's plan.
It always was His plan as far as we know.
Age after age—the Jew, Egyptian, Greek,
The bond, the free, all peoples of the earth,
Meet brotherhood here.

In the higher fields of metaphysical speculation,
our author stands on the threshold of the temple,
yet peers far within. He does not hesitate to say
that while he takes the strong side of apriority in this
discussion, he is intensely interested if not amused at
the antagonisms of the schools of mind.

With what keen sarcasm he touches on this :

Men who shun good evidence,
Lacking a priori sense,
Never can and never will
Teach the God-given principle
That innate powers rule the mind—
God's reflection on mankind.

Learned Spinoza gave them bread,
Yet they knocked him on the head,
Never recking their best creed
Was part outgrowth of his seed.
Berkeley raised their souls to tune,
When they called the man a loon.
And when Kant, with fine degrees
Of his famed antinomies,
Tried to please them as himself,
They soon placed him on the shelf,
Saying glibly-let him rot,
God is nowhere in his thought.
Descartes, Leibnitz, Hume and Locke
Served some readers as a rock,
Where they gladly sate awhile,
Hoped to build their home, and smile,
When, lo, Fichté, Schelling come,
Knock the head off their bass drum,
Who in turn are knocked about
By proud Hegel to a rout.
He sets all the world on fire,
Then gets branded as a liar.

"The Vindication," in iambic double rhyme quatrains (which the author says rather handicapped him) extends over two thousand lines, and embraces the large field of being, purpose, duty, etc. The sages of history are called upon in illustration. Our intuitions, he says, are but celestial fires hidden in the mind, but which manifest an occasional super-radiance through environment and education. We quote:

Mysterious voices, calm, subdued,
Break silence in the soul ;

No fascination, faith nor feud,
Can cease their solemn roll.
No known experience checks their sway,
No learning tints their tone ;
The mind pursues its wonted way,
Respectful of their zone.
Whence come they ? what their work on earth ?
Questions we fain would trace ;
For in them order has its birth,
Existence has its place.
The thoughtful crowd the varied schools,
Their cult to analyze ;
Philosophy projects new rules
To pierce within their skies.
Unknown, the multitude yet act,
Determined by their power ;
Without them life would lose its pact,
No nation live an hour.

"Cygnus" is a fine concise piece of reasoning on the stability of the universe, and immortality of the soul. The author states that the negations of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" urged him to the undertaking. Order and purpose in the universe he lays down as basal grounds. This poem with "Duty" we take to be some of his best work. "Duty" indeed is a masterpiece, and will bear extensive and close reading. We are called to answer the question, why we are here. The tone is cheerful as he proceeds, but we feel as we go onward that we are entering sacred ground.

Deep themes require deep thinkers—like large seas,
Where only seamen of great skill may plough
The waves with pleasure as with triumph also.

For eager crowds are waiting at the door.
Art thou a teacher? Answer if thou canst
Their questionings. Our fickle age needs men—
Not pulish folk. tickling the ear with straws,
Nor those from cushions of opinion, soft
As silk ; nor those so feeble, they forget
They wield a purpose ; nor the virile throng
Who always furbish up, to batter down,
If it be possible, the rugged walls
That keep men in the realm of character.

For look at man—those crowds who brush us by
In city life, like some strange tournament ;
Look at those pensive eyes—that iron brow—
That brazen furrow—that intensive seal
Upon the lips—that endless stream of tears
Speaking a language : there is appetite ;
There rages thirst, like some leviathan's
Out of his element. What want they all?
What are those sighs and yearnings, but a thirst
For God and rest—for beauty, heaven and home?
All men have some like qualitics ; they speak
A single language though in varied frame.
And they all show allegiance to some king,
To God or antigod. They know their stay
Terrestrial binds them to a throne, and then
They walk as if within their cunning hand
They carry years and wisdom. What they need
Is will, and consciousness of rectitude
That prompt volition—purpose to declare
And act a life of duty—vehemence
To push the positive right to the goal.

So go and view the crowd, remembering
Thy path is upward. Were not Socrates,
Spinoza and Lord Bacon men thrice armed
For wide advance in knowledge? So to them
Pay thou obeisance—but aim farther, higher.

Seek not their level—there is consonance
In word and mission with the gifted past.
Life has its stairs, with giant steps afore
Like towering Andes ; view the apex then,
Nor halt till thou stand'st on it. Most take aim
So low, that children, slim in precedent,
Grow weak, exhausted ere the day grows warm,
And fall like feeble wax dolls near the fire.

Not he who writes or speaks, or flourishes
Tropes and enigmas, then, but he who thinks,
And makes men think—he is the noblest man
To nourish men. But where may such be schooled ?
Some men embrace the sore and torturing thought
That life is not worth living—that the hue
And make of our existence has no aim
But that of blind fatuity—and, worse
Than all, that man is but a wreck whose thought
Can not be trusted for the place he fills.
So life runs daily on. Some dig for gold,
Eat it, and die ; some potter after fame,
And lie like devils to secure it ; some
Court sharp duplicity, to find a pot
Of manna hidden there—O bitter food !
All pursuivants of fortune, on the march,
All waiting revelations—not in vain.

Neither in the field of keen satire and grim humor
is Mr. Ross defective. He has shown this in "A
Planetary Visit,"—over a thousand lines in trochaic
verse. This piece of pleasantry is constantly bub-
bling over with caprices of a weird and versatile genius
Arcturus, a stranger from some stellar domain, pays
a visit to earth, and what with his flights from city
to city, his visit to the churches, to the brokers,

politicians, the nondescript Tammany, and what not, the reader's enthusiasm is kept up to the highest pitch.

Among Mr. Ross's poems which we have read with sincere pleasure are "The Prophecy," "John Knox," "Fifty-four," a good health tonic by the way ; "The Scotch - Irish Family," "William of Orange," etc. His patriotic muse is firm and vigorous, his love of freedom is intense ; as witness his "Freedom," to the tune of "Scots wha hae," "America's Redemption," which has had a large sale in the United States, and "The Public School," which forms a characteristic feature of his writings.

Let us go with our author into the inner temple, and learn something of the sacredness of his life. Failing health a few years ago urged him to travel. He says :

Earth gave to me its share of bliss and bale,
But when I analyzed this thing called Sin,
And its dire progeny, I cried for shame,
And left the lap of woe for joy's embrace.

He seeks in a healthy altruism, and in the pathway of Christian heroism, gentleness and resignation an antidote for every ill. How well he touches upon this in the lines :

PATIENCE.

Thou beautiful ! fair as the sun,
And richer than all human wealth.
Dear love, the race that I have run
Is tintured with thy hues of health.

How sad my lot, morose, unkind,
Till thy sweet presence fell on mine !
Then opened out the strength of mind,
Then glowed my path with light divine.

Then cheerfulness sang her refrain.
What active virtues roused my heart !
Far fled the agonies of pain,
And joys came in to share their part.

Thou child of God—where'er I go,
In all my visits to my kind,
I ask my Father to bestow
The radiance of thy heavenly mind.

O then what sunshine fills the home !
For faith and love are there to greet.
Dear Patience, glad that thou art come,
I lay this tribute at thy feet.

GOD.

GOD and His Record—truths enough for me
To ponder faithfully while dwelling here.
Some fence themselves with creeds, and live in fear,
Like children out upon an angry sea.
Who speaks within and opens there a feast
Of daintiest things—He is my Lord and Guest.
Let Him be great, and let me be the least.
He made me of the dust, but, with a zest
Supremely wise, He breathed upon the clay,
And lo, I live ! And thus whene'er His hand
Knocks at the palace door my heart is gay,
Robed in a splendor earth cannot command.
For all His words are galaxies of grace,
And Christ, enthroned within, makes glad the holy place.

EGO.

How wonderful it is to be !
To know that this is truth.
To feel thy pulse, eternity,
A never-ending youth.

While on my visit to the earth
Clothed as a human tree,
I read the splendors of my birth
That tell me I am free.

My spirit nowhere is confined ;
It spans the maze between.
Deep in the ocean of the mind
The infinite is seen.

How strangely grand the palace fair
That Providence designed !
And pre-established with such care
As wardrobe of the mind.

How gently gravitation holds
This fabric while I stay !
A few hours hence the flower unfolds
And then I fly away.

What fields of glory I may tread
Far in the vast unknown !
One lesson I have ever read,
I never am alone.

Within this garden of my God
There is no room for strife.
The day, the night, the suns abroad
Speak of eternal life.

The little floweret in the vase
That speaks a language pleasant—
E'en there I gladly see some phase
Of Thee, Thou ever Present.

And midst such symbols of Thy power,
Meek, tender, true and clear,
I lengthen out this little hour,
And never know a fear.

Some voice keeps ringing in my heart
That in my near translation
I may behold the sacred chart
That opens up creation.

ECCE VITA.

Let no man tell me this is death or woe
When once my mantle drops within the ground.
Love, nature, wisdom shame us at the sound.
There is eternity within the flow
Of my gradation in my upward climb,
Where years are never counted, nor the rhyme
Of suns and cycles weary as I go.
An inner anthem whispers of my life.
This is my heritage, that hierophants—
Who lack the wisdom even of the ants—
Dare to condemn beneath their load of strife.
While thus I live, upbuilding all the way,
And soar the galleries of my Father's house
With tread celestial, myriads like the mouse
Go creeping in dark holes, and live their day.
Be this their embassy, it is not mine.
I give my heaven-born faculties full play.
There is no dissonance in their divine.

They bear the impress of the Master hand
That framed the earth 'mid music, whose grand thrill
Flashed into being man with God crowned will,
The coronet of the Divine command.
This, then, is life, yet man, how strange to tell,
Strives night and day to make this heaven a hell.

VINDICATORY.

I have not lived in vain.
No ! never be it said
That I have plowed through sun and rain
My brother's blood to shed.
No ! Mercy's thousand voices cry :
For him I live, for him I die.

Away down in the deeps
Of sorrow let me go,
And light a smile where anguish creeps
Around the house of woe,
Where men are wont to groan and bleed—
There let me sow a righteous seed,

Nor weary feel nor faint ;
God is my life, my plea.
There is no penury, no attain
In His eternity.
And thus each day I count my gain.
No, no ! I have not lived in vain.

The Rev. Archibald Ross is a well known laborer in the Methodist Church. He was born at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in 1835, and was the ninth child of a family of eleven children. "I came," he says, "of a hardy Scotch stock. On my

father's side, his people were farmers, and lived in Ross-shire, Scotland. I know but little of my mother's lineage: she was a MacGregor of Argyle, who always revered the pine as an emblem of her fealty, and carried about a large share of family pride in consequence. One of her grand-uncles fell at Prestonpans fighting for the Scottish pretender, and another with Wolfe at the conquest of Quebec." After receiving a common school education, Mr. Ross was apprenticed in his thirteenth year to a printer in Montreal, but some years later he took a course of theology in Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, and labored successfully both in the pulpit and the press prior to his arrival in Brooklyn in 1876. He was married in 1856 to Miss E. A. Tempany of London, England, a lady of pleasing address and much intelligence. Three children are all that remain out of seven. Jessie Elizabeth, the eldest, well fitted from excellent balance of temperament to do well in the line she has chosen, conducts a private school in Brooklyn. Archibald, aged thirty, is engaged with prospects of good success in various lines of music; while Frederick Edward, the youngest, full of promise and possessed of some insight as to the arcana of poetic philosophy, is now carrying on in Minnesota successful work in the ministry.



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HON. CHAS. H. COLLINS.

HON. CHAS. H. COLLINS.

"The New Year Comes My Lady," a daintily-bound volume of poetry by the Hon. Charles H. Collins, has reached me all the way from the progressive and pleasantly situated town of Hillsboro, Ohio. I say poetry, because, as far as my judgement goes in such matters, the forty or more pieces contained in the little book are well worthy of having this flattering and honorable distinction accorded to them. They are exceedingly well written, happily conceived and in excellent taste, while the sterling merit that characterizes the majority of them proves that their author possesses the heart and the feelings, as well as the imagination of a true son of song. I think it was Sydney Smith who said of Hanna More's writings: "We hear testimony to her talents, her good sense, and her real piety. There occur every now and then in her productions very original and profound observations. Her advice is often characterized by the most amiable good sense, and conveyed in the most brilliant and inviting style," and the same may in all sincerity be applied to the poems of Mr. Collins, as there is not a line or a verse in them that is not appropriate and chaste and entertaining. I have indeed found them delightful reading, and have lingered lovingly among them, as indeed will every one who loves smooth and musical and unaffected

verse. A brief specimen of his charming style may be found in the following:

CLERMONT DAYS.

We look from the front veranda
On the slopes against the sky,
Where the rays of sunshine glitter
On the clouds slow sailing by.
We watch the shadows trooping flit
O'er the distant hills away,
Like phantoms of the by-gone years
Where dreamy fancies stray ;
Of days in our youth in Clermont,
With life in all its charm,
Where never had risen shadow
On the Old Ancestral Farm.

The smoke of the village chimneys
Rises in the wintry air,
And the snow upon the beaten road
Is beautiful and fair.
There is sound of jingling sleigh bells,
Glad voices from the hill,
Come floating down the vistas
With well remembered thrill.
Back come the days of Clermont,
With life in all its charm,
On the East Fork of Miami
And the Old Ancestral Farm.

There was mystery in the future
While the passing hour was blest.
There was nothing of foreboding
That the heavens could suggest ;
There was never thought of troubles,
There was never cause for tears,

There was never hint of failures
Or of sorrow in the years
In the days we lived in Clermont
With life in all its charm,
In Batavia's happy valley
On the Old Ancestral Farm.

There were friends in famous Clermont,
These friends were kind and true,
Where the East Fork of Miami
Gleamed in its sunny hue.
So at dawning and at twilight
With the skies aflame in gold,
We think of the years in Clermont,
In the youthful time of old,
And the fleeing clouds and shadows
Are penciled with a charm,
Just as when in Batavia
On the Old Ancestral Farm.

Quite a number of Mr. Collins' poems are on simple, every-day subjects, but the themes in them in every instance are treated so tenderly, and the sentiments expressed are so natural, that they immediately touch a responsive chord in our hearts, and we learn to love the poems first on this account, and next on account of their genuine simplicity. Such a poem is the one entitled, "The Little Children." There is no straining after effect here, no grand display of fine sounding words, no meaningless metaphors; nothing but simple, easily understood language, and yet what a crowd of golden thoughts for the little ones are interwoven through

the verses. Truly a poem of this kind, simple though it be, is worthy of preservation :

Play on, dear children, have your fun,
Take pleasure while you may ;
No spots appear upon your sun,
No clouds obscure your day.
Your cheeks, like roses blushing red,
Life has for you no thorn ;
Then play till time to go to bed,
And play again at morn.

The years will stay these little feet,
Which now so blithely run ;
And footsteps lag upon the street
When weary day is done ;
Those little hands will rougher grow,
That now can only play,
And trouble then, the heart will know,
Where all is now so gay.

Those pretty eyes will lose their light,
The voice will change its tone,
The tropic tints which fill your sight
Will fade in frigid zone,
Play on, play on, this charming earth
Is made for such as you ;
For you its beauty, joy and mirth,
Its gleam of sunny hue.

Play on, play on, and do not mind
What cross old grannies say ;
Such people should be deaf and blind—
Play on, dear children, play.

Play on, play on, for night will soon
Its sullen sceptre sway.
And evening close on childhood's noon—
Play on, play on, to-day.

To-morrow there will quiet reign,
Enthroned in silence, where
This childish music makes refrain,
This laughter fills the air.
To-morrow desolation's gloom
Broods o'er the empty hall,
No pattering footsteps in the room,
No children's voices call.

To-morrow, mute the little lips,
And still the restless feet !
The little hands, with marble tips,
On pulseless bosom meet.
O, where is then the merry glee,
The children's jocund play,
The joyous romping, glad and free ?—
Let children play to-day !

My hair is gray ! the years have set
Their signet on my brow,
But must I in old age forget
The little children now ?
'Tis true I cannot jump and run
December is not May,
Don't mind me, children, have your fun,
Dear children, play to-day.

Play on, play on, for time is brief,
To you that seems so long,
And coming age—the wrinkled thief,
Will hush your childish song.

Life is a game where clouds abound,
And falsehood wins the day ;
In childhood trust and truth are found—
Let children play to-day !

To return to Mr. Collin' book, I can say I was surprised on first glancing over it at the variety of subjects on which his muse had alighted. There are poems in the book on "The Highland Hills," "The Emerald Isle," "The Oriole," "The Waning Year," "The Abbey of Saint Denis," "The Old Farm House," "In the Hammock," "By Woodland Paths," "At Fort Douglas," "A Reminiscence of Manitou," "Pueblo," "Vespers," "Napoleon," "Midnight in the Glen," etc., etc. All more or less beautiful and all bearing the imprint of poetic genius in their composition and construction. As a poet, Mr. Collins' rhymes are perfect, his descriptions graphic, his language choice, and his fancy luxuriant and pleasing. Here is a cluster of sweet thoughts culled at random from his writings:

From "The Snow Flower:"

Thus in the dreariest spots in life,
The flowers of hope may spring ;
To banish grief from earthly lot,
A transient fitting thing.
For every one climbs mountain heights,
Each in our several way,
To find our visions of delight
Like snow flowers fade away :

From "Napoleon:"

Alone he stands upon the rugged shore,
Where beats the spray ; mid sullen breakers' roar.
The ocean waves dash o'er the rocks in foam,
And howling surge around his island home.
Far off are phantom sails which mock his sight
And glide away in endless lines of light.
Day follows day, and darkness comes and goes,
Alone he lives amid his hated foes.
Yet proud and stern, he gives no sign of pain,
The cruel jailer's taunts are all in vain.
Down, down where scoundrels in perdition lie
Let Lowe's base memory forever die.
While, as the eternal cycles roll along,
Napoleon still the theme of Gallic song,
Shall live triumphant on historic pages,
The greatest man of all recorded ages.
For Nature made but one, then broke the mold,
All else is silver, this was purest gold ;
And all the malice, spleen, and petty spite
But show the hero in a brighter light.
To grow and strengthen as the years increase,
Nor fade or pale, till Time itself shall cease.

From "Vespers:"

O, blessed, blessed eventide,
When vesper hymns arise,
And labor lays its toils aside
And turns to God its eyes ;
Who has not felt in this sweet hour,
What'er his trials were,
That time would come, no earthly power
Could bring again despair ?

From "Midnight in the Gien:"

But still the blue sky smiles above,
So saintly and so fair,
And wild flowers whisper as they hear
These voices of the air.
Soft voices charm to dreams unsought,
In Nature's temples then,
And in the valley all is peace,
At midnight in the glen.
There is an eye by day or night,
Its vigils still will keep.
On mountain crest and valley lone,
Where mortals never sleep ;
So thou but trust thine all to Him
And to His words be true,
Nor mountain sprite, nor midnight gnome,
Can harm bring unto you.

From "The Misanthrope:"

O, seek for pleasure in this life, as swiftly pass the years ;
Take interest in your fellow-men, their hopes, their plans,
their fears ;
Read of the men whose monuments are builded in the heart,
Their speculations, goodly schemes, where mankind took a
part.
In business, love, or politics, the golden moments fly ;
The busy man finds beauty still in earth, in air, in sky ;
Or, if you choose in fashion's throng, or churches' graver tone,
Go mingle with the human crowd who do not live alone.

From "Coming Home:"

And nearer, still nearer
Till bathed in the light,
The Star Spangled emblem
Is flashed on the sight.

One moment we linger,
The tender has come.
Farewell to the ocean
And welcome our home.

From the poem that gives the title to his latest
volume, "The New Year Comes My Lady:"

The New Year comes my lady,
At twelve the old year died,
Its burdens trailing after,
Its worries cast aside—
In the drapery of silence,
In the shadows of the pall
Its troubles—its distresses
Are now beyond recall.

The morning dawns my lady,
The tints in eastern sky
Are tokens of the coming day
And hopes that must not die—
For the readings of the future
In the horoscope are bright ;
Forbodings and repinings
Have vanished with the night.

The sun is up my lady,
There's glory in his face
As he fills the earth with beauty
And crowns the hills with grace ;
Now as we make our orisons,
Comes voice from Galilee :
" Let the dead bury the dead ;
Do thou but follow me."

The work is waiting, lady,
An antidote to harm ;
Charity with its blessing,
Duties with their charm ;
For work makes life a pleasant thing,
There is no time for woe ;
And bitter thoughts are banished
Because we will it so.

And the following from a poem entitled, "At
Henry W. Hope's," Paint Creek, Ohio.

Green in the forest, blue in the sky,
Calm in the spirit, as waters flow by ;
The azure above, the currents low tone,
Gives token that man, is with nature alone.

The soul drifts away, from hurry and clatter,
The ear is not vexed by unmeaning chatter ;
The music we hear as we lie at our ease,
Is murmur of stream and rustle of trees.

Around us spreads far the land of the fay,
Who guards us by night and cheers us by day,
Mid the portals of glory with nature we stand,
And nature extends us a welcoming hand.

Mr. Collins is a lawyer with an extensive practice, and resides in Hillboro, Ohio. He was born in Mayville, Ky., in 1832, and is the son of General Richard Collins, who achieved distinction in Ohio and Kentucky as a lawyer and legislator. His grandfather was the Rev. John Collins, one of the pioneer Methodist preachers of the country and whose biography

was written by no less eminent a person than Judge John McLean, of the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Collins is a well educated gentleman, and possesses a fine library. He has traveled extensively both in Europe and America, and, although he loves travel very much, still we can easily learn from many of his poems that he is a firm believer with John Howard Payne that "There's no place like home." He was admitted to the Ohio Bar at Batavia, Clermont County, Ohio, May 12, 1854, was prosecuting attorney of that county. Removed to Missouri and was in extensive practice there for several years, returning to Ohio in 1865, located in Hillsboro, and has since been resident of that city.

A friend to whom I applied for some private information regarding Mr. Collins replied as follows: "You must make special mention of the following points:"

First, as to his power of endurance, due to a mingling of English and Scotch-Irish blood, to the optimistic tone of his thoughts, always looking to the *better side* of men and things, always hopeful, never pessimistic, never despairing, never making excuses or shifting blame on others, but taking up burdens as they come and bearing them.

Second, to a high regard for the sacred character of obligations and absolute inviolability of a promise, perfect faith in all business matters, regard for interests of clients, fairness to brethren of the Bar, courtesy in trials.

Third, accuracy of research and facility in application of authorities to a case on trial, memory of cases and dates, readiness of speech, and ease and self possession when difficulties surround the question.

Fourth, a certain style of *adcaptandum eloquence* well calculated to conciliate, and persuade so as to make one effective on all occasions of public speaking where no time is allowed for preparation.

These qualities are acquired by thorough literary research, familiarity with all the range of Belles Letters and from a memory that retains all it has once received.

The above will be recognized by all who know him, as true to the letter. In short he is never at fault for either words or modes of expression.

Mr. Collins is the author of a number of books, among them being, "Echoes from Highland Hills," "Our Common Schools," "Wibbleton to Wobbleton," "Highland Hills to an Emperor's Tomb," "The Love of the Beautiful," and others. He is also a constant contributor to the local papers, as well as to a number of magazines and religious journals. Among the poems published since his book, "The New Year Comes, My Lady," was issued, is one entitled, "At Two Seasons." I would like to introduce this poem here, as it is a favorite with many people. Mr. Collins says: "Last Summer kept me supplied with dainty sweet peas by a charming lady. Last Christmas the lilies bought of a chinee took their

place on my office table. Hence the verses:

AT TWO SEASONS.

I.

SWEET PEAS.

In story books old legends tell,
How on mid-summer day,
Unto the strolling forester,
Unbidden comes the fay—
To place within his eager hand,
Ere withered in the light,
The roses culled at blush of dawn
To gladden mortals sight.

How dewy fresh in glowing tints,
With all of nature there,
The emblem of a fairy soul
And gentle spirit's care—
What value have mere earth-born plants
Scattered along the way,
When we may have the fairy gifts
Upon mid-summer day.

No bloom from Oriental Isles,
No tropic fragrance rare,
No flowering shrubs of north or west
With fairy gifts compare.
"And is the legend true," you say?
"Of course—for on my stand,
Are sweet peas culled mid-summer day
By Highland fairy's hand."

II.

CHINESE LILIES.

Oh, gone are the fleeting summer days,
A touching memory now ;
And winter crowns with ice and snow
Each mountain's rugged brow.
The fairy charm no longer lasts,
But hideous on the stand
The Christmas lily buds and blooms,
From "Hop Lung's" dirty hand.

The little bulb has sprouted forth
Amid the laundry steam,
By darken'd bunks, where opium fiends
Indulge their horrid dream.
Then forth into the market place
Is huckstered to and fro,
By pig-tailed heathen yellow men—
"Hop Lung" and "Hi-ang-ho."

One season gives us fairy plants,
The best of all—sweet peas !
The other ugly foreign bulbs,
Reminding of disease.
Give back to me the summer days
When fairies charm us so,
And back into their filthy dens
Let Chinese lilies go.

Then there is a beautiful little poem addressed to Mr. Ralph H. Shaw, the well known Lowell, Mass., poet, that is worthy of being quoted Mr. Collins says that it was written on reading Mr. Shaw's poem, "My Lady Birch."

TO RALPH H. SHAW.

The white garbed Queen of wood and wild,
The sentinel of the streams,
My Lady Birch glows in your verse,
The goddess of your dreams.

As fair, as chaste, as beautiful,
As pulseless calm and still,
As Grecian statue's marble form,
Made warm at artists' will.

The new Pygmalion of the wood
Hath found another charm,
A new Diana *minus* dogs,
To work an Acteon harm.

The Maple of Ohio hills,
In all its Autumn glory,
Must bow its crest of red and gold,
Before thy tuneful story.

My Lady Birch of Northern clime.
Give praise for such a lover,
Who first has sung thy purity,
None else could e'er discover.

But dullest soul through poet's eye,
With quickened pulse now see
A dainty maid in robe of white,
A Lady ! not a Tree !

Did space permit, would like to introduce many other quotations from Mr. Collins' poems just to prove that he is a favorite with the muses. But it is

hardly necessary to do so. The quotations already made, while possibly not the best in his book, are sufficient to show that he is a poet in the true sense of the word. He loves poetry and literature of all kinds, and has hosts of literary friends. And this reminds me of a little poem, by Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett that I came across the other day in one of the Hillsboro papers. The poem was introduced to the readers of the paper in question, with the following kind remarks :

“ Prof. B. F. Leggett, Ph. D., of Ward, Penn., has written the following poem, addressed to a townsman, which we take pleasure in publishing as a tribute, not only to a citizen, but to our county, for which we thank the eminent author, who has written so many beautiful lyrics and sonnets . ”

TO HON. C. H. COLLINS.

My cares, O friend, I lay aside,
I turn your pages o'er ;
With you I wander far and wide
By many an alien shore :
O'er hill and plain and mountain land,
Through realms of old romance.
By blue lakes rimmed with shells and sand,
By vineyard slopes of France.

In English meadows sweet and fair,
Where hawthorn hedges rear
Their beauty in the morning air
Thy lark's sweet song we hear !

Above your page, beyond my trees,
In cloudy, wind-swung piles,
I see the foam of sundown seas.
The crags of surf-beat isles.

And far across the valley wide
A deepening glory fills,
Beyond the crimson, sunset tide,
I see your Highland Hills;
And while beside my wood-fire here
With you so far I roam.
Accept my honest words of cheer—
God bless your health and home.

This is certainly a sweet little lyrical gem, and, no doubt, Mr. Collins treasures it greatly. I presume it was sent as a return compliment to Mr. Collins for some verses recently addressed to Dr. Leggett. These verses I have hunted up and present them herewith, as they glow with kindly feelings and manly praise for one who is well deserving of all that is said in his favor:

TO BENJ. F. LEGGETT, PH., D., OF WARD, PENNSYLVANIA.

On receiving his two volumes, "A Sheaf of Song," and "An Idyl of Lake George, and Other Poems."

"Speed Malice speed—the dun deer's hide
On fleeter feet was never tide!"

I have thanks for Pastor Felix, *
The scholar, poet, man,
That unto thee, in winter drear,
His trusty Malise ran.

*Rev. Arthur John Lockhart.

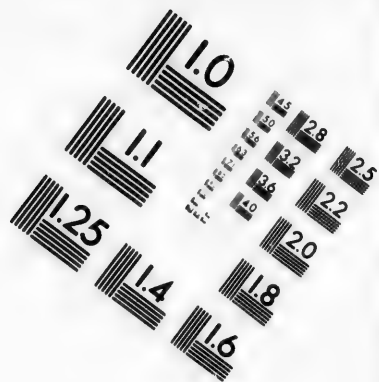
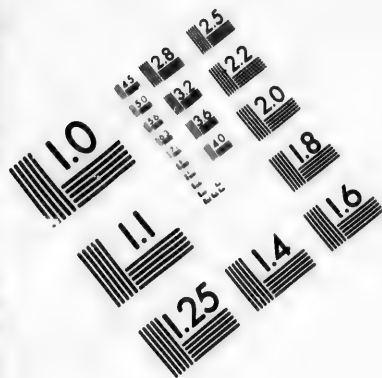
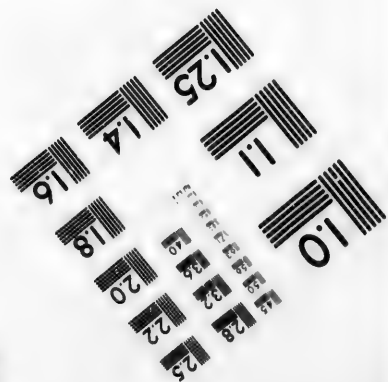
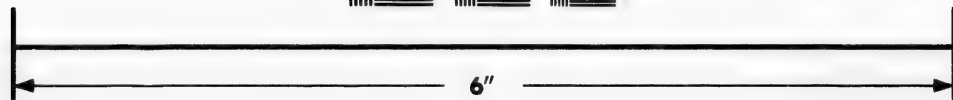
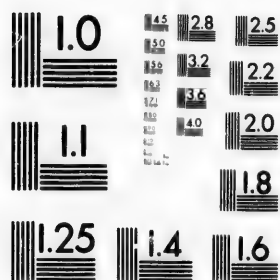
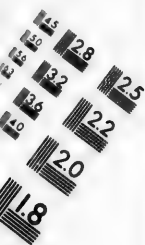


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Not Malise bearing fiery cross,
With sandals of the dun deer's hide,
And messages from Roderick Dhu,
Menacing all the border side.

But from Penobscot's frozen shores,
And ice-lock'd currents flow,
Came the graceful call of Felix
To the southern land below ;
From beside this wintry river
Unto Pennsylvania rills,
Came the bugle call, Oh, Leggett !
To greet Ohio Hills !

Thou hast answered to the wizzard
On the pine clad slopes of Main—
Sent Idyls of the Horicon,
Sheaf of music from the plain,
With pure and perfect sonnets,
And pastoral verses sweet,
Tales of woods and dreamy forests
Where the gentle spirits meet.

I have read them all with pleasure,
But most the legends old
Of warfare by the Horicon,
In voiceful verses told.
So thus in Pennsylvania
Lives a Monarch true indeed ;
Not with gilded crown and sceptre,
But of Nature and its creed.

Among Mr. Collins' other valuable literary friends
is the Rev. Arthur John Lockhart, one of the best,
if, indeed, not the very best—of the Maine poets of

to-day, and one whose writings adorn the pages of the present volume. And in conclusion I need scarcely assure my readers that the friendship which I formed with Mr. Collins some years ago has grown warmer and closer day by day. I respect him for his many sterling qualities, his Christian character, his goodness of heart, his literary talents, his good judgement in all things. For these and various other reasons I am indeed proud to be able to address him as my friend.



PETER ROSS, LL. D.

Dr. Ross is a native of Inverness, Scotland, having been born there on the 11th of January 1847. He received a good average education and at the age of fourteen became apprenticed to Miles Macphail, the once famous Established Church publisher in Edinburgh. Here he met and conversed with many of the most brilliant literary minds in Scotland at the time, including Russell, the great editor of *The Scotsman*; Manson of *The Daily Review*; Phineas Deseret, J. W. Ebsworth, Dr. Robert Lee, Dr. Bonar, of the Canongate; Dean Ramsay, Dr. Cook, of Haddington; Cosmo Innes, J. Hill Burton, the historian; Dr. McLauchlan, of St. Columbia's; MacLagan, the poet; Sir James Y. Simpson, and many others. In 1873 he sailed for America and since that time has resided in New York City, engaged, mainly, in newspaper and other literary work.

A literary man in the truest sense of the term, Dr. Ross has given to the world a number of works of a decidedly valuable character, prominent among them being: "The Scot in America," "Kingcraft in Scotland," "The Literature of the Scottish Reformation," "Scotland and the Scots," "Robert Burns from a Literary Standpoint," "Life of Saint An-



PETER ROSS, LL. D.

FROM A BRONZE MEDALLION BUST
BY CHARLES CALVERLEY, N. A.



drew," "The Book of Scotia Lodge," "The Songs of Scotland, Chronologically Arranged," and the "Life and Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling."

In appreciation of his work in connection with Scottish literature in the United States, an American college at the beginning of the present year conferred upon him the degree of LL. D., an honor of which he is justly proud.

Although making no claim to the title of poet, Dr. Ross is the author of many verses that evince considerable poetic ability. I have had the pleasure of reading the most of them and I feel sure, from the specimens here given that my readers will agree with me in saying that he is fairly entitled to a position among our Scottish-American poets.

For a more extended notice of Dr. Ross and his writings, see "Random Sketches on Scottish Subjects,"—Palsley, Alexander Gardner, 1896.

TWA SCOTS.

Twa youthfu' Scots came ower the sea
Frae where the Spey firsts meets the ocean,
To try and win Dame Fortune's smiles
In rustic toil or trade's commotion.

They loved their hame, its hills and dales,
Wi' grand historic lore attendant,
But lack o' gear gaed little hope
That bindin', they'd be independent.

By wild Lake Erie's rugged shore
They settled, and wi' sturdy toil
They clear'd a farm frae brush and root,
And glean'd gear frae the virgin soil.

And twa miles south there lay a toun
Where centred a' the country's treasure ;
And soon in it they had some trade,
Their craps to sell, their corn to measure.

Their lassies syne frae Scotland cam',
And settled doun in comfort wi' them,
And weel-stocked houses crown'd the farm
And couthy bairns were born to them.

As years roll'd on their interests lay
Alike at stake in farm an' toun ;
And wealth cam' flowin' in apace
And blythesome ilka day wore roun'.

Ane owned a railroad, ane a mine,
Ane had a mill and ane a quarry,
And as their hands grew fu', their bairns
Took part and hain'd them frae the worry.

Ane built a kirk, and fee'd it fair ;
Ane built the puir, the sick, the lame
A snug and bien' like restin' place,
And call'd it a Saint Andrew's Hame.

And to the puir at hame, some wealth
They freely spent baith spring and simmer,
And mony a frail man blessed their names,
And for their peace pray'd mony a kimmer.

Sae passed their lives content and pure,
Aye winnin' love through bein' kindly,
And helpin' ithers up the brae
They ance had clamb sae sair and blindly.

And when at last their time did come,
And baith to their lang hame were carried,
The neighbours a' for mony miles
Foregathered roun' where they were buried.

And o'er their graves is ae braid stane
Which laps their clay frae weet and wind ;
And at the foot are carved these lines,
'Neath where their names are intertwined :

"God rest them ! Now their work is o'er ;
On their fair fame there's ne'er a blot,
They acted well their several parts
And loved to help a brither Scot.

"For this was aye their hamely creed—
Ilk Scotsman is a Scotsman's brither ;—
And whiles wi' glee they sung a sang,
Some auld stave learned on hills o' heather.

"They did whate'er they thought was right,
And shared alike earth's glee and sorrow ;
And when life's work was done and past,
They won the peace which comes—to-morrow."

THE CURLER'S MOTTO.

I min' when a lad, just beginning to wan'ner
Thro' life's weary troubles, tho' feckless an' wee,
My faither's advice, he was king among curlers,
Was "Aye to be sure an' play straight to the tee."

On' sae be our motto
 In frost or in shower,
 By sunlicht or munelicht
 In garden or bower ;
 What e'er may befa' us
 By land or by sea,
 Its best aye to play a straight shot to the tee.

For after he tell't me that a' men were brithers,
 An' the noblest was he wha for truth ill could dree,
 An' he was the sturdiest man to depend on
 Wha aye tried his best to play straight to the tee.
 An' sae be our motto, etc.

An' a' throughout life's dreary journey I've fand it,
 In wealth or in puitith, whare'er I micht be
 In palace or garret the happiest man is
 He wha aye strives to play straight to the tee.
 An' sae be our motto, etc.

SONNET.

AFTER READING "DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR."

Melancholy thy charms have won the love
 Of poets, sages, and each thoughtful mind,
 Sent to this lower sphere from that above
 To sound humanity to all mankind.
 Milton to thee hath tuned a noble lay;
 Doth not sweet Shakespeare's sonnet show thy power,
 And Dante's every line thy love betray
 And Byron call thee mistress every hour ?
 For who can see men's struggles in this life,
 Their empty smiles and recklessness of sin ;
 Their carelessness who stumble in the strife,
 If only fortune's wheel can make them win—
 Who sees, helps thinking on thy pensive charms.
 And bends the knee, and shields him in thy arms.

THE INCH O' PERTH.

Its bonnie on the Juch o' Perth,
In summer when the flowers are growin',
Ye winna' fin' through a' the earth
A spot wi' nature's gifts mair rowin' !
The Tay flows grandly to the sea,
An' Kinnoul tap's maist to the carie,
But the sweetest sight of a' to me,
Is jist a blink o' my ain Mary.

Some poets' mak' a wond'rous wark,
'Bout nature's feats in trees an' grasses,
'Bout suns an' skies an' midnights dark—
There's nought to me like nature's lassies,
I hate the gaudy city dame,
For suns an' skies an' trees, I carena',
I want a hoose to ca' my ain,
An' want a kiss frae my ain Mary.

O, Mary 'twas a bonny night,
When last we o'er the Inch went roamin',
The moon shone clear her silv'ry light,
The Tay below went softly moanin' ;
An' then we plighted sure our love,
Wi' vows that time can never vary,
For while life's gien me frae above,
I'll bless the day I won my Mary.

TO THE SKYLARK.

Oh ! beautiful the lark, when on the summer morn,
She rises gaily from the earth's cold breast,
And welcomes back the sun to sky forlorn,
And calls the sluggish ploughboy from his rest.
Oh ! sweet the song that's carolled forth so free,
And cheers the milkmaid as she ventures out,

To meet her love perchance upon the lea,
And hear his vows with much beseeching doubt.
And as the blythesome bird pursues its way,
How sweet the chirping from each hedge and tree,
Answering back its loud triumphant lay,
Bidding the sleeping world awake and be.

THE OLD PAUPER.

Sitting by the hall fire, when the workhouse day is done,
When the weary toil is ended and the resting has begun ;
Sitting, quietly thinking, ere the bell is rung for bed,
And on the hard low pillow lies at rest the weary head—
Thinking on the long past follies, the joy the opening gave—
How dismal-like the present, and to come, the pauper's grave.

Spurned by his old companions, here his days will end at last,
As a leaf by tempest dismal from the autumn tree is cast,

No one knows that aged pauper, tho' once a day 't has been,
When loves and friends and plenty were ever round him seen ;
When his evil deeds were gilded o'er, his virtues loudly sung,
And to sounds of mirth and laughter, his rafters nightly rung.
But, well-a-day, misfortunes came, and friends and virtues fled,
And the sneering laugh, or bitter curse, were heaped upon his head.

The years passed on, until the depth of misery he won—
Hoarding with the scum that never can abide the glaring sun,
Now carousing with the guilty from the fruits of guilty dare.
Singing gaily in the evening, "let us hang that spectre care."
Then for weeks and weeks together, wond'ring where to win
a meal,
Praying bitterly for death to come, his wretchedness to heal.

Here, old and frail, and mind near gone, he totters to the grave,
By all regarded as a load, by many deemed an knave ;
Yet see him sitting quietly, gazing deep into the fire,
And muttering his memories, his mumbling lips ne'er tire.

“ That Christmas eve was merrily spent,
When Willie, my son, was born ;
And the old hall's oaken roof near rent,
As we caroused from night to morn.
But I never see none
Of the eyes that shone,
With hope and love so bright.
And I'll never know mirth,
For while on this earth,
Life to me's but a dismal night.

Oh ! the wealth and grace at the county ball,
When, young and thoughtless and gay,
I headed the dance, and lorded o'er all,
And the fairest would ne'er whisper nay.
Now many are dead,
And many have fled,
For shame, beyond the sea.
And some are undone,
In the race all run,
And now are forgotten—like me.

There was Helen, my high-born lovely wife,
The pride of hamlet and hall.
She was fair and good, and they said my life,
With her would be heavenly thrall.
And she loved me well,
Till she knew the tale
Of my ruin and poverty.
Then she sulked and raved,
And in curses laved,
And parted forever from me.

Next Willie, my boy, for a soldier went,
Far, far, beyond the sea.
Where the Indian sky his spirit rent,
For he never returned to me.
Yet I think I know,
He's oft here below,
And smilingly cheers me on,
So I fancy he means,
To take me to scenes,
Of peace, when my journey is done.

Oh harshly sounds the master's voice,
And weary the rest as the toil ;
And sad to me is the bitter choice,
Of dressing the hemp, or the soil.
And the parson talks,
Of Heaven. and mocks,
The Holy Book in his telling ;
For if o'er the earth,
He'd lighten our path,
Faith in our hearts would be dwelling.

But often when all around is quiet,
And midnight the tower is ringing,
I hear far away in the gloom of the night—
A chorus of voices singing.
And as they come near,
I think I can hear,
My Willie's voice saying lowly,
"Come father, come,
Your journey is done,
There is rest in the realm of glory."





GEORGE WILLIAMSON.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON.

I recently added to my literary treasures a cluster of beautiful poems, artistically tied together, under the title of "Gleanings of Leisure Hours" (Detroit International Publishing Company), from which I derived considerable intellectual pleasure. These "Gleanings" are from the writings of Mr. George Williamson, of Detroit, Mich., a poet of sterling merit and a man of much intelligence. His poetry is distinguished by beauty and strength, originality and affection, and no one can rise from a reading of it without feeling better for the sweet and pure thoughts, the bright similes, the pathetic ardor and the Christian love and brotherly kindness which is visible all through it. Open his book at random and you will be sure to alight upon something that will both please and instruct. Among the first of the pieces that attracted my attention was "Good and Great," a well written and carefully constructed poem, and one which immediately conveys the impression that its author possesses considerably more than ordinary poetic ability.

GOOD AND GREAT.

The hero of a hundred fights,
With decorations on his breast,
Has reached ambition's tottering heights,
And can on well earned laurels rest.

But mark, he is not yet content,
Unconquered foes his thoughts create,
As conscience cries, "Repent, repent,
'Tis better to be good than great."

Philosophers may all be wise
In nature's scientific skill,
Astronomers may search the skies
And measure distances at will ;
But there is something dearer far
That love alone can demonstrate,
This light that shines from Bethlehem's star—
'Tis better to be good than great.

The earth with all its fulness may
The transient wants of those supply,
Whose hope's possession for to-day
Of fame or pleasure gold can buy ;
But temporal joy can never save
The soul from sin's degrading state ;
For all who look beyond the grave,
'Tis better to be good than great.

There is in every heart a void
That worldly honors cannot fill,
An incompleteness oft allied
To many forms of vice and ill ;
We may be great when far from good,
But from pure wisdom's estimate
That has the test of ages stood,
The truly good are always great.

Oh, for the peace that Burns could trace,
So vivid in the "Cotter's night."
The simple faith, the holy grace,
The firm resolve to walk upright ;

Then come what may, though fortune frown,
It cannot mar our happy fate,
To gain a pure, immortal crown,
Be good, and, on that Rock, be great.

Other poems of a similar character to this are strewn throughout the book in great profusion, "Contentment," "Doubt and Hope," "Sing at Work," "Footsteps at the Door," "The Fading Year," "Indifference," "Help the Poor," "Forget the Past," besides the various "In Memoriam," pieces, being particularly fine. Many of these poems contain deep philosophical reasoning, others look beyond the present and inspire us with noble hopes for the future, while still others teach us to be content with our every-day surroundings and show us that we all enjoy numerous blessings in life, even if we are not altogether aware of them.

Mr. Williamson is a native of Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, where he was born on May 28, 1836. He was educated at Birkenhead and Manchester, Eng., and received what may be termed a good common school education. On completing his studies he seems to have traveled a great deal, as in the year 1855 we find him first in America, then again in England and next in South Africa. He returned to Scotland and located in Dumfries in the spring of 1856. In the fall of 1857 he went to Trinidad, West Indies, as overseer of a sugar plantation, and here he remained until 1860. We next hear of him in the vicinity of Toronto, Ont., where he fol-

lowed the business of architect and builder, then in the oil district of Ontario until 1867, when he removed to Kentucky and became superintendent of construction for the Red River Iron Manufacturing Co. A few years later his two younger brothers, whom he had brought out from Scotland, founded the firm of Williamson & Brother, lumber merchants, Lexington, Ky., and at intervals we find him with them helping to build up and extend what has since become one of the largest businesses of its kind in the State. During all these years, however, he never abandoned his muse or allowed her to remain silent. Poems on various subjects, all showing the touch of a master hand, continued to flow from his facile pen and were welcomed by his friends as soon as they made their appearance.

On leaving Scotland he presented her people with a testimonial of his love for the dear old land in the form of a short poem, entitled "Scotia's Shore." This is as good a poem as has ever been written on the subject. There is patriotism, feeling and sorrow all mingling together, and it has the merit of being brief and to the point, characteristics which poems of this kind do not always possess.

SCOTIA'S SHORE,

Farewell, though leaving Scotia's shore
My thoughts with you remain,
While absent I shall love, and more
When next we meet again.

Each wave that heaves the vessel high,
Each breeze that skims the sea,
Shall fill my breast with many a sigh
For Scotland and for thee.

Farewell ! I go where gems abide,
Where gold's without alloy,
Where beams the sun in all his pride
And every scene is joy ;
But not the gorgeous glittering strand,
Nor all the wealth I see,
Nor all the beauty of the land
Can win my love from thee !

Farewell, how solemn is that word,
How often feared and spoke,
While ears, with pain expectant heard,
And hearts have well nigh broke.
But hope our parting thoughts shall cheer
That thou shalt faithful be,
And love that banishes all fear
Shall make me true to thee.

How different to this, and yet how beautiful and melodious are Mr. Williamson's "Farewell Lines on Leaving Spain." Truly no one can read them and not acknowledge that this author is a sweet and inspired singer. Every line of the poem is smooth and soft and harmonious, while the sentiments expressed in it readily find a responsive chord in our hearts and for the moment we almost wish ourselves at the poet's side, so that we can join him in his farewell hymn.

LEAVING SPAIN.

Gentle twilight, softly linger,
Let me on her beauty gaze,
Till my heart joins with the singer
One short parting hymn of praise ;
Till reflectively I listen
To the pure Castilian strain,
Watch the bright eyes brighter glisten
As sweet music's low refrain
Wafts a fond farewell to Spain.

Land enchantingly uniting
All the charms of earth and sky,
Ever pleasantly delighting
Poet's mind and painter's eye ;
Rich as wine thy vineyard's growing
Streams the warm blood through each vein,
Friendship's fountain freely flowing
In thy zeal to entertain :
Hospitable, generous Spain.

Maids the heart's best retrospection,
Men of honor, faithful, true,
Sunny home of sweet affection,
Though we bid thee now adieu,
Gems of thought, earth's richest treasure,
Monarchs of the soul shall reign,
As love's harp recalls the pleasure
Dearest memories retain
Of thy blessings, favored Spain.

Patriotism forms a conspicuous feature of many of Mr. Williamson's productions. "To Mme. Sadi Carnot," "The Thistle and the Rose," "Canada,"

and his various society poems being all more or less worthy in this respect. There is also a poem in his volume addressed to "General Russell A. Alger," which deserves more than a mere passing reference to its name. In language, spirit and expression it is as noble a poem as is the character of the general to whom it is addressed, and we take pleasure in appending it herewith:

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.

Alger the general, noble and brave,
Foremost in fight when the battle flags wave,
Fast by his comrade's side
Bravely he would have died
Out in the field his loved country to save.

Alger, the Governor, upright, sedate,
Statesman and orator, humble though great,
Seeking to suit the hour
Aid from a higher power
True to his Maker, and true to his State.

Alger the lumberman, active in trade,
Faithful and honest, a millionaire made,
Himself a toiler then
Would have for workingmen
Value for labor that ought to be paid.

Alger the bountiful, friend of the poor,
List to his words that should ever endure,
"The greatest good we find
Is to relieve mankind."
Oh, what great good for himself is secure,

Alger the model, whose excellent worth,
Causeth the nation to honor his birth,
And make his name be heard
As a dear household word
Filling the highest position on earth.

Many poems of a highly humorous character appeared at intervals over our author's signature, and are now included in his book. In these pieces his humor is natural and unrestrained and they evince the fact that Mr. Williamson has none of the pessimist in his nature. He seems to have passed through various trials and troubles at times, but he has continued to look on the bright side of life, and has always found some good in everything. His poems on love, home and the affections are also deserving of special mention. These include "Love's Quarrels," "Love," "Mother," "Friends in Old Age," "Golden Wedding Day," "The Ladder of Love," and many others, all containing loving thoughts, kindly expressions affectionate, graceful and appropriate, compliments. In addition to this they are exquisitely finished and may be classed as among the best of our talented author's work.

Nor must we omit to mention the many excellent poems on Nature and the beauties of nature which are scattered throughout Mr. Williamson's book. Some of them, indeed, are beautiful word pictures and as such they will always be treasured by those who come in contact with them. Such, for instance, as "To a Rosebud," "The Approach of Spring,"

"The Lilacs," "The Flowers in Winter Are Best," "June," "July," and "The War of the Seasons," are exquisite pieces of true poesy and well worthy of being included in any volume of poems on nature. Nothing harsh or unpoetical is to be found in any of them. Take as a specimen the following:

THE WAR OF THE SEASONS.

An army came from the tropics,
In battle's proud array,
With excessive heat and passion
The enemy to slay.

And, beyond the arctic region,
Arose in powerful might
A host of chilling warriors
As eager for the fight.

The Southern army is passing
The equinoctial line,
And the North is fast advancing
To frustrate its design.

The breath of the fiery furnace
Is met with frozen hills,
With the battle fiercely raging
The pulse of nature thrills.

And louder the echoes thunder
Till all the sleepers 'round
Awake with heat perspiring,
Though shivering on the ground.

The conflict so long continued,
And gloom so widely spread,
That a flag of truce is flying
To carry off the dead.

And the monarchs are arranging
To have the combat cease,
Each to the other dictating
The only terms of peace.

The Northern king has a daughter,
The Southern king a son,
And hostilities are ended
By making these two one.

The marriage is consummated
With presents from each king,
And where this pair is located,
The country is called Spring.

Did space permit I would like to introduce quotations from some of Mr. Williamson's longer poems as they are well worthy of more than a mere passing reference being made to them.

I will however conclude with two of his short pieces, recently composed and therefore not to be found in his book. The one is an affectionate tribute to his wife, and the other a patriotic lyric in connection with his native land. This latter piece has been set to stirring music by Mr. Walter Bruce and has been sung by him with great success in many parts of America.

EVER NEAR.

Just to be near thee when thine eyes
Reveal their happiest light,
When all thy charms, like glad sunrise,
Makes dreariness take flight.
Thy presence is a safe retreat
Of comfort and of cheer,
The balmy air is made more sweet
When thou art near, love,—near.

Just to be near thee when a shade
Of sorrow clouds thy brow,
To feel the sanctity of aid
Is mine to tender now ;
To watch thy winter change to spring
And smiles again appear,
T'were joy, as pure as angels sing,
Just to be near thee,—near.

Just to be near thee when the hour
Of death shall lay thee low,
To woo thee back by love's great power,
Or with thee cheerful go.
Or if I first shall pass the goal
That brings thy silent tear,
No terrors can affright my soul
If thou art near, love,—near.

Just to be near thee? traitor word,
My beautiful, my bride,
Thy form is seen, thy voice is heard
Forever by my side.
In peace or strife, in death or life,
In bliss, in pain, or fear,
Where'er thou art, thy faithful heart
Is near, love,—ever near.

SCOTLAND.

A new sang for auld Scotland,
The garden o' the loftiest fame
That ever thrilled the heart o' man,
Or nursed him to a laureled name.
Frae proud, defiant craigs her bairns
Hae heritage to do and dare :
The soul of truth her honoured sons,
And sweet as love her daughters fair.

A brave sang for auld Scotland,
To warm the patriot's bluid anew—
To list again the pibroch's strain
An' a' the gathering clans review.
To feel the "heather is on fire,"
And freedom's sacred watchward learn,
As thoughts o' Wallace nerved the arms
That fought wi' Bruce at Bannockburn.

Wha wadna sing for Scotland?
Nae climate blunts oor ardour keen,
Nor melts the gowden friendly chain
That sprang frae links made on the green.
Her glens an' mountains, banks an' braes,
Maun a' be level as the sea.
Her roaring torrents backward flow,
Ere native love departs frae me.

Oor hearts are in auld Scotland,
Wha's heroes bled and martyrs died
To gain religious liberty
An' a' that bless oor ain fireside.
Far ower the saut seas though we roam
To sunny hames 'neath foreign skies,
The Land o' Cakes aboon them a'
Is aye oor warldly paradise.

Then sing o' dear auld Scotland,
Whaur thistles guard the wee blue bell—
Whaur Eden's bonniest floral gems
In a' their modest beauty dwell ;
Whaur Knox, and Scott, and Burns hae left
A feast o' nourishment divine,
Earth to caress, and heaven possess,
By Scotia's deeds o' auld lang syne.

Mr. Robert Matheson, of Chicago, a well-known poet and an able critic, in reviewing "Gleanings of Leisure Hours," said:

"The advent of a new singer, if his notes be true and tuneful, should be hailed with joy as a new voice added to that choir which no man can number, and such I find in George Williamson. He is of the quiet, domestic order of poets, possessing an almost exuberant fancy, a facile versification, and withal a pawky Scottish wit that is sure to please the average reader. His is a pure castalian rill or fountain of Bandusia, where one may turn for a cool refreshing draught. Our poet has that ease in versification which can arise only from spontaneity, singing as freely as the birds; and while his notes flow with an easy modulation the variety of his meters relieves his verse of anything like monotony. He has evidently a keen musical sense, which enables him to melodize in perfect harmony. His sentiments are faultless, and there is nothing in the volume but what is kindly ennobling and wise. Faith in the Divine Providence and an ardent love for his fellow men, form a diapason which rings through his lines,

to use his own words, 'as some clear silvery bell.' Like Abraham Lincoln, he gets near the heart of the people, and is the poet of the masses rather than of the classes. He is easily understood, and has little in common with mysticism which makes such works as Browning's so difficult for the ordinary mind to interpret. The poem on 'Good and Great' aptly illustrates the author's philosophy of life:

'There is in every heart a void,
That wordly honors cannot fill,
An incompleteness oft allied
To many forms of vice and ill ;
We may be great when far from good,
But from pure wisdom's estimate
That has the test of ages stood,
The truly good are always great.'

Mr. Williamson is a native of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, a region redolent of song, and has his due share of that ardent patriotism which ever distinguishes the natives of the land of the mountain and the flood. He has traveled extensively, and filled many important positions as architect, master mechanic and builder. He has always taken an active interest in patriotic and fraternal organizations, has been president of several societies, and for the past twelve years has been supreme scribe of the Order of Red Cross, which office he now holds.

He is also an honorary member of the Highland Association of Illinois, of the Scottish Assembly of Chicago, a member of St. Andrew's Society, Detroit,

and a member of Detroit Lodge, No. 6, Ancient Order of United Workmen.

Mr. Williamson was married to Miss Agnes Clarkson in Woodstock, Ontario, on the 19th of September, 1862. She is an admirable, warm-hearted woman, and is fully conscious of and appreciates her husband's talents. Three sons and three daughters have blessed their union. In addition to his duties as supreme scribe, he is also editor of the "Red Cross Gazette," a monthly journal published in the interest of the Red Cross Order. His "Gleanings of Leisure Hours" is a large and handsome volume, and a welcome addition to American poetical literature. Its contents may not bring him a laurel wreath during his life time, but as a prominent writer once remarked, 'Something resembling poetry is sometimes borne into instant and turbulent popularity, while a work of genuine character may be lying neglected by all except the poets. But the tide of time flows on, and the former begins to settle to the bottom, while the latter rises slowly and steadily to the surface and goes forward for a spirit is in it.'



RALPH H. SHAW.

"In Many Moods, or Miscellaneous Poems, by Ralph H. Shaw, 'For the fire-side or for the summer shade,' Lowell, Mass." These words form the title page of a unique little volume which has been a pleasing and entertaining companion to me during a few brief holidays spent in the country. Nor do I marvel, now that I have laid it aside for a time, at the agreeable fascination which it exercised over me. Nature has always been a favorite study of mine, and here I found an abundance of poetry laden with beautiful similes, choice expressions and bright thoughts on a subject which immediately touched a responsive chord in my heart. There are poems on "The Early Flowers," "Mosses," "April Rains," "Summer Mornings," "May," "Autumn," "Wild Flowers of the Holy Land," "Cardinal Flowers," and various others of a similar character, and all of a singularly sweet and tender nature. Indeed, as far as the book is concerned, its title might as appropriately have been "Songs of Nature," as anything else, for allusions to nature in one form or another are scattered in great profusion throughout its pages. And the language is soft and delicate and graceful as it should always be in pastoral poetry, the style simple and unaffected, the sentiment pure and exalted, the

rhyme melodious and perfect, while a deep devotional spirit hovers over all, adding its chaste and refining influence to the charms of as promising a little volume of poems as has ever been issued by a rising American poet. Listen for a moment to the opening poem:

I know that I for years have loved
Abroad in Nature's face to look ;
I know that I have oft been moved
To sympathy with bird and brook ;
I know that from my hearth-stone I
Have gone to view the sunset sky ;
And climbed the hill, in twilight cold and gray,
To, at his airy gates, await the rising day.

I know I have not been as one
Who seeth naught the fact behind,—
To whom the sun is simply sun,
To whom the wind is simply wind,
The wood a wood, the hill a hill,—
Mere growth or mere existence. Still,
I can not speak whereof my heart hath known :
I live as one who lives in silence and alone.

But felt as deep by him who lives
Without the gift of utterance,
May be the music Nature gives
Whereof his life hath cognizance,—
The solemn undertones of night
And morning's pæan of delight—
As e'er by him who sounds the verbal keys
And gives his every thought their fitting melodies.

And felt as deep by him may be
The graces of Arcadian days ;
The quiet and amenity
He finds within his greenwood ways ;
The splendor that around him lies
Of hill and vale and changing skies ;
The equal miracle of sun and sod ;
The stately flow of time, and epic plan of God.

And he who loves to tarry by
The singing of his woodland rills ;
Who finds a solace in the sky,
A strength and spirit in the hills ;
Who loves the beautiful and good,
The close-discerning habitude ;
He makes a poem of his days and weeks.
And he who feels it all is one with him who speaks.

Very gentle and sweet and musical, is it not? But here is a little poem entitled "Deus Idem," which I think surpasses it in all of these qualities. As we read the verses we seem to forget the present and in spirit find ourselves slowly wending our way with the poet across fields radiant with summer blossoms, and through woods of pine and birch to "pleasant Norton Church." How dear and familiar the name sounds to us. Pleasant Norton Church! We enter and hear the singing of the good old hymns and the reading of the Word, and we note particularly and with satisfaction that the preacher's teaching is in unison with that of earth and air. A sweet contentment rests upon us, and when we traverse the fields again on our way homewards our hearts are made

glad as we listen to the birds sending forth their psalms of praise among the sunbeams and the flowers.

DEUS IDEM.

TO A. B. H.

Through fields with early summer fair,
Through woods of pine and birch,
We came, with quickened love of God,
To pleasant Norton Church.

The gospel of the daisied fields
And sunlit depths above,
Had left the anxious heart its hope,
The weak assured of love.

And what a prelude had been ours
In sound of leaf and bird
To singing of the good old hymns
And reading of the Word !

The church without, the church within,
In both the same He seemed !
In both the same sweet face of love
And mercy on us beamed !

For he who read the Book had passed
No page of nature o'er ;
By each in turn the other taught
His gentle spirit more.

For howsoe'er he chid our ill,
Or shaped our needful prayer,
His teaching was in unison
With that of earth and air.

So, as we sought the fields again,
The joy of birds was ours.
How sweetly fell their psalms among
The sunbeams and the flowers !

Or take the following poem, written in 1881, and note how full it is of references to nature and how appropriately these references are introduced and follow one another. Truly, as Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland ("Hans Breitman") once wrote to Mr. Shaw, "There is a beautiful inspiration of nature in all of your lyrics:"

NIGHTFALL ON THE CRAGS.

This is the hour for wings. We climb
The sunset hillside, and behold,
Above the shadowy lake and wold,
Where spacious quiet grows sublime,
What summits wear the crowns of gold ;

Where colored by the irised skies
Wafts now, with motions soft and light,
A fleeting air 'twixt day and night.
A sunset birth, it lives and dies
A floating bloom about the height.

Now to his cloud-bed sinks the sun,
From mountain-tops his glance doth wean ;
And blending in the deep serene
That hangs above us, into one,
The fading hues of heaven are seen.

And winding out of sunken dells
 A lightly-shaken music comes.
 Through dusky air the night-hawk hums.
 And now are hushed the muffled bells,
 And shepherd-shadows fold the homes.

And from the lake the chilly breeze
 Takes hither, as in dreams, its flight.
 Yet stay we on this rocky height.
 Our pillow is our boundaries—
 The calm horizons of the night.

Then here is another little gem, which might
 readily be taken from its tone and sentiment for one
 of Wordsworth's poems:

ENJOYED THE MORE.

I murmur not that most my days
 Are passed among these noisy ways ;
 That seldom by my ears are heard
 The laugh of rill and song of bird ;
 Or by my eyes are seldom seen
 The wood-caught rays of morn and e'en.

Nor envy him his lot who sees
 About him reach the path of ease,—
 Whose morning care is whether he
 Shall busy or shall idle be,
 Shall seek the vale, or climb the hill,
 Or loiter beside the rill.

For when thou, who hast held me fast,
 Stern Duty ! giv'st consent at last,
 And forth I go to wood and field,
 They more for my long waiting yield,
 By him whose days are *all* his own,
 The joy *I* feel is never known.

Ralph Henry Shaw was born in Fisher's Lane, Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa., on the 11th of April, 1860. His father, Benjamin Franklin Shaw, inventor of the first Jacquard stocking loom and founder of the Shawknit stocking industry, died in 1890. His mother, Harriet Nowell Shaw (to whom he affectionately dedicates his latest volume of poems) is still living at Ossipee Mountain Park, Moultonborough, N. H., which place was bequeathed to her and others in the family by her husband, who discovered its natural beauty in 1879, and spent a fortune in its development and improvement. When our author was about five years of age his parents moved from Germantown to South Danvers (now Peabody), Mass., and here he attended the grammar school for some time. In 1870 his parents once more changed their residence, this time to Cambridge, Mass., where he attended the Webster Grammar School for a little over a year, failing health making it advisable to keep him in the open air as much as possible. His father, a man of very wide general information, possessed an excellent library, and from this source the young poet learned much, as he was ambitious to learn. He began writing verses before he had reached the age of fifteen and some of these juvenile effusions, published in a little volume which was issued in 1885, display considerable merit. Here, for instance, is one entitled "Good Night," which is a capital piece of work for a boy of that age:

Adieu, adieu. my mother dear,
For round the night winds sigh.
The little twinkling stars appear
And coldly light the sky.
Adieu, adieu, my mother fair ;
I linger in your sight,
But soon unto my bed repair ;
I bid you now, Good night !

O, will the noisy call of day
Arouse me to your face,
To view the eyes of purest ray
That beam a mother's grace ?
O, may our God watch o'er your head—
O, may your dreams be light,
And circle pleasure o'er your head—
I say again. Good night !

Burns was Mr. Shaw's first poetical favorite, and after him Byron, Moore, Wordsworth and Whittier commanded his highest admiration. In June 1877 he moved to Lowell, Mass., (where he still resides) and a year later he entered the office of the Shaw Stocking Company there. By punctuality and strict attention to business he soon raised himself to an important position in the office, and for many years past he has filled the chair of manager's assistant. In 1881 he married Miss Mary Abbie Choate, a graduate of the Lowell High School and recipient of a Carney medal presented to her for excellence in scholarship and deportment. She is a good, intelligent, bright-eyed woman and has so at heart the interest of her loved ones and her home, that she is an

exceedingly good wife. She likes the simple and sweet in poetry and is a discriminating and appreciative reader. Five children have been born to them, viz. Ralph Choate, Benjamin Choate, Paul Hervey, Warren Waldo and Alice Dorothy. The death of the first named child in 1884 was a sad event in the lives of the parents, and not a few of Mr. Shaw's most pathetic pieces have been composed while brooding over the memory of the lost one. A brief specimen of these may not be out of place here:

HE CLIMBS MY KNEE.

I can not see him anywhere,
Nor hear his childish singing,
His little prattle here and there,
His silver toy-bell ringing.
Oh, wherefore comes he not to me,
As he was wont, to climb my knee?

Still sings the bird he bade me hear
With his uplitted finger,
And in our neighbor's garden near
The flowers he saw still linger;
Oh, wherefore comes he not to me
To point at them and climb my knee?

His blocks lie scattered hereabout,
His horses wait his riding—
Where is he?—At my back, or out
Beneath my window hiding?
Oh, wherefore comes he not to me,
As he was wont, to climb my knee?

Ah! to my higher self he comes
In moments that are golden ;
For sunshine, offered to all homes,
I am to God beholden ;
My smiling angel-boy I see,
And soft and light, he climbs my knee.

The talented and accomplished authoress, Lucy Larcom, to whom these verses were sent before publication, wrote: "They are true poetry. They will touch a chord in many hearts and I think it one of the things sorrow comes to us for—that we may draw more closely to other lives to help them." Mr. Shaw has contributed papers and poems to the New York Ledger, the Christian Leader, the Cottage Hearth, the Golden Rule, the Youth's Companion, Burnsiana, etc. He is an excellent writer of prose and his contributions are greatly admired and as a rule preserved. In regard to his poems he says: "I have been too busy earning a livelihood to devote much thought or time to making verses. But poetry to me, if I may use Poe's words, has not been a purpose but a passion. I have no literary habits, and I think my best work is that which gave me the least trouble."

Mr. John G. Whittier's opinion of his work however, must have been exceedingly gratifying to Mr. Shaw. "I am glad to get thy pretty little volume," he wrote in 1885: "It gives me the feeling of broader horizons and mountain presence. I like the 'Poem' exceedingly, and scattered all through the

book are fine thoughts and lines. Yet I am sure that years and patient brooding over thy themes will enable thee to crowd thy verses with clearer and deeper meanings. Thy rhythm is veary nearly perfect, and the feeling, as a painter would say, is true and genuine, and there is a sweet and delicate confession of thy love for Nature which promises much. 'The Seekers' pleases me, as it expresses so musically what I have often felt among the hills." This reference to Mr. Whittier recalls a very beautiful poem in Mr. Shaw's volume, entitled "God Bless Him." While the gentle poet is not named in it one can readily see that it is to him that the verses are addressed:

"GOD BLESS HIM."

Why add a needless tribute?—yet
As man and poet, one is he.
Life, which is fact, its seal has set
On all his voiced humanity.
He too might say, if self-thought led,
What Milton to Salmasius said;
But leaves to God, who all has heard and seen,
What concord lies his life and spoken word between.

He lifts a prayer without a claim,
Seeks not his God from man apart,—
His lips are burdened with our name,
Our common need is in his heart.
He loves to serve, as best he can,
The holy work which Christ began,
To call the poor benighted from his way,
So vague with shadows, up the sunlit hills of day.

But not alone our human weal
Or human woe is in his song :
There Beauty finds a master leal
And airy Fancy moves along,
While Wordsworth's vestal fire by turns
Has all the native warmth of Burns.
The simplest flower that smiles in greenwood ways,
The simplest brook that sings, is mirrored in his lays.

Clear voice among our lakes and hills !
He sings of nature as of men ;
He hears with us its airs and rills,
He sees what lies within our ken ;
Interpreting, 'neath moon and sun,
Its bosom unto every one.
We feel the calm where rise our northern pines,
We see the mountain morn and sunset, in his lines,

And oh, how like a sunlit day
Of whitest winter, warm and mild,
Blown through by all the airs that May
Breathes over greening slope and wild,
His old age round about him lies !—
So seems it to the pilgrim's eyes.
"God bless him !" is the best that love can say :
And God be thanked that this is uttered in his day.

Mr. Pickard, editor of the *Portland Transcript*, wrote in regard to this poem: "The week your excellent poem addressed to Mr. Whittier was given out by me for publication I happened to be in Boston in company with the poet. He seemed to be much pleased with the felicitous tribute. It was all the happier because he was not named, but all his

friends recognize him in it and join in your benediction." As has already been noted, Mr. Shaw's earliest poetical favorite was Burns, and it is not surprising that he has attempted a few pieces in the dialect used by the master-poet. Here is a brief poem on Burns, one of which the Rev. Dr. Robert Court, a very learned Scotchman, said: "Rarely is my ear satisfied with English or American imitations of Scotch poetry. Your sweet little poem has not offended me in that respect. The thought is not hackneyed, the versification and rhyming are correct, and the feeling is true in tone."

ROBIN.

JANUARY 25, 1759.

"T was then a blast of Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

It was na sic an air as blaws
In simmer frae the hills an' haughs;
A blast o' Janwar wind it was
Blew hansel in on Robin.

I wonder Nature deemed it weel
That he, wha was to lo'e her leal,
Should first her caulder season feel,
Sae wi' it welcomed Robin.

But Nature is past findin' out;
We seldom ken what she's about;
That she rejoiced, I dinna doubt,
When first she keek't on Robin.

He gied to her the love she sought ;
She led his feet ayont the cot,
An' muckle guid to him she taught ;
She shawed her best to Robin.

For him her burnies sweetest sang,
Her wild-wood echoes lightest rang ;
She fostered him her joys amang—
We know them best through Robin.

Nor must we omit to refer to the numerous fine poems which Mr. Shaw has composed on Indian subjects. Many of these compositions are exceedingly beautiful and prove that he has a special talent for thus transforming these interesting legends and tales into verse. We quote as a specimen "Glooskap and Summer," of which Mr. Leland, in commenting upon the legend upon which the poem is founded, says :

"It appears to be the completer form of the beautiful allegory of Winter and Spring given in the Hiawatha Legends as Peboan and Seegwum. The struggle between Spring and Winter, Summer and Winter, or Heat and Cold, represented as incarnate human or mythic beings, forms the subject of several Indian legends."

GLOOSKAP AND SUMMER.

Worshipped by the Wabanaki
Or the Children of the Light,
Glooskap or the god of nature,
Sought the northland cold and white ;

And within a wigwam sitting,
Deep in silence and alone,
Found a giant, a great giant,
By the name of Winter known ;
And he listened in the wigwam
To the tales the giant told,
Till his head was bowed in slumber,
Till he yielded to the cold.
Then he saw in sleeping visions,
None of all the wise men say ;—
Saw he Summer vanquish Winter ?
Make the northland light and gay ?

When he woke he travelled southward—
When with every footstep grew
Winds more soft and skies more tender—
Till the flowers round him blew,
Till, amid the leafy forest.
In the sunny south he found
Summer with her fairies dancing
Like the falling waters round.
Straight he caught her ; but to keep her
In his bosom from her folk,
By a wile he must deceive them :
Fair he made the words he spoke ;
And he spoke them in retreating,
Backward going, o'er and o'er—
Ah ! her folk, he had escaped them
When they heard his words no more.

Then again he sought the northland
Where old Winter still abode ;
Now with Summer in his bosom,
With her spirit overflowed ;
And was once again made welcome
To the wigwam cold and bare ;

For the giant thought he surely
Would again be sleep-bound there.
But he now had sunny Summer
And the cold was all in vain,
And the sweat from Winter's forehead
Fell like drops of April rain,
Till at length the giant melted
And his wigwam passed from view,
And around flowed pleasant rivers
And the green, lush grasses grew.

Did space permit we would like to say a great deal more in connection with Mr. Shaw and his poems. The larger and in some respects the best poems in his book, such as "The Bear Hunt," "Fallen on Sleep," "The White Arrow," and many others, we have not touched upon. They are too long for quotation, but in all of them we discern the fine taste and the exquisite workmanship of a true poet, and whatever the subject may be, the beauties of nature are never lost sight of. They are interwoven in the most delicate manner into each composition, and they constitute a particular and pleasing feature of his whole work. Mr. Shaw enjoys the friendship of many well-known literary people, the Rev. Arthur John Lockhart, author of "The Masque of Minstrels," and Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett, author of "A Sheaf of Song," "A Tramp Through Switzerland," etc., being among the number.

And here we may appropriately conclude our sketch with a tribute of respect to him from another friend, the venerable journalist and song-writer, Mr.

Thomas C. Latta, author of "Memorials of Auld Lang Syne" and various other important works. A literary man of high attainments, a noted critic and an eminent poet, this gentleman is certainly well qualified to pass judgment on the creations of a brother bard, and as his opinions on such matters are known to be unbiased, they are therefore of great value, and I am truly glad that Mr. Shaw's poems came under his notice and that he rendered the following verdict on them :

ON READING THE POEMS OF RALPH H. SHAW.

The pompous minstrel has no charms for me ;
No sympathy have I for turgid strain ;
But pensive feeling ne'er appeals in vain—
And that is thine, calm bard of Ossipee !
Melodious thoughts like Wordsworth's flowing free,
Like Longfellow's resounding as the main,
With Bernard Barton's cadence, that would fain
Throb sweetest sorrow to the moaning sea.
Friend ! thou hast compassed more than was designed ;
Thy shrinking nature failing to perceive,
When pouring forth the treasures of thy mind,
The texture of the woof so few could weave.
I joy to mark, in restless, feverish days,
The pure and simple current of thy lays.

High Priest of Nature ne'er thou claim'd to be.
And yet among her worshippers who kneel
In holy fervor, touch'd with Christian zeal,
Thou standst very near the hierarchy.
Those white-robed acolytes, on bended knee,
The Temple's magic mystery know and feel,
Finding a sacred influence o'er them steal,

Imparting light that they may clearer see
As taper after taper sheds its rays
From the high altar, how they glow and burn ;
Their souls rapt in an ecstasy of praise
As back to solitude they mutely turn,
Brooding with pallid face, head meekly bowed,
Till come the time when they must cry aloud.



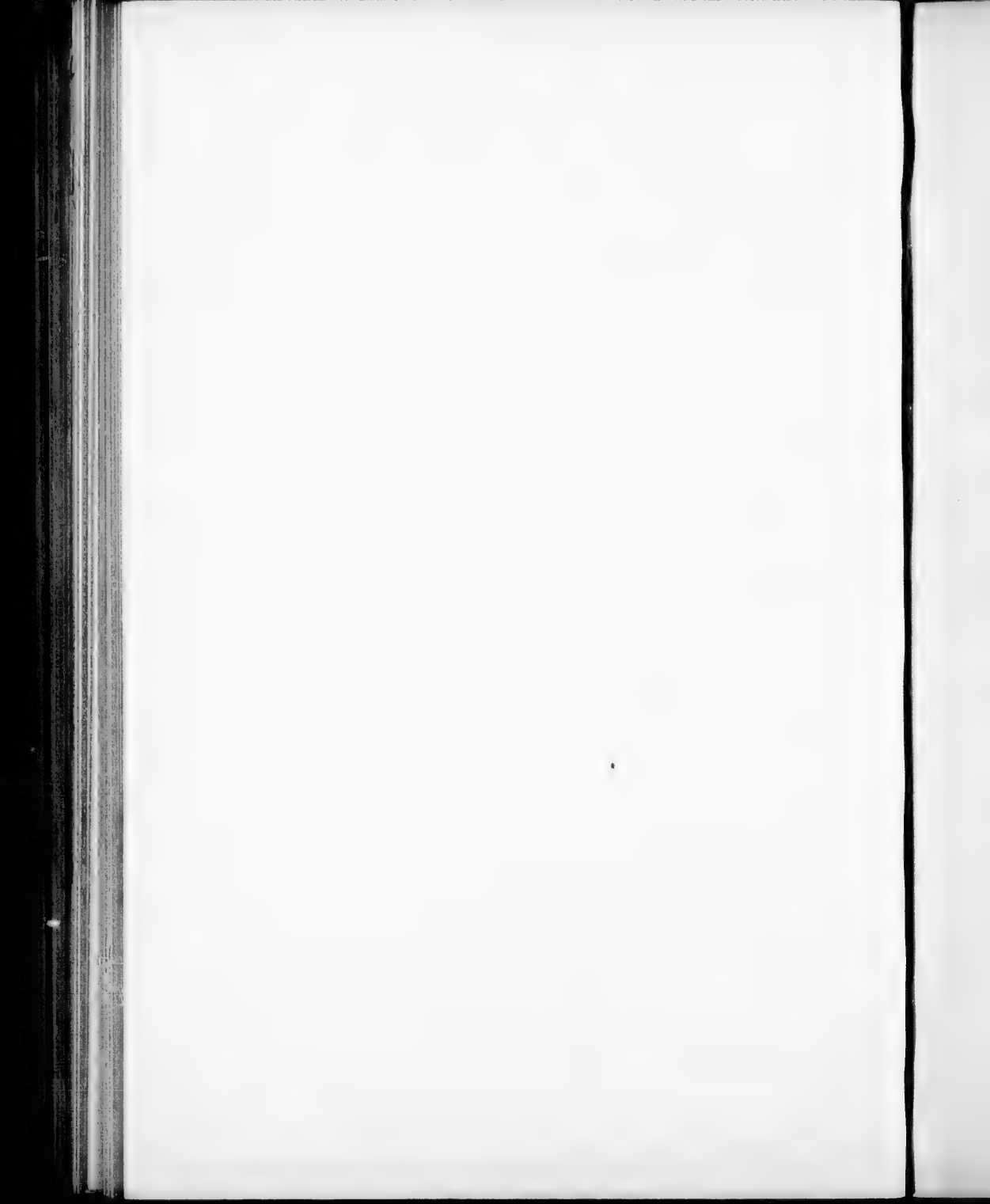
REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.
"PASTOR FELIX."

Among the poets of to-day whose merits are not so well known to the general public as they deserve to be, is the Rev. Arthur John Lockhart, ("Pastor Felix"). Mr. Lockhart is at present a resident of Hampden Corner, Maine, and is the author of two handsome volumes of poetry, the one entitled "The Masque of Minstrels," and the other, "Beside the Narraguagus and Other Poems." Between the boards of these two volumes is considerable poetry of a very high class. Of course, in a brief article like the present one, it is next to impossible to do justice, or even point out the many poetic beauties which are embodied in each volume, and I will therefore confine myself principally to the contents of the earliest of the two, "The Masque of Minstrels," published by B. A. Burr, Bangor, Maine, in 1887, and which contains 361 pages.

There is nothing insignificant or abstruse or unpoetical in Mr. Lockhart's verse. His themes are numerous but his subjects are well chosen, and we become interested and attached to them at once. His muse is pure, bright, cheerful and inspiring, while each of his poems, daintily clothed in classical and musical language, is set before us intelligently,



REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.



complete and finished—like a cameo. He possesses great lyrical sweetness, profound thought, considerable originality, sincere tenderness, good argumentative powers, true but genial piety, besides a warm love for fatherland, for nature and all created things.

Opening his book, almost at beginning, our eyes rest on the following delightful lyric embodied in the poem, "Alice Lee:"

What the star is to the sky,
And the pearl is to the sea,
What the light is to the eye,
And the leaf is to the tree ;
What the joy of mounting wings
To the bird that soars and sings,—
Thou art to me.

Like to halcyon, heavenly calm,
After strife of stormy sea,
Like an hour of ease and balm,
After moan and agony ;
Or the summer's golden glow,
After bursts of wintry snow,—
Thou art to me.

This is really beautiful and reminds me of another sweetly expressed little song, more recently composed, and entitled—"In the Lodge:"

Softly, my baby !
Nest thee, my blossom
On mother's warm bosom :
Of dewiest slumber thou sippest thy fill.

Still dimmer and dimmer the ashy coals glimmer,—
The lodge is in gloom ;
How balmy the breath of the forest in bloom !
The owl is hooting afar on the hill,
And deep in the glade sings the brown whippoorwill ;
The star doth incline to the tip of yon pine ;
The moon is just rising, the aspen is still.
O sweet, mother-blossom, lie still on my bosom !
Sleep softly, my baby !

These sonnets may be appropriately introduced here as illustrations of the easy and graceful manner in which Mr. Lockhart can compress many rare thoughts into little space :

SUNSET ON THE NARRAGUAGUS.

Not the attire of kings when crowns are set
'Mid coronation splendors, have such sheen
As now in these November skies are seen,—
Where late the day in his fire-chariot
Rode down the western hills, that lighten yet !
Twilight her tent of purple and of gold
Pitches on yon dark crag, and manifold
Dapples the river where its waters fret
Past the low bank in leafless quietude.
The new moon haloes soft her crystal sphere ;
Glassed 'mid the shadow'd trees she beauteous lies :
Such glory comes to gild, such peace to brood,
Changing to gold and pearl the dark'ning year,—
The month of wailing winds and shadowy skies !

SNOW IN OCTOBER.

Ah, soon the glistening glory shall appear
In billowy ridges by the fenced fields ;

And the dark firs, like Parian pyramids,
Shall shoulder their white masses thro' the woods,
The pines and larches wail amid the cold,
The birch emboss her silver coat with ice,
The gaunt elm shout and wrestle with the wind ;
For where the Indian summer lingered long,
With the sweet essence of distilléd light,
And sweet'ning breath that sighing nature gives ;
Where falling leaves are scattered, lying hid
In withered heaps beneath the fleecy drift,
Of forest spoils the beechen shrub alone
Holds fast its rustling leaves of paly gold.

HAMPDEN.

JULY 4.

Aloof the village stands, bosom'd in trees ;
Penobscot rolls his sunbright wave below :
There plies the steamer ; there the vessels go,
With white sails swelling in the fresh'ning breeze.

How sweet these airs that blow from blossomy leas !
How sweet the sound of boatman's dipping oar
By Orrington's sequester'd, sylvan shore,—
And all the river's lights and melodies !
Hark ! 'tis the sound of mirth ! where youthful bands,
With many a note vociferous, move along !
There floats yon storied banner, that commands
The patriot's deepest love, his loudest song !
The bells are glad, and every heart is gay,
To usher in a Nation's natal day.

These sonnets also demonstrate that Mr. Lockhart's descriptive powers are exceedingly keen and alert. He describes what he sees and feels and

thinks in a graphic and pleasing style, and the mind experiences no wearysome sensation in reading of his communings with nature. The following is a longer and fuller specimen of his powers in this connection :

NARRAGUAGUS.

The sun is set ; an amber mist
Fills all the vale ;
The lapsing river, glory-kist,
Is gold, and pearl, and amethyst,
Where on its mirror-breast the beaded bubbles sail.

Lo ! from this russet hill I gaze
On such a scene
As poets love to paint and praise !
While sunset's blazon overpays
My heart, with evening's balm and splendor so serene.

The dark trees stand in naked grace ;
And the green marge
Is softened on the river's face,
With flakes of fiery cloud. I trace
It's flow where yon dark hill casts down its shadow large.

I see where o'er the dam it goes
In music down ;
And, sparkling, breaks its sheen repose,
Where under yon red bridge it flows,
And makes, by winding banks, its circuit through the town.

Down-sent from forest-lakes, begemmed
With islets small ;

Here, spreading wide, there, closely hemmed ;
With eve's soft glories diadem'd,
Till in the welcoming sea its lover-waters fall.

By mill, and mart, and home, and where,
'Mid darkling furze
White stones out-gleam, (the dead are there)
And by the hallowed place of prayer,
Aiding with constant song the hymning worshipers.

In immelodious monotone
The mills I hear ;
The rattling gear, the waters' drone,
The shrieking saws ; while,—duskier grown
The eve,—I see aloft a fiery shaft uprear ;—

A luminous, sparkling column, curl'd
Above the trees :
It's ever-bright'ning folds unfurl'd,
As gentle shadows wrap the world,
While still my ear drinks in the river's melodies.

All burdens fall away,—my heart
Again is free ;
Time's paly haggard ghosts depart.
Blest be the hour ! 'Tis more than Art,
This grandeur and this calm of earth, and air and sea !

In this wide world of dream I yield
Myself to you,
Spirit serene of flood and field !
No sweeter harvest, Time can yield,
Than I have reaped 'neath stars, and 'mid the falling dew.

Sing on, O river, while I still
Can sit to hear !
Ah ! soon, upon this lonely hill,
Some other eye and heart shall fill
With rapture and with tears to list thee singing near.

Sing on, O river ! I am glad
That, though I fail
From this sweet scene to wander where
Far other woods and streams are fair,
Thou wilt remain to chant the music of thy vale.

I've loved thee well, thou thing of light
And melody !
Ah, Narraguagus ! when a night
All starless, wraps me from thy sight,
And other lovers come, wilt thou remember me ?

The "Masque of Minstrels" contains twenty-five poems, and the remaining one hundred and three poems comprised in the volume are classified under the heading of, "Moods and Fantasies," "Songs of Memory and Home," and "Songs of Aspiration and Endeavor." It is well that these poems have been published in this permanent form. We have not met with so fine a collection of poetry for many a day as is here presented to us, and we confidently predict that Mr. Lockhart will ultimately attain both distinction and honor as an American poet. He certainly has imagination and power and talent enough to warrant this prediction. Many of his longer poems are magnificent creations, full of choice expressions, lofty ideas and brilliant metaphors. As

usual, however, with such poems, they require to be read through before they can be thoroughly appreciated, and it would occupy too much space were we to attempt to reprint any of them here. One of them, entitled "The Isle of Song," is a poetic dream of an island on which the poets were assembled.

* * * *

The cherub winds blew down, and in delight
Toyed with the wave-tips white;
And happy singing maids, hand link'd in hand,
Danced o'er tracts of snowy-golden sand.

Infinite pearls of shadow, lay the shells
Where wove the sea its spells;
And the shy nymphs tossed up their shining hair,
And the sun glimmered on their shoulders bare.

Tall pines were overhung, and fringed palms
Where soft the sea sung psalms;
And from each dell the scented inland air
Bore breath of opening blossoms everywhere.

* * * *

And when the moon was silverly revealed
In her ambrosial field,
Down to the shore, with harps no longer dumb,
Fearless of death I saw the poets come.

A wondrous Genius led them, and impelled,
Who, when their songs excelled,
Plucked the fresh laurel for the victor's wreath
And showed the fame that cometh after death.

* * * *

There was the poet "who sang the Acadian Maid,"
and the reverend form of him

Who in sweet Roslyn marked the flight of years.

With them "were the sons of ages gone," and also
the daughters, and the humbler poets,

Sappho swart, and she—
Britain's white rose, beloved of Italy.

There were "Etruria's bard," and "they who
chanted Israel's lore sublime," and "they of Hellas
and the Mantuan Plain."

Homer had his clear song and vision bright,
Nor Milton's orbs must roll to find the light.

There was Shakespeare, of "the serene and spa-
cious brow," and the wrapt evangelist [John]

But when I saw my earliest love draw near,
And heard his song sincere
Who charmed sweet Doon, and did his cadence suit
To sylvan Coila's step and woodland flute ;—

While Rydal raised his gravely reverend face
To Shelley's child-hued grace ;
And he whose dust 'neath Latlum's violets lies,
Lifted to me his soul in languorous eyes ;—

* * * *

With tears, I reached to them my hands, and cried :
"Let me not be denied !

Take me to be with you, ye much-loved throng !
Life is too lonely for the child of song.

Forlorn, companionless, in dread and dearth,
And weary of the earth,
Bid me to your serene, immortal shore,
Where hearts faint not, nor song is hindered more.

They beckoned him, and he essayed to come, but
before his barge pressed keel upon its margin,

Melted their isle like snow ; alone I lay ;
And lo ! it was the breaking of the day.

Another very fine poem is the one entitled, "In
Camp Hill Cemetery." This is principally a glowing
eulogy in commemoration of the Canadian poet
and patriot, Joseph Howe. It concludes as follows:

Death, the pale scribe, hath a celestial grace ;
For when the gifted and noble die
She smiling turns her oft-averted face,
To write their consecrated names on high.

Then cometh Fame ! Her lifted features shine !
Her measuring arm advanced amid the spheres,
Throughout the earth she runs her glorious line,
And seeks to compass the eternal years.

Let her record his works and powers sublime,
His aims and wishes, to his country given :
He dwells secure ; his name belongs to Time,
His son to God, his record unto Heaven.

Draw softly near,—he sleeps, our Patriot-bard,
Where God's dew falls and fresh his green grass keeps!
Draw near, and drop a tear of proud regard
On this autumnal turf 'neath which he sleeps!

Then bid some fairer monument arise ;
So shall our grateful sons his honors know,
So shall their hearts aspire, so shall they prize
Th' illustrious dead to whom so much they owe.

And bid this spot to flush with crowding flowers,
That round him creep and climb with hastening bloom
Before the weeping spring's memorial showers,
To breathe and brighten o'er their Poet's tomb.

So bid his memory live, his fair fame grow,
While sweetly wakes on the Acadian lea
Our country's emblem, pearly from the snow,
Or our fair city overlooks the sea.

I rose, and pluck'd a leaf to bear away,
For now I marked my comrade's slow return :
Softly, successive of the sunset ray,
Eve's lucent splendor had begun to burn.

With tone subdued, in converse of the dead,
The way we took to our Acadian town,—
Passed the green slope with hesitating tread,
And from the citadel went slowly down.

As a specimen of the delicate manner in which Mr. Lockhart weaves his thoughts into verse, we quote "The Waters of Carr." Here we have a poem of great beauty, simple in detail, charming in conception, full of feeling and pathos and eloquence, the work of an enthusiast.

THE WATERS OF CARR.

O do you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr?
O do you hear the child's voice calling, calling,
Through its cloistral deeps afar?
'Tis the Indian's babe, they say,
Fairy-stolen, changed a fay;
And still I hear her calling, calling, calling,
In the mossy woods of Carr!

O do you hear when the weary world is sleeping,
Dim and drowsy every star,
This little one her happy revels keeping
In her halls of shining spar?
Clearer swells her voice of glee,
While the liquid echoes flee,
And the full moon through deep green leaves comes peeping,
In the dim-lit woods of Carr.

Know ye from her wigwam how they drew her,
Wanton-willing, far away;
Made the wild-wood halls seem home unto her,—
Changed her to a laughing fay?
Never doth her bosom burn,
Never asks she to return;—
Ah, vainly care and sorrow may pursue her,
Laughing, singing, all the day!

And often, when the golden west is burning,
Ere the twilight's earliest star,
Comes her mother led by mortal yearning,
Where the haunted forests are;—
Listens to the rapture wild
Of her vanished fairy child:
Ah, see her soon with smiles and tears returning
From the sunset woods of Carr!

They feed her with the amber dew and honey,
They bathe her in the crystal spring,
They set her down in open spaces sunny,
And weave her an enchanted ring ;
They will not let her beauty die,—
Her innocence and purity ;
They sweeten her fair brow with kisses many,
And ever round her dance and sing.

O do you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr ?
O do you hear the child's voice laughing, calling,
Through its cloistral deeps afar ?
Never thrill of plaintive pain
Mingles with that ceaseless strain :—
But still I hear her joyous calling, calling,
In the morning woods of Carr.

Mr. Lockhart was born on the fifth of May, 1850, in a small village some few miles distant from Hantsport, on the uplands overlooking the Avon and the Basin Minas, Canada. His father, Albert Lockhart, was for many years a master mariner, and his mother, Elizabeth Bezanson, was of Huguenot descent, her ancestry having emigrated to America in times of persecution. "I had such education," writes Mr. Lockhart, "as books and a common school afforded. The books that nourished me earliest were, the Bible, an old dark-covered hymn-book-looking edition of Currie's Burns, a pocket edition of Gray and one of Goldsmith. By these my tastes in poetry were formed, and they hold still the perfect charm. Later came Byron, Shakespeare, Milton, and the rest. I

began to rhyme early, did so in fact in school on my slate when I should have ciphered. I loved figures of speech, and hated numerals. They convey little to me, even to-day. At the age of four I received an injury to my left foot, and was through childhood a cripple and partial invalid, never sharing in rough play or athletics, but fond of roving in fields and by brooks, brooding by the way." His birth place held many charms for him, and it is affectionately referred to in his poems "Acadie," "The Alien's Message," "To my Father," "By Avonside," and "Gaspereau." "The last named poem," writes W. G. Macfarlane in the *Dominion Illustrated*, "is the offspring as much of the scene it describes as of the poet who wrote it."

"Any one who has been privileged to see the Gaspereau valley, one of the prettiest pictures of quiet, graceful, rural beauties imaginable, will see at once that the poem is full of the inspiration of the place. Imagine yourself on a point of vantage, the bend of a road, crossing a span of South Mountain to Gaspereau village. You are on the summit of a hill overlooking the valley. Before you lies its whole length of about ten miles, with a mile of breadth. Through its centre flows the narrow Gaspereau stream, at times foaming over rocks and again rushing along in an unrippled rapid, while the luxuriant willows that fringe the banks cast their perfect reflection into the water. On its edge is a small mill, looking in the distance like a toy house, while it is crossed by a rustic bridge. Surrounding

the bridge is a little hamlet with a pretty church, and along the side of the valley are prosperous, well-kept farms, with smiling orchards and grain fields and dotted with patches of spruce and fir. The valley seems to be shut in by the hills at both ends, and at its lowest extremity the stream broadens into what appears to be a lake, a fancy that renders the picture the more romantic. In reality, though, it is an estuary of the stream that empties into the Basin of Minas, at Grand Pré flats, and just beyond the reach of vision is where, over a century since, the English vessels were moored when the memorable expulsion took place." In Lockhart's poem the whole peaceful scene is reflected. Some of the stanzas are as follows:

O sweet Acadian vale ! with thee
My earlier, happier, years were passed !—
The day of blest security,
The peaceful hours, too bright to last,—
When on thy hills I sang in joy,
And traced thy brook and river's flow ;
Hast thou forgot thy minstrel boy,
O much-loved vale of Gaspereau ?

Oft memory on the track returns
By which my life the earliest came ;
And Fancy many a scene discerns,
And lists to many a magic name ;
Then do thy woods and streams appear,
With paths my wandering feet did know,
And all thy music meets my ear,
O winding vale of Gaspereau !

How oft, from yon hill's dark'ning brow
Where twinkles first the evening star,
I've watched the village windows glow
At sundown in the vale afar ;
Or, from the shadowy bridge leaned o'er
The river's glimmering darks below,—
Breathed freshness of the sylvan shore,
And heard the songs of long ago !

'Twas here, of old, a people dwelt,
Whose loves and woes the poet sings ;
The beauty of the scene they felt,
When, 'mid the golden evenings,
They set the willows, lush and green,
Now gnarled in their fantastic age,
That with their blacken'd, broken mein,
Still stand—the blackbird's hermitage.

Secluded in this calm retreat,
They tilled the soil and reared the home ;
Nor dreamed to an abode so sweet
The lordly spoiler e'er could come :
For them the corn, green-waving, grew,
Studded with many a yellowing gem ;
Round them the doves and swallows flew,
And coo'd and twitter'd love for them.

In 1871 Mr. Lockhart entered the Methodist ministry and was stationed at Pembroke Iron Works. He was subsequently stationed at Lubec, East Machias, Orrington, East Corinth, Cherryfield, and lastly at Hampden Corner, Maine. In 1873 he was united in marriage to Miss Adelaide Beckerton, a well educated and highly accomplished young lady.

She is a helpful, affectionate woman, who warmly reciprocated the love of a noble husband. Her virtues and goodness of heart have called forth many effusions of a tender nature, and we reprint one of these here as a token of esteem to a lady who possesses all the requirements which make her sex beloved, honored and admired:

TO MY WIFE.

O welcome is the moment
When, now released from care,
I watch the low decending sun
That goldens all the air !
O happy is the evening,
If dark or bright it be,
That sees the hours of labor close
And brings my love to me.

Come near, my own, my darling !
That I thy face may see,
And tinge my sober-suited thought
With thy smile of sunshine free :
To me thou'rt fair as the dawning,
And sweet as the sweet dew-fall ;
Thou art leal and true to thy chosen few,
Thou art frank and kind to all.

I mind me well, my darling !
When love first breathed thine,
The blush, than speech more eloquent,
That in living answer came ;
'Twas a path obscure and lowly
Thou knewest mine must be ;
But I bless kind Heaven, whose love hath given
One lot to thee and me !

'Tis a dreamy life, my darling !
That thou hast come to share ;
Do the deeps and dells of Fairyland
Seem for thee too faint and rare ?
Yet, with all of heaven-born music
And of whitest poesie,
Life's crowning bliss my heart might miss
If it were not for thee,

And who are these, my darling !
That round thee closely cling,
As round some pearly-crested rose
The beauty-buds of spring ?
Our hearts leap high with rapture
As our babe leaps in his joy,
And a pure delight is our lassie bright
And our laughter-loving boy !

So beautiful, my darling !
Our lowly life's decline ;
And softly round our parting hour
The lights of evening shine :
One life, with faith unbroken,
One love, from falsehood free,
And, by God's grace, in a holier place,
One Heaven for thee and me.

Presided over by Mrs. Lockhart, our author's home and its surroundings are happy and peaceful, everything being congenial to his religious and poetic tastes. They have four sons and three daughters. The eldest, Edith is a teacher in Central St. School, Springfield, Mass. James, the next, is a graduate from the Cherryfield High School; Albert and Alton are studious, and yet live, active boys; Mary and

Grace have just left the kindergarten, and Ralph Harold has just entered it. The cottage in which they resided while at Cherryfield, was a pretty little place, nestling in a setting of willows, acacias, horse chestnuts, elms, lilacs, sweet-briar and hop-vines. Below flowed the Narraguagus river ; and behind was a little thicket, the poet's rustic retreat, which he apostrophized as follows:

MY SYLVAN STUDY.

This is my oratory : studious, oft
I come, at morn, at eve, to this retreat :
Wild is the bower, and ancient is the seat ;—
My chair, a rock, with grass and mosses soft
Fringed and enamelled. In a neighboring croft
My children sport, not far from my own door,
Searching out leaves and flowers,—a beauteous store.
The blackbirds chatter sociably aloft ;
Round me grouped silvery birches, thorns full flushed
With milky blossoms ; on my open page
Lie shadowy leaves, jewelled in golden light :
—And hark ! a voice, whose music straight is hushed !
Quick pattering steps my partial ear engage,
And little Golden Hair laughs on my sight !

Mr. Lockhart is an active worker from morning till evening, church work, educational work, and literary work, keeping him busy all the time. He is a contributor to the *Dominion Illustrated*, *Week*, *Canadian Monthly*, *Maritime Monthly*, *St. John Telegraph*, *St. John Progress*, *Methodist Magazine*, *The Land We Live In*, *Canada*, and other leading Canadian journals,

and to the *Magazine of Poetry*, *Portland Transcript*, *Eastern State*, *Zion's Herald* and other journals of the United States. He has written a series of prose articles under the *nom de plume* of "Pastor Felix," and the general titles of "Heart on the Sleeve" and "Red and Blue Pencil" to the *Portland Transcript* and *Dominion Illustrated*. He has also appeared in such works as Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion," "The Poets of Maine," "Round Burns' Grave," "Burnsiana," "Highland Mary," "The Burns Scrap Book," etc.

The poetical powers of Mr. Lockhart are shown to great advantage in his various religious musings. In them we find many chaste and useful thoughts carefully studied out, while a spirit of faith, hope, charity and love, with a sacred feeling of the highest kind predominates throughout all of them. The following appeared in the *Optimist*, a little religious monthly once published at Cherryfield by our author and the Rev. Gilbert Edgett:

THE WILLING WORKER.

Richly the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord !
Hang in their clusters of purple delight :
I have attended the call of Thy Word,
Working for Thee since the dawning of light :
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the lea ;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee !

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord !
Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine ;
Master ! no labor, no pains I have spared,—

Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine ;
Many the stars that in Heaven I see ;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee !

Deep wave Thy harvests in acres untold ;
Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day ;
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold ;
Slowly the reapers are moving away ;
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee !

Dim grow mine eyes 'mid the fast fading light ;
Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint ;
Scant on my forehead my locks have grown white,—
Lord ! 'tis the body is weary and faint !
Finished the task thou hast given to me ;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee !

Two more brief quotations and I will close. The following speak for themselves:

TO THE AUTHOR OF "SCOTTISH POETS IN
AMERICA."

They are not born in vain who live to bless
And solace others ; who, while others strive
Out of the spoils of men to grow and thrive,
Abjure the meed of wrong or selfishness.
He does not live in vain who maketh less
The sum of human sorrow ; who inspires
Hope in the breast, and kindles love's sweet fires ;
Whose charity relieves a friend's distress.
Long may he live, to whom is ever dear
A brother's fame ; whose eye can recognize,
Whose pen proclaim, the merit that he sees ;
Who, with his books and friends holds gentle cheer ;
And whom a poet's song or maxim wise
Can never fail to interest and please.

PASTOR FELIX TO HENRY W. HOPE.

While winter winds may shrilly blow,
The Highland hills are draped in snow,
And Paint's fair waters drumlie flow,
Or ice-bound grope ;
But spring's soft zephyrs echoing go,
Inspiring Hope.

When Highland hills are flowering seen,
And Highland woods are robed in green,
And Paint's clear waters glittering sheen,
Shall be released,
You, Hope, with "scallopshell," I ween,
May travel east.

Mayhap Quebec, or wild Brasd'orr,
Chebucto, Tusket, or Jeddore,
May win,—their beauties to explore,—
Your pilgrim feet ;
Or e'en Penobscot's bluff shore
Your eyes may greet.

Then let us know before you come,
That you may find "the folk to hum ;"
We'll walk and talk, and chirp and chum,
Beyond a doubt ;
And—vocal day, or midnight dumb—
"The latch-string's out."

With these few critical remarks, and quotations from the writings of Mr. Lockhart, we conclude our sketch. He has just entered on the prime of manhood and we shall be greatly disappointed if he does not give even a better account of his poetic talents in years to come than he has already given.

GEORGE MARTIN.

Ireland has been liberal in her contribution of manhood to America. Like Scotland, she has many singers, and not a few of them have come to our shores and made us richer with the pathos and sweetness of their songs. Leaving out of the question the Ryans, O'Reilleys and Roches, who have found a home in the United States, Canada rejoices in her goodly number. She will never forget that Erin gave to her Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose speeches and songs were the emanations of a rich and noble life. She will not forget that from the same shore she has drawn such liberal and accomplished scholars as John Reade and Nicholas Flood Davin, memorable also as poets; and that from Innisfail she has one of her truest masters of romantic verse,—George Martin.

His name was early associated with that of the dramatic poet, Charles Heavyside. It was the privilege of our genial and generous author to be the friend and benefactor of that austere beautiful select spirit, who walked among us unrecognized; it was his to depict him in his own verse, as one who bore the burden of song, and who had attained to something like prophetic strain. Martin describes him:

Child-like, modest, reticent,
With head in meditation bent,
He walked our streets!—and no one knew
That something of celestial hue
Had passed along; a toil-worn man
Was seen, no more; the fire that ran
Electric through his veins, and wrought
Sublimity of soul and thought,
And kindled into song, no eye
Beheld, until a foreign sky
Reflected back the wondrous light,
And heralded the poet's night.

When the existence of such devotion is questioned, let it be remembered how truly he was a friend, and gave the liveliest proof of manly sympathy and disinterested esteem. For, let it be said, to his praise, that when the writer of "Saul" would publish the Boston edition of his drama, and was financially unable, our poet came forth with a fund reserved for a similar purpose, and at the sacrifice of his own ambitions, thought to give his brother a triumph. Mr. Lighthall, in his Canadian anthology, speaks of this money as a loan, and says: "'Saul' turned out a financial loss," and that on the day when Heavysege's note fell due, "Martin took it in his hand and tore it to pieces." Thus, doubtless, it occurred that not till 1887 did his own volume, "Marguerite; or The Isle of Demons, and Other Poems," appear from the house of Dawson Bros., Montreal; though, as one writer has intimated, distrust of his own merits and true reverence for the poetic art—which he

rather longed than expected to magnify—may have contributed to the delay.

Hon. Charles H. Collins, Hillsboro, Ohio, thus writes of our author: "Mr. Martin is thoroughly known to the Canadians, who have been lovers of his poetry for more than a generation. In Rev. Dr. Dewart's collection of 1864, some notable poems of Mr. Martin appeared. He still lives, an honored citizen of the largest city in Canada. He was born in 1822, near Kilrea, in the County Derry, Ireland; so is now seventy-four years of age, and hale, vigorous and genial, after years of active and very successful business life. For a long time previous to Dr. Dewart's collection, Mr. Martin had, as business avocations permitted, written much in prose and verse for the Montreal press. Mr. John Reade—himself a scholar and literateur of prominence—states that Mr. Martin's verse always attracted attention for its characteristic vigor and charm—the vigor of a strongly-marked individuality, at once deep and broad, and the charm of thoughts that voluntarily move in harmonious numbers. While still a boy in the north of Ireland, Mr. Martin first discovered that he was gifted with the muse's power. Mr. Reade in his article in *The Magazine of Poetry*, gives an appreciative sketch of Mr. Martin; it is brief but generous in its scope. "He is of Ulster stock, which is more Scottish than Irish, and to which Burns speaks a language more intelligible than that of Moore or Davis or Mangan." When ten

years of age, Mr. Martin came with his family to a bush farm in Upper Canada. Life in the bush did not suit him; it afforded no opportunity for development, and the poet crossed over the border into the United States. After prospecting the territory he entered the Black River Institute, at Watertown, N. Y. Mr. Reade says: "With what assiduity the young aspirant gave himself to his studies those who have the privilege of his acquaintance need not be told. He learned the rare art of thinking for himself, without which the taste for promiscuous reading is more a drawback than an advantage." Mr. Reade traces his career as a physician, which he abandoned for photography, devoting himself to that fascinating art for more than thirty years. Mr. Martin went to Montreal in 1852, and has resided there ever since. His skill, diligence and genial manners brought him patronage and generous returns for his industry. He had a family to provide for, and he by no means deemed it prudent to make what William Cullen Bryant calls "the poet's vow of poverty." In 1866 he engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was eminently successful. His sons have succeeded him in his earlier business, which (partly under his direction) has undergone great enlargement. Mr. Reade, in his conclusion says: "If Mr. Martin has been prosperous in his undertakings, he has been still more blessed in his home. He has the priceless boon of a devoted and accomplished wife; and if he has not escaped the ills that flesh is heir to, he has,

in sons that venerate him and grand-children that he adores, (of whom Georgie and Ethel are not unknown to fame) a companionship that never dies." Mr. Reade's sketch was published in 1891. May we hope that all the pleasant conditions he speaks of still continue. If ever man deserves happiness George Martin does, and he is justly honored by his fellow citizens for himself alone, and not for borrowed glory. As citizen, business man, father and friend,

None know him but to love him,
Or name him but to praise."

What Mr. Martin thinks of the poet's life and art may be drawn from two stanzas of a poem addressed to Georgie, his grandson:

If Parnassian blooms invite thee
Up the sacred mount to climb,
Think, before its lightnings smite thee,
What the honeycombs of rhyme
Cost the builders;—save a few
Weeping willow and the yew,
Restful Silence, Bride of Time,
Are the only signs that tell
Where the baffled singees fell,
Broken-hearted ere their prime.

Yet, if from the circling heaven
Mystic voices call thee hence—
Call, and whisper morn and even,
Captivating soul and sense,
Hearken gladly, hark and trust,

To thy higher self be just;
See thou offer no offence
To the linked harmonic powers
That pervade this world of ours,
Rhythmic, passionate, intense.

It may justly be said that he has been faithful to his high vocation, and has done "the linked harmonic powers" no wrong.

BOOKS.

In books I find companionship, they are
My household gods, and naught shall wholly bar
Their voices from me; from their precious pages
I quaff the immortality of ages.
They are the spirits of the dead, not dumb;
From ancient tombs and monuments they come
To hold communion with the living; they,
While nations perish and the world grows gray,
Their regal power and pristine beauty keep,
Despite the havoc, and inglorious sleep
Of centuries that bore a crimson hue,—
Despite the flames which they have travelled through,
Unscathed they hold their sceptres, meek they bear
These royal dignities;—like light and air
They enter, silver-shod, the humblest door,
And breathe their benedictions on the poor.
Ye avatars, true saviors of the world,
Round whom the hopes of wisest souls are curled,
Be mine through life, in pain, or pleasure, mine!
If near me still your pleasant faces shine,
The skies may lower—upon my thorny path
The heavens may pour their cataracts of wrath;
I need not falter, need not hold my breath,
Nor tremble at the menaces of Death.

ETHEL.

Little sky-waif, come astray
Twice twelve months ago to-day !
What a world of joy is thine !
What a glow of summer shine
Cheers the house wherein thou art,
Sly magician of the heart !

In those large, those azure eyes,
All the splendor of the skies,
All the beauty that belongs
To the poet's sweetest songs,
All the wisdom known and lost
That the wisest sage could boast,
Beam and lure and half reveal
Secrets that the gods conceal.

See those ringlets all unshorn
That her pretty neck adorn ;—
Golden hues and silken gloss
On the charmed air they toss
Sun-gleams in a starry spray.—
Dearest little laughing fay !

See her tiny feet beat time,
In an ecstasy of rhyme,
To the pearly notes that win
From the speaking violin.
See her fingers, dimpled, white,
Mimic with a grave delight
Those that wonderingly she sees
Race along the ivory keys.

Hear her prattle, indistinct ;—
Much we guess at, still we think

It may be some long lost speech
That she fondly strives to teach—
Language known to airy things,
It may chance, whose spirit wings
In a merry mischief keep
Little human elves from sleep.

Ask her father, ask her mother,
They will vouch there is no other,—
Never was on land or sea
Such a charming girl as she.
Surely they who know her best
Must the simple truth attest ;
But if further proof you seek,
Let her solemn grandpa speak.—
He a mighty oath will swear,
By the silver in his hair !
By his sober-sided muse !
All good people needs must choose
Make confession, that for grace,
Loveliness of form and face,
Ways so simple, yet so wise,
Large-eyed Ethel takes the prize.

A GREETING.

TO PASTOR FELIX.

How spins this old planet with you,
Pastor Felix ?
Is anything going askew,
Pastor Felix ?
Is your muse waxing cold ?
Does she flout you, or scold ?
Have a care, over there, what you do,
Pastor Felix !

Stand off on your dignity, stand,
Pastor Felix,
Like a prince that is used to command,
Pastor Felix !
And the damsel, don't doubt,
Will soon cease to flout,
And stretch you her glorious hand,
Pastor Felix.

Grim Pinch-nose is now well nigh gone,
Pastor Felix ;
His daughter will greet us anon,
Pastor Felix ;
With a song of the South
In his passionate mouth,
The robin will wake us at dawn,
Pastor Felix.

Then let us make haste to forget,
Pastor Felix,
The dolorous days of regret,
Pastor Felix ;
For sunshine and bloom
Will unravel the gloom
That has compassed our soul like a net,
Pastor Felix !

Your hand ! and a kindly adieu,
Pastor Felix ;
My thoughts they are often of you,
Pastor Felix !
Could we meet face to face,
We would surely embrace,
As brothers long parted might do,
Pastor Felix !

KEATS.

Full late in life I found thee, glorious Keats !
Some chance-blown verse had visited my ear
And careless eye, once in some sliding year,
Like some fair-plumaged bird one rarely meets.

And when it came that o'er thy page I bent,
A sudden gladness smote upon my blood ;—
Wonder and joy, an aromatic flood,
Distilled from an enchanted firmament.

And on this flood I floated, hours and hours,
Unconscious of the world's perplexing din,
Its blackened crust of misery and sin,
Rocked in a shallop of elysian flowers.

All melodies of earth and heaven are thine.
That one so young such music could rehearse
As swells the undulations of thy verse
Is what Hyperion only might define.

The voices of old pines, the lulling song
Of silver-crested waterfalls, the sweep
Of symphonies that swell the booming deep
To thy immortal minstrelsy belong.

Nor less the whispered harmony that falls
Like twilight dews from heaven's starry arch,
For gentle souls that listen to the march
Of airy footfalls in ethereal halls.

Unhappy, happy Keats ! A bitter sweet
Was thy life's dream ; Death grinning at thy heels,
While Fame, before thee, smiled her grand appeals,
Tempting to dizzy heights thy wingéd feet.

Methinks thou didst resemble (overbold
May be the fancy !) thy Endymion—
Now charmed with earth-born beauty, and, anon,
Finding some imperfection in the mould.

He sued a heaven-born splendor to allay
The hunger and the fever of his heart ;
And thus to Cynthia he did impart
The fearful secret of his misery.

Oh, had he missed this Hippocrene, and slept
Without full measure of the choicest draught
That ever mortal man divinely quaffed,
What depth of bliss the Gods from me had kept !

SCOTLAND.

Old Scotia ! Though they never more
May stand upon thy rugged shore,—
The lofty fame which thou hast won,
The daring deeds thy sons have done,
Thy storied glens, and streams, and heights,
Where heroes fought for freeman's rights,
And stubborn as the will of fate,
Maintained their independent state,—
These feeding still their patriot fire,
Will never let the flame expire ;
And when, beneath a foreign sky,
Some home-nursed trifle meets the eye,—
A simple blue bell from the glen
Where trod the feet of "Cameron Men,"
Or white-cheeked daisy from the braes
Where Burns exhaled his thrilling lays ;—
A sigh will rise, a tear will start,
And every prompting of the heart
Though half the globe should intervene,

Will teach them evermore, I ween,
To meet and hold their Hallowe'en.
From Hallowe'en In Canada.

UNCLE JOE.

It is pleasing to know that the sage "Uncle Joe"
Has rounded the corner of four score and two :
Your hand, my old friend, closely clasped to the end,
Let the mile stones before us be many or few.

Three decades, at least, since our first social feast,
And never a break in the chain of those years ;
Through sorrow and joy, we have journeyed, old boy !
Drawn closer together by laughter and tears.

What meetings ! what talkings ! what loungings and
walkings,
In happiest fellowship, we two have known !
What thought and what feeling, under heaven's blue
ceiling,
Have charmed the fleet seasons that o'er us have flown !

Though the morning and noon, and the sun and the
moon,
Are not all they were in the days that are gone,
No cloud bars the west, and no demons infest
The twilight whose hush is like that of the dawn.

Thy hand, then, old friend, closely clasped to the end,
While we tread life's declivity, cheerful and brave ;—
Unlike some who think flowing glasses to clink
With Cloutie,—then cut him when nearing the grave.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

APRIL 7TH. 1868.

There is mourning to-day in the halls of the great,
And homes of the people of lowly estate.
A deed has been done which o'ershadows the heart
With a darkness and horror that will not depart.—
The Poet and Statesman lies cold in his gore,
His eloquent accents will thrill us no more :
No more, with our hearts to all charities strung,
Shall we listen to catch the sweet sound of his tongue.
That tongue, whose enchantment could hold us in thrall,
Will never more gladden the close, crowded hall ;
But the light of his genius will shine o'er the land,
And his fame, like Mount Royal, forever shall stand ;
For his thoughts were the light of our northern sky,
And the soul's spoken melody never can die.
O God ! could no virtue, no pity, restrain
The wretch who has sown such a harvest of pain ?
What though on the scaffold he die for the deed
That causes fond hearts, like his victim, to bleed ?
A million such lives no atonement can make
For the star that is quenched, for the sorrows that shake
Our trust in the highest and holiest plan,
Our faith in the ultimate goodness of man.

FLORAL TEXTS FROM PASTOR FELIX.

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM SOME
SPRAYS OF SWEET BRIAR
OUT OF MAINE.

I.

Sweet briar and delicious rose,
Wild rose of Maine,
Whose crushed hearts still retain
The perfumed breath that Nature's love bestows,

I prize you for the sake of him
Whose fingers pressed
And tenderly caressed
Your beauty, ere it languished and grew dim.

II.

Wild rose and briar sweet,
Not long ago
You wantoned in the glow
Of sun and breeze, and listened to the beat
Of your own hearts—a note of joy :
The gypsy bee
Took from your virgin lips his fee
For service done in Flora's chaste employ.

III.

Fair exiles ! here beneath my roof
Take rest, and take
My pity for your own dear sake ;
Ah ! spare your host your eloquent reproof,
Your dumb, pathetic questioning why,
For what offense,
On what unjust pretense,
He doomed you in a foreign land to die.

IV.

Listen, O honored guests, I pray !
The kindly bard,
High-seated in the world's regard,
But meant by your soft breathings to convey
A sense of truer song than any muse
Has ever sung,
Than any mortal tongue
Has ever written,—could he wiser choose ?

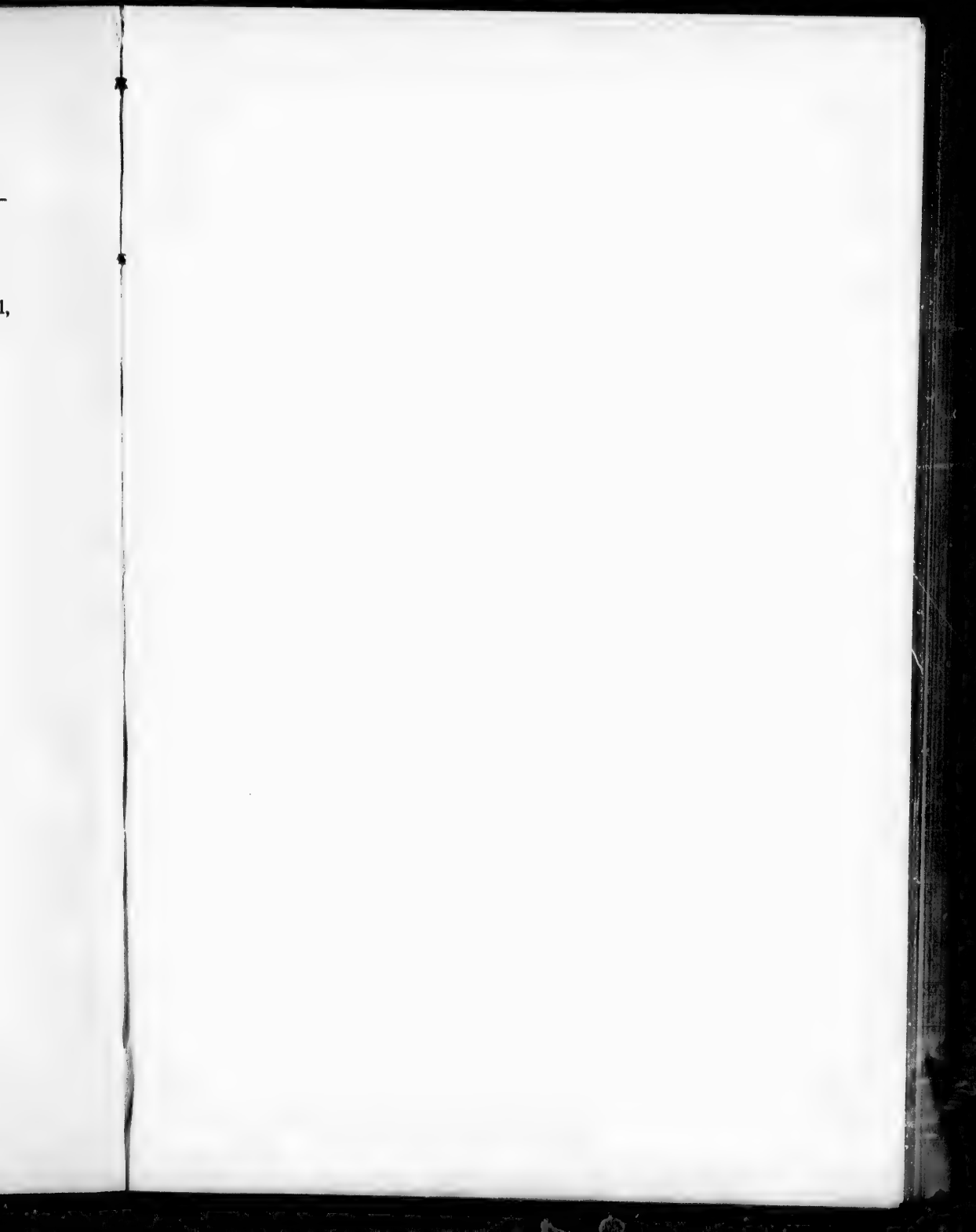
V.

Not poets only were you born,
 But in you dwell
 The fearless souls of Bruce and Tell,
Breathing on tyrant heads defiant scorn.
All this, and more than this, my friend—
 A Druid wise
 Made bold to symbolize
By those untutored charms that in you blend.

VI.

"A gracious argument, we grant,"
 The flowers sighed,
 Then added, with a touch of pride,
"Our wasted bosoms thrill again and pant,
For we have hope that in your lay
 We still shall live,
 And therefore we forgive
The hand that wrought us premature decay."







HUNTER MAC CULLOCH.

HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

BEFORE I GO.

Before I go with thee, O beckoning death !
Let me more deeply breathe this potent breath ;
That our great gardener, Life, whom much I owe,
May somewhat be repaid before I go.
For am not I her seed ? her tender shoot ?
The slender sapling, slowly taking root ?
Her tree in bloom ? in whose first bearing year,
Before the blossoms are gone, lo, thou art here !

Shadow of Life ! Before I go with thee
Where hand nor voice can reach, nor eye can see,
Oh ! let me longer use my heritage ;
So I may fill life's partly written page.
Let life's great play move onward to the end,
And I be lover, husband, father, friend ;
Knight-errant, eager to move and mould mankind,
Set free the weak, the strong to break and bind.
Oh, touch not now my life-warm heart and brain,
For ere I pass to nothingness again,
All would I be that man may, and would do
Some worthy thing to set me with the few.

Let life's oil burn till the flame be faint and low,
O, Death ! before I go.

These serious and well-expressed lines are copied from an unpretentious little volume of poetry entitled "From Dawn to Dusk, and Other Poems,"

written by Hunter MacCulloch and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia in 1887. While they contain much for the thoughtful reader to reflect upon, and although we can easily trace the touch of a masterhand in their composition, yet they by no means represent the finest product of their author's poetic powers. But when I first read them, they seemed to exercise a peculiar fascination over me, and having retained more than a passing interest in them ever since, I concluded to gratify my feelings of admiration by using them as an introduction to this sketch of Mr. MacCulloch and his writings.

As a poet Mr. MacCulloch is entitled to a prominent place among the bards of America. A certain critic once said of Algernon Charles Swinburne that "he did not write orations or disquisitions or essays or stories, but *poems*," and this may with all truthfulness apply to Mr. MacCulloch. For he has the heart and the feelings, the taste and the spirit, of a true poet; and, as a result, his poetry is intelligent and eloquent, dignified and graceful. Whatever he has written he has written well. Poems like the following will hardly be allowed to become obsolete:

HAD I BUT KNOWN.

Had I but known that nothing is undone
From rising until rising of the sun,
That full-fledged words fly off beyond our reach,
That not a deed brought forth to life dies ever;

I would have measured out and weighed my speech,
To bear good deeds had been my sole endeavor—
Had I but known.

Had I but known how swiftly speed away
The living hours that make the living day,
That 'tis above delay's so dangerous slough
Is hung the luring wisp-light of to-morrow;
I would have seized time's evanescent now!
I would be spared this unavailing sorrow—
Had I but known.

Had I but known to dread the dreadful fire
That lay in ambush at my heart's desire,
Wherefrom it sprang and smote my naked hand,
And left a mark forever to remain;
I would not bear the fire's ignoble brand,
I would have weighed the pleasure with the pain—
Had I but known!

Had I but known we never can repeat
Life's springtime freshness or its summer heat,
Nor gather second harvest from life's field,
Nor aged winter change to youthful spring;
To me life's flowers their honey all would yield,
I would not feel one wasted moment's sting—
Had I but known!

"From Dawn to Dusk" consists of a group of twenty very beautiful poems linked together by a thread of continuous interest, and the other poems in the volume are arranged or classed under the headings of "Soliloquies," "Epigrams," "Songs" and "Idyls of the Queen." There is truly much to admire in all of them. Interwoven among the long-

er poems are many small pieces of considerable interest and power, which add greatly to the value of the volume. Here is a dainty specimen:

STAY WITH US YET.

Stay with us yet ! oh ! day in haste to leave us ;
Thy fast-descending sun too soon will set ;
To part with thy sweet hours will sorely grieve us—
Stay with us yet !

Stay with us yet ! oh ! night of mirthful madness ;
Thy midnight moment all too soon is met ;
To part with thy gay hours will cause us sadness—
Stay with us yet !

Stay with us yet ! oh ! life at sad leave-taking ;
The time has come too soon to pay thy debt ;
Oh ! take not now the sleep that knows no waking—
Stay with us yet !

The title, "From Dawn to Dusk," would naturally lead one to suppose that all of the poems contained in the book are of a serious cast, but this is not the case. Many of them are of a highly humorous character and sparkle with buoyant mirth. Such poems as "Panel and Plaque and Tile," "Unless I Change My Mind," "Something in the Air," "Next," and various others, are thoroughly enjoyable, and prove that their author's muse can be exceedingly humorous on occasion. One of these I quote as a good illustration of Mr. MacCulloch's powers in this direction :

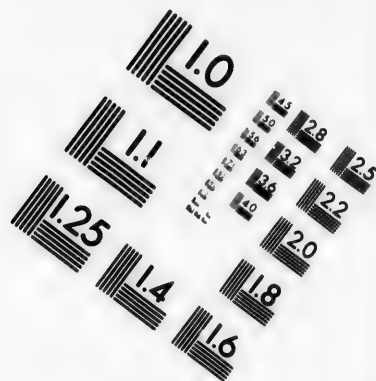
NEXT!

See how eagerly we scan the papers for the news, sir ;
Murders, scandals, accidents, in numbers to confuse, sir.
Is that great sensation's fever-heat now growing cold, sir ?
Then, the latest wonder must be surely nine days old, sir.
Next, sir ! Next, sir ! That's the people's text, sir ;
When they've drained one subject dry, they're ready for
the next, sir !

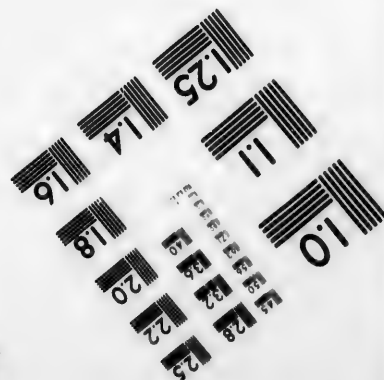
See her sweet, bewitching air, so lately very sad, sir ;
Having duly mourned, she now may be a little glad, sir.
Well she knows the joys and woes that go with wedded
life, sir ;
And she thinks it proper form again to be a wife, sir.
Next, sir ! Next, sir ! That's the widow's text, sir ;
Since she has disposed of one, she's ready for the next,
sir !

See how mournfully he looks, how sadly shakes his head,
sir,
As he dwells upon the days that have forever fled, sir.
Hopes and fears have vanished quite, the vital fire burns
low, sir ;
Life's play ends, the curtain falls, he must prepare to go,
sir.
Next, sir ! Next, sir ! That's the old man's text, sir ;
Since this life is leaving him, he's looking for the next,
sir !

See the miles on miles of men, all waiting to hurrah, sir !
Such a soul-inspiring sight what mortal ever saw, sir ?
Yet his predecessor rode between these very men, sir ;
So will his successor ride that very route again, sir !
Next, sir ! Next, sir ! That's the masses' text, sir ;
Since they have disposed of one, they're ready for the
next, sir !

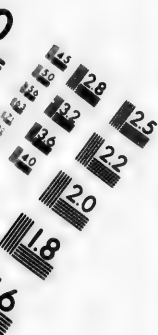


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See the tiny, toddling child, who vainly tries to lisp, sir ;
Soon will those small feet begin to chase life's will-'o-the-
wisp, sir.

Hopes will ripen one by one, and lure him on and on, sir ;
Never stopping once to rest until the last is gone, sir.

Next, sir ! Next, sir ! That's the golden text, sir ;

'Tis not what we had or have, but what we will have next,
sir !

Hunter MacCulloch is a native of Glasgow, Scotland. He was born on the twenty-second of October, 1847. "One of the mementoes of bygone days which I especially cherish," writes Mr. MacCulloch, "is my mother's marriage 'lines,' as the marriage certificate was called. This certificate contains the signature of the original of Burns's 'Dr. Hornbook.' In 1785 John Wilson was the schoolmaster of Tarbolton parish, and also set up a shop of grocery goods. On the bottom of his shop-bills he advertised that advice would be given in common disorders at the shop, *gratis*. Burns was at a masonic meeting in Tarbolton, and the dominie's display of medical knowledge was the spur that produced the humorous and satirical 'Death and Dr. Hornbook.' Burns's brother, Gilbert, shared the poet's prejudice anent the luckless John Wilson, who had the cheek to be schoolmaster, groceryman, druggist and doctor. But Robert Chambers writes that 'Hornbook' was a man of ability and education ; and he points out that Wilson's service as a dispenser of medicines must have been useful, as there was no doctor in the village or within many miles of it. John Wilson

had a dispute about salary with the heritors and left for Glasgow, where he rose to be session clerk of the Gorbals, during which period he signed my parents' marriage lines." In 1851 the MacCulloch family decided to emigrate to the United States, and finally settled in Philadelphia, where the subject of our sketch lived for upwards of forty years. He may therefore lay claim to the title of a Philadelphia poet. He received his education at the public schools, and then went to learn the trade of a machinist. This occupation, however, hardly agreed with his tastes. In a short time he withdrew from it, and entered mercantile life with Mr. William Tiller, an importer of fancy goods, and at the age of twenty-one he began business on his own account as a wholesale dealer in the same line. In 1873 he married. His wife, a pleasant and intelligent woman—Fannie Windsor—is a native of Bath, England.

While still in business, Mr. MacCulloch projected the Philadelphia Philosophical Association (in 1871), which modestly made all knowledge its province. Professor John Fiske, of Harvard College, at that time was one of its associate members, and letters of encouragement were received from Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, John Tyndall, John Stuart Mill, and George Henry Lewes. In 1878, Mr. MacCulloch classified and catalogued the books of the library of the Spring Garden Institute. In 1881 he was engaged by Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, of Philadelphia, to edit a household magazine, to be

published in connection with their business. This publication continued in his editorial care until the beginning of 1891, when the firm decided to discontinue its publication. Thereupon he came to Brooklyn. For a time he was the news-editor of the New York *Witness*, and at present he fills an important position on the staff of the Brooklyn *Times*. Further particulars of his literary work may be gathered from the following letter, addressed by request to the writer :

"I am the author of a drama called 'Amour,' which has been produced in Philadelphia and in Baltimore. I have written an opera, the music for which was composed by the veteran impresario, Max Maretzek ; but it has not yet been produced. I have several dramatic pieces ready for production, but I have not as yet found the people that they will suit. Not being a playwright by profession, I cannot give the time necessary to place my work, and I have not yet determined upon a manager to take charge of my dramatic affairs.

"My publications are these. 'Dredged Up,' a pseudo-scientific sketch, issued in pamphlet form, in 1879, and for many years out of print. 'How I Made Money at Home,' purporting to be written by John's wife, and being a series of ways for women to make money in home industries. Although but an eighty-page pamphlet, it received longer press notices than many royal octavos bound in cloth can boast of. In 1886, I made a selection from poems

of mine that had already appeared in magazines and newspapers. It was entitled 'From Dawn to Dusk.' Being a Scot and able to versify, it was inevitable that I should write songs. J. E. Ditson & Co., of Philadelphia, publish a cantata of mine called 'The Earth is a Merry-go-round.' Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, publish an operetta of mine, called 'Wedding Cakes.' Besides these, I have written a number of songs that have been set to music ; among the composers I name Ebenezer Prout, of London, and Hugh A. Clarke, of Philadelphia, both writers of works on harmony ; John Phillip Sousa, the bandmaster ; Arthur Foote, of Boston ; Simon Hasler and William Stobbe, leaders of orchestras in Philadelphia ; Charlton F. Speer, of London ; Max Maretzek, H. E. Danks, A. Rosewig, Fred Baker, Frank Armstrong, A. Sinzheimer, George C. Bigler, and the well-known blind composer, Adam Geibel."

In connection with the remark that Mr. MacCulloch is a Scot, it may not be out of place to quote here his now famous poem on Robert Burns, entitled "Dinna Forget." It is a poem of decided merit and is frequently printed by the Scottish press about January 25—the birthday of "Scotia's Darling Poet." It also occupies a prominent place in "Round Burns's Grave," a collection of the finest poems which have been written on or about Burns, and recently published by Alexander Gardner, of Paisley.

DINNA FORGET.

Forget that time has moved the world away
Six generations from Auld Scotia's day,
Whereon she sang by mouth of Minstrel Burns
Sweet songs and true, to which the heart still turns ;
Forget the miracles that man has wrought,
The incarnations of immortal thought—
The steam-winged village o'er the railway whirled,
The electric voice that clicks across the world,
The magic trumpet that o'erreaches space,
Brings voice to voice, when face is far from face ;
Forget the wonders that the school child learns,
The better to hear the singing preacher, Burns.

O, gifted soul ! to Scottish hearts how dear !
Whose stirring strains sound earnest and sincere ;
Who now strikes up the rant and now the Psalm ;
Now sobs with Mary, and roars out iu Tam ;
Whose amber wit surrounds the homeless Mouse,
And gives to it an everlasting house ;
Whose humble Cotter, with his simple heart,
Now sits exalted in a niche apart ;
Who caught the Jolly Beggars in the act,
And made silk purse of that sow's ear of fact ;
Whose songs were words and music at their birth,
And voice our glory, sorrow, love and mirth.
O, sterling soul ! whose living words inspire ;
Too great to play buffoon for lord or squire ;
Who cared no more for New Light than for Old ;
Who in the cause of truth was rash, but bold ;
Whose faith embraced the brotherhood of man ;
Who lived and died a true republican.

Dinna forget, though Burns is made a text
On which the elect of this world and the next—

The rich and righteous—now delight to dwell,
They come unbidden to the poet's well.
Puir folks alone are Burn's rightful heirs !
For them he sings, his heart and soul are theirs ;
Their customs, habits, manners, loves, hopes, joys,
The warp and woof his master hand employs.
Dinna forget, for all that folks now say,
When Burns, the bard, was living out his day,
The guinea stamp did not make current gold
Of the precious ingots from his mind's rare mold.
Save for a nine-days' masquerade of power,
The freak, the fad, the fancy of the hour ;
An unco for the Caledonian Hunt—
Of rough adversity he bore the brunt.
They entertained no angel in his case,
But opened the door to shut it in his face !
Dinna forget, were Burns this day alive,
At his crack trade of critic he would thrive ;
From Dr. Hornbooks their pretensions strip ;
The Holy Willies scourge with satire's whip ;
The wealthy "dunderpates" would finely scorn
And learn anew that "man was made to mourn."
Dinna forget, were Burns alive this day,
With these same bitter things to sing and say,
He still would hear the unco-guid's reproof,
He still would see the gentry stand aloof ;
And, blown about by pride and passion's breath,
Would reach his heart's desire—after death !
Dinna forget that Burns could not escape
The fate that follows us in many a shape ;
That which he was he was, in sheer despite
Of all our systems' rules of wrong and right.
Dinna forget, no man can master fate,
Howe'er so wise or witty, learned or great,
And Scotia's bard was human to the core ;
He lived and died as Burns—no less, no more.

The Scot to whom the world sends greeting,
The bard we weary not repeating—
The Burns whose star is fixed, unfleeting
 In heaven set ;
The man with Heart for puir folk beating—
 Dinna forget !

Another poem by Mr. MacCulloch on Robert Burns appeared in June, 1896, and at once became popular with the masses. It is one of the finest poems on the poet that has ever appeared, and it is the longest poem on the subject in existence. *The Brooklyn Times* in reviewing it said:

“The near approach of the centennial anniversary of the death of Robert Burns gives a timely interest to the centenary ode dedicated to the Scottish bard by Hunter MacCulloch, and published by the Rose and Thistle Publishing Company, 430 Van Buren street, this city. Hunter MacCulloch has won a worthy place for himself among Scottish-American poets, but he has never done worthier work than in this tribute to the memory of the great chief of ‘the bardie clan.’ He enters into the true spirit of the ploughman poet, in all his moods, sturdy, passionate and tender, reverent to true authority yet independent and defiant of unbased assumption. It is no easy task that he essays in a poem that must of necessity be at once biographical, critical, didactic and sympathetic, but his flight is steady and sustained, never descending in commonplace, and frequently soaring to the serene heights

where the skylark sings. It would be unjust to the poet to quote too extensively from an ode which every lover of Burns and of poetry should make his own, but a few lines may be properly transcribed to show the spirit in which MacCulloch approaches his theme. This, in regard to the dark Dumfries days, will do for an example:

Since from the captive bird
 Delicious strains of melody are heard ;
 In life's dark days, from out his spirit's prison
 The peasant poet's choicest songs have risen.
 From carking care and grief,
 From torturing thoughts that throng,
 He snatches sweet relief
 In swallow-flights of song.

O singer sweet ! whose rustic voice endears,
 In nature's college bred for thirty years.
 His genuine genius never plays a part.
 No heresay his ; he sang whereof he knew ;
 Nature and truth his themes to stir the heart ;
 His fragrant flowers are yet wet with the dew ;
 He knew the people's language, feeling, thought ;
 Their native nobleness to him was dear ;
 'Twas for his kin, the people, that he wrought
 Unto his latest year,
 Their own true songs, rich, racy and sincere.

“The typography of the little volume is of a high order, and the poem is illustrated with a fine portrait of Burns and engravings of scenes identified with his life and works.”

Too much cannot be said in connection with Mr. MacCulloch's powers as a lyrical poet. There is something sweet and delicate and melodious in his songs, while, in addition, they are poetical in spirit, tender in expression and full of deep feeling. Among the best are "The Miller's Son," "My Little Bird," "After All," "Come Sail With Me," "Song of the Senses," "Song of the Seasons," "Love's Reveille," "A Madrigal," "Sweet Thoughts of Thee," "Here We Go!" "The Parting Toast" and "Down the Green Lane."

Mr. MacCulloch is one of the most unassuming of men. He has many friends, literary and otherwise, and he is ever ready to lend a helping hand in a good cause. "He is a member of the American Authors' Guild," "The Writers' Club of Brooklyn" and of Clan McDonald, a society of Scotsmen in Brooklyn, which numbers among its members such influential men as Walter Scott, Jr., Dr. Peter Scott, the Hon. Wallace Bruce, Duncan MacGregor Crerar, the well-known Scottish poet, Peter Ross, LL. D., Prof. John Tagg, Walter Bruce, Charles H. Govan and various others. The mention of Clan McDonald reminds me of a very excellent song on the "Thistle" which Mr. MacCulloch recently composed and dedicated to the clan. It has since become very popular with Scottish societies, both in the States and Canada. With it I will now conclude this brief tribute to a very worthy and talented man.

THE THISTLE.

Loyally dedicated to Clan McDonald by
its bard, Hunter MacCulloch.

(Air: "Tullochgorum.")

Let others worth and beauty see
In shamrock, rose or fleur de lis,
And raise to it the joyful glee,
Or pen a lang epistle:
The rough and hardy flower I sing—
Rough and hardy, rough and hardy—
The rough and hardy flower I sing
Wi' admonition bristles.
The rough and hardy flower I sing
Is not a barefit, chittering thing,
But cries "Tak' tent!" to clown or king—
Auld Scotia's hardy thrissle.

While royal purple flowers it flaunts,
Its true democracy it vaunts;
Nae weaking it frae hothouse haunts,
A' fushionless an' gristle!
But strong and sturdy see it stand—
Strong and sturdy, strong and sturdy—
But strong and sturdy see it stand
Wi' keenly sharpened missle:
But strong and sturdy see it stand
The picket o' that gallant band,
The guardian o' my native land—
Auld Scotia's trusty thrissle!

And when its life has had its day,
Its day o' wark and little play,
On down-winged seed it floats away,
Like laverock, dove or missel:

A' blithe and cheery like a sang—
 Blithe and cheery, blithe and cheery—
A' blithe and cheery like a song
 We whiles may sing or whistle.
A' blithe and cheery like a sang
Whereat ten thousan' memories thrang,
Thereby Auld Scotia's fame prolang—
 A stubborn, hardy thrissle !



BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT, PH. D.

Some time ago it was my good fortune to purchase a dainty little volume entitled "A Sheaf of Song," by Benjamin F. Leggett, Ph. D., author of "A Tramp Through Switzerland," etc. I had never heard of the volume previous to this, but I have since spent many happy hours lingering over its pages. It contains a large number of choice and very excellent poems, many of which reveal a wonderful wealth of poetical thoughts and expressions. Indeed, to use the language of an eminent critic in reviewing another volume of poetry: "Here are not only the germs of true poetry, but the bud, the blossom and the very flower of song," and I recently read a review of the book in the *Troy Daily Times*, in which the reviewer voices my own sentiments when he says: "These poems seem to have bubbled out of the author's heart and fancy under the inspiration of the ordinary incidents of the tranquil life of a scholar and sympathetic observer of men and events. It is evident that the poet never writes for the mere purpose of rhyming; he has something worth saying, and then utters it in simple language, marching to a rhythm that never falters. Many of these poems are especially delightful for the glimpses of nature which they afford. The prevailing tone bespeaks

calmness, reflection, sympathy with nature, gentleness of spirit, hope, and a reverential regard for what is pure, truthful and noble."

One of the first poems that attracted my attention on opening the volume was the following:

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Out of the dust the lilies spring,
Up from the blackest mould,
Touched by the sunbeam's flaming wing
They stand in pearl and gold.

Never a king on his gilded throne
Arrayed in Jewels rare,
With half the princely glory shone
The royal lilies wear.

Out of the dust their beauty gleams
Only a summer's day,
Mocking the pride of human dreams
With royalest array :

Nor toil, nor spin for robes they wear,—
Under his hand they grow,
Beyond all beauty of compare
And only bloom and blow.

Why take ye thought ;—the Master's word—
For robes that fade and fall ?
Alike he cares for flower and bird,
Are ye not more than all ?

More than the lilies' royal worth,
More than her robes of gold,
The endless years of another birth
After our dream is told.

Out of the dust and of the dust,
Akin the soulless clod,
We climb by the rounds of faith and trust
To the endless life of God.

"Truly," I said, on reading this poem over a second time, "the man who penned these lines is endowed with a high conception of the beauty and spirit of true poetry," and a fuller acquaintance with the Doctor's writings has convinced me that he is deserving of a high place among our prominent poets.

His muse is healthy, vigorous and inspiring, He writes with practical skill, ability and good taste, every line being smooth and pure and beautiful; and while it is in his longest poems that his talents are displayed to the best advantage, still, all of his shorter pieces have the sound of true poetry and proclaim themselves the work of a genuine poet. Look for a moment at the simplicity and beauty of the following:

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

What a charm is in the story
From the sacred Syrian land,
How one day they thronged the Master,
Crowding close on either hand ;

How the sick were healed and heartened,
What sweet peace came down to them
Who received his words of welcome,
Or but touched His garments' hem.

There they came, the sad and weary,
Dusty, footsore, halt and lame,
With the palsied borne on couches,
For afar had spread His fame ;
And the blind ones knew the gladness
Of the summer's sheen and shine,
For the eyes long held in shadow
Felt the touch of the Divine.

Hither came the dark-eyed mothers
Full of tender, loving care,
For the Master's smile and blessing
Laid on childhood's sunny hair,
When one harshly, half in anger,
Chid the happy, childish throng—
Bade them cease their idle coming,
Hush the prattling, infant song.

Nay, but suffer them—the children—
Said the Man of Galilee,
And forbid them not when coming
In their innocence to Me ;
For of such is heaven's kingdom—
And He looked on them and smiled,
While the stern rebukers trembled
In the balance with a child.

Once again they queried blindly
Of the honors He would bring—
Which of them should be the greatest
In the Kingdom of their King?

Then again the same sweet story
From the infant on His knee,
How the chiefest in His kingdom
As a little child must be.

Dr. Leggett's sonnets are also well worthy of mention, many of them being very much above the average of such compositions in tone and merit. Those entitled, "Passing the Light," "To Oliver Wendell Holmes," "At Dawn," "Keats' Grave," "Orion," and some others, are very fine and show that the Doctor has a special talent for this particular style of composition. I append two specimens:

ON A FIR CONE FROM BAYARD TAILOR'S GRAVE.

TO J. G. W.

When last the Autumn's changeful glory gave
To field and woodland all its splendor rare,
While dreamful beauty melted through the air,
This fragrant cone dropped on the poet's grave.
And now while storms of winter wildly rave,
I hear again the rhythm sweet and strong
That trembled through the fir-tree's solemn song
As in its shade I saw its branches wave.
And still it sings of weary journeys done,
Of northern pines and drooping tropic palms,
Of desert sands and snowy summits won,
Of mingled storms and sunshine and of calms,
And welcome home!—a lullaby that thrills
The listening silence of his native hills!

IN SEPTEMBER.

A dreamful Beauty—queen of tawny hue—
With half shut-eyes looks out across the wold

In drowy mood, arrayed in russet gold,
And quaffs the wine the rich earth pours anew
From airy beaker tinct with amber through :
The golden-rods like listed knights of old
Wave all their plumes of beauty manifold,
And asters swarm where honey-clover blew :
Green-bladed flags the lowland meadows throng,
With lifted clubs that dare the dragon-fly ;
The sharded locust shrills insistent song
While ghostly thistle-down goes drifting by ;
A dream of sound the hazy crystal fills
From runnel-threaded wrinkle of the hills.

In his longer poems, however, the Doctor has more scope in which to work out his ideas, and it is in these poems that he has given us such abundant proof of his possessing the best characteristics of a true son of song. "The Ballad of the King," "Burns's Birthday," "The Age of Gold," "Dickens in Westminster Abbey," "Ravenswood," "A Day Dream," "The First Decade," and "A Word for Shakespeare," are all poems of great beauty and power, and they will be read and admired long after their author has laid aside his pen and passed to his reward. We quote the last named poem here, more, however, on account of its literary character than for its being in any way superior either in construction or expression to the others:

A WORD FOR SHAKESPEARE.

When hawthorn hedges, foaming white,
Were sweet with mimic snowing,

He first beheld the April light
And heard the Avon flowing.

Like other children, then as now,
The olden summers found him,
He laughed and cried and knit his brow,
And ruled the world around him !

Still was he wiser than they knew—
This child, the straw-thatch under,
Whose song three hundred years ago
Yet makes the wide world wonder !

A child, from croon of cradle hymn
Above him in his slumbers,—
A youth, along the Avon's rim
He caught his tuneful numbers.

Full poet-souled the shy boy grew
To manhood's ripe completeness ;
What Nature taught he quickly knew—
Her wondrous lore and sweetness.

The years so fraught with weary toil
Were gladdened by his singing,
For well he heard through life's turmoil
Serenest music ringing :

As everywhere the world-wide throng
To-day who know and love him,
Through his can hear the lark's sweet song,
That soared and sang above him.

Where'er he turned his eager feet,
Her smile o'er him was leaning,
He felt the heart of Nature beat,
And learned its hidden meaning.

What golden wealth from her he brought—
Her heir by this sweet token—
A power to clothe the hidden thought
That else had been unspoken.

What marvel that the race to-day
Toward him is fondly turning,
Who gave its hope a tongue for aye
To tell its deathless yearning?

All changing moods of being's state,
Life's sad or sunny fancies,
The smile of love, the scowl of hate,
Affection's sweet romances.

He holds embalmed in wondrous art—
A lore beyond the sages—
And wildest passions of the heart,
The tenderest love-lit pages.

Grand builder in the realm of thought!
Through his wide-swinging portals,
Behold the fame his fancy wrought,
And peopled with immortals!

The king of bards he stands revealed,
By very grace of giving,—
What hidden founts hath he unsealed,
And poured for all the living!

His fame and song ring evermore
Above the centuries' thunders;
Though dead three hundred years and more,
Yet still the wide-world wonders!

Dr. Leggett is a native of Chestertown, Warren county, N. Y., where he was born on December 29, 1834. He is a son of a farmer, brought up on a farm, and this he says is what makes him a lover of Nature in all her infinite phases. In his younger days he taught school and nobly worked his way through college, graduating from the Wesleyan University in 1863. In the same year he married Miss Sarah Shaw, of Troy, N. Y. She is an accomplished and congenial lady, possessing rare judgement and fine literary taste. They have one child living, a daughter, Miss Fanny, and who under the non de plume of Marion Kent Douglass, has already accomplished good literary work and gives promise of making a name for herself in the near future. In 1875 the Doctor, accompanied by his family, made an extended tour through Europe, visiting Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, England and Scotland. While thus traveling he acted as special correspondent for the Troy *Daily Times* and his articles commanded considerable attention at the time, being full of interesting information, notes, etc., all written in a crisp and masterly style. In 1888 he published his "Tramp Through Switzerland," a work which has had an extensive sale. He began writing in his early boyhood, and has contributed articles on various subjects to the New York *Tribune*, the *Literary World*, *Zions Herald*, *Peterson's New Monthly Magazine*, *The Golden Age*, etc. He has also contributed to Mrs. Silsby's "Tributes to Shakespeare,"

published by the Messrs. Harper Brothers, to "Burnsiana," published by Alexander Gardner, Paisley, Scotland; and to Mrs. Putnam's "Collection of American Poetry." He is engaged in academic work in an institution of his own at Ward, Delaware county, Pa. This part of the state is called the Garden county of Pennsylvania, and to use a quotation from one of Ralph Shaw's poems:

"His home is rural set with open fields
And bits of wood and meadow and repose."

He is a very patriotic gentleman and exhibits this particular quality in many of his compositions. One of his best poems in this respect is a memorial poem recited at the Memorial Service at Elam and Brandywine cemeteries on the thirtieth of May, 1893. We quote it here:—

MEMORIAL POEM.

Where May time crowns to-day the land
With summer's song and gleam,
And spreads her bloom with lavish hand
Above the soldier's dream,
Amid the olden harvest shine
The battle smoke hung low,
And veiled the slopes of Brandywine
A hundred years ago!

These hills have heard the cannon peal,
These vales the bugle blow,
These sunny slopes the clash of steel,
The charge of haughty foe!

These flowers may wear the crimson stains
Caught from the ruddy wine,
That ebb'd from Valor's wounded veins
O'er hills of Brandywine !

How well they fought their deeds shall tell—
Those sturdy sons of yore—
Columbia guards their memory well
And shall forever more ;
For God and man, and Freedom's cause,
The fireside's cheerful glow,
For equal rights and equal laws,
A hundred years ago !

They fought and fell, but grandly won—
No martyr dies in vain—
In Freedom's cause no deed is done
But wins eternal gain ;
How fair Columbia's walls appear
In spite of alien foe,
For Freedom gained her birthright here
A hundred years ago !

O'er land and sea her banner flew—
A constellated flame—
A hundred years her glory grew,
A hundred years her fame ;
Then red War swept the clouded land
As in the days of old.
For Treason sought with bloody hand
To pluck her crown of gold !

Then from the glow of warm hearth fires,
With battle shout and song,
Sprang loyal sons of loyal sires,
Four hundred thousand strong !

O'er fields of blood their valor swept,
Led on by bannered stars—
In prison pens their old love kept,
And gloried in their scars !

On many a field their banners fell—
On many a field they won,
Till bells of joy rang Treason's knell
And War's red work was done !
O bravely did they dare and well,
Like loyal sires of yore,
And fields like Gettysburg may tell
Why they return no more !

While May time with her roses crowned,
Spreads wide her flowery hem
In folds of bloom above each mound,
In tenderest love of them,
We too may spread our blooms once more
Above each soldier's grave,
White as the loyal love they bore,
Red as the blood they gave !

O heroes dead for Freedom's sake ;
O martyr fame that grows ;
No more the bugle call shall break
Your loyal dream's repose ;
Sleep on, in peace, immortal band,
Sweet is the rest ye know,
While over all our ransomed land
The stars ye saved shall glow !

O land ! let all thy bugles blow
Where sleep the true and brave,
And train forget-me-nots to grow
On every Union grave !

The past is past, War's flags are furled
Above the blooms of May,
While Peace, white winged, above the world
Enfolds the Blue and Gray !

Anniversary poems are generally commonplace effusions. They serve the purpose on the day for which they were composed and then are lost sight of. The present one, however, is deserving of a better fate, and in the writer's opinion it will live and ultimately take its place among the best of its kind. As a brief species of the sweet songs embodied in the Doctor's book we quote the one entitled "A Morning Song." It will be seen from this lyric that the author's powers as a song-writer are very keen. His language is also melodious and sweet:

O fair and sweet is the summer morn—
A queen in her beauty crowned—
A mist wreath over her shoulders flung
With pearls and diamonds bound.

So softly over the hills she came,
As still as the roses blow,
The valleys asleep heard not her step,
But woke at her smile aglow.

Her presence wore such a queenly grace
That the shadows gave her room,
She sweetened the air with her dewy breath,
And kissed the flowers a-bloom.

So the clover-heads, and the buttercups,
And the daisies' white-rayed gold,
With the royal lilies sweet and tall
Her treasure and blessing hold.

The meadows swept by her garment's hem
Are beaded with gems of dew,
And the maple leaves for joy of her
Are tremulous through and through.

O brooding peace of the morning, stay!
Nor swift as her presence fly,
Sing aye, my heart, as the wild birds sing,
While the sweet morn passes by.

"The Sheaf' has good grain in it," wrote the gentle John G. Whittier to Dr. Leggett, and this will certainly be the verdict of every one after glancing through the little volume. For, as a writer in the *Christian Leader* very truly says: "These are indeed beautiful songs—songs of the joyous heart, songs of the birds, songs of the morning dawn, songs of sprightly youth and mellow age, tribute songs to good and great men, lyrics to brave soldiers and fair women, songs of the seasons, odes to the ocean, dirges to the dying year, elegies for the mourner, and carols for the wedding day." Here is a little poem which the late Mr. Thomas C. Latto addressed to Dr. Leggett after reading his book:

ON READING "A SHEAF OF SONG."

Are thae the gather'd gowden sheaves
O' some Feck band ster carlie,

Wha wyled them out when lootin' down
 Among the "Rigs o' Barley?"
 And as his lilt—a canny croon—
 Made blytne baith lads an' lasses,
 Thocht they it had the sough an' soun'
 O, aire that o' surpasses?

It was na Rab's—his rhymin-mill
 He had nae power bequeathin'
 O, Wardsworth, Beattie, Tannahill,
 It seemed the gentler breathin':
 The "dusky glen" whaur lassie gaed
 To meet her winsom marrow,
 Or "dowie den," wi birks ourspread,
 Aside the "Brass o' Yarrow."

Great *makkars* a' are "wede awa"—
 "Flowers o' the Forest" fadit;
 If chance I miss'd, sae be the fa'—
 My bed is as I made it.
 Ae nightingale pours nicht an' day
 The trills that never weary;
 Yet gowdspinks are on ilka spray,
 An' linties warblin' cheery.

In 1895 Dr. Leggett published "An Idyl of Lake George and Other Poems," (Boston T. O. Metcalf & Co.) and the contents of this volume fully sustains the high reputation of the author as a poet. In reviewing the book in *The Middlesex Hearthstone* the Rev. J. H. Earp said:

"Although Dr. Leggett has traveled extensively across the water, yet this volume is evidently the product of a mind which dwells upon the scenes of his nativity, where are

"Afar the misty mountains piled ;
The Adirondacks soaring free,
The dark Green ranges lone and wild,
The Catskills looking toward the sea :"

"When

"Far off the dreamy waters lie,
White cascades leap in snowy foam ;
Lake Champlain mirrors cloud and sky,
The Hudson seeks his ocean home."

"The title poem, "An Idyl of Lake George" is
in the nature of a reverie.

"A charm is wrought where thou has smiled
And fondly turns my heart to thee."

"As one who is at peace with nature he lightly
speeds his bark canoe across the deep, inverted skies,
and through the sweet long hours holds communion
with the spirit of solitude while

"The shadows sleep, the winds are still,
The wood-thrush only breathes his song."

"While he muses he hears

"Again the sound of quick alarms !
The smoke of battle fills the glen,
The bugle blast, the clash of arms,
The savage deeds of savage men !"

"But all that passes as a dream, and now, where
once the silent sentries stood,

"The wild flowers hang above their sleep,
Though all unmarked each hidden mound."

"The readers of Dr. Leggett's poems will at once be impressed by the harmony between the rhythm and the thought. Among the shorter poems should be especially mentioned "Homeward Bound," "The Passing of Summer," "A Morning Prayer," "In Slumber Land," "In Cana of Galilee," "In Autumn Time," "Wood Paths," and "Through Fields of Corn." The author is especially felicitous in his manner of throwing a perfect picture into a line or two, as for instance,

"The holly-hock is idling there—a very tramp of bloom."

"And

"And Dandelions starred the grass
With sandal prints of spring."

"And again,

"Through woven tangle of the starry bloom
Whose breeze-swung censers spill a rare perfume."

"He brings our ears very near to the heart of nature in such lines as

"—lulled by music of the waves' low song."

"Perhaps one of Dr. Leggett's best contributions to poetry will consist in his fidelity to Nature. He never misinterprets her. He never mistakes her voice. He gives us a faithful description of the quiet nook, the cool shallows, the lofty pines, the

leaping, laughing cascade, and of all that would contribute to our thorough enjoyment when we would wish to turn from life's busy cares to a day of real rest."

The following poems from "An Idyl of Lake George," will give an idea of the sterling beauty and worth of the Doctors latest productions:

IN AUTUMN-TIME.

Up the winding path we wandered
By the maples on the hill ;
And the golden waves of wheat
Swept the valley at our feet ;
And we idly dreamed and pondered
While upon the slope we wandered
Through the Autumn's lights that lingered warm
and still.

'Mid the trees the farm-house gables
Showed above the winding stream—
Woodbine climbed the walls of brown,
Up the broad roof sloping down—
And the old barn and the stables—
Swallows nesting in the gables—
All enfolded in the silence like a dream.

Through the maple branches swaying
Came the distant thrushes' song ;
And the red leaves whispered low
As we wandered to and fro—
Wondered what our lips were saying
In the shadow of their swaying,
While the airy grace of Autumn held us long.

How the fleeting years have vanished
Since we climbed the pasture hill !
But the waving fields of gold,
Love has reaped them many fold ;
Clouds that hid the blue are banished,
And though olden years have vanished,
All the mellow lights of Autumn linger still.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS—

(ON A PICTURE.)

O sunny gleam of vanished years ;
O light of the summer's glow ;
How many a faded dream appears
Through the mists of long ago !

Fair picture wrought of the golden days !
As a wizard's magic glass
I hold you up to my wistful gaze
While trooping visions pass.

The white clouds over the meadows swim,
While the shadows trample through,
The daisies creep to the water's rim,
Or nod to the clover blue.

The broad pool lies like a mirror fair,
In shadow or sun agleam,
And the fringing woodlands pictured there
Are held in a magic dream.

The wild duck floats on its waveless breast,
And the lily's pearl and gold,
And the pines above its dreamless rest
Are crooning the songs of old.

Afar the sound of the bittern's note
From the reedy shore upsprings ;
The cheery cry from the fisher's throat
That follows the flash of wings.

The narrow bridge as a slender line
In the passing vision seems,
Crossed by the trail of the homeward kine
And a sun-brown boy who dreams.

His traps are there by the shadowed bay,
Where the alders fringe the shore,
But his thoughts have wandered far away
To the years that wait before !

The vision fades in the waning day—
A mist on the glass appears—
The sunny hair of the boy is gray,
And touched with the frost of years !

And ever and on his dreams have run,
Led ever by fancy's will,
But future and past to-day are one,
And the vision lingers still !

“Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett is a genuine poet,” says a writer in *Zion's Herald*, “and in this little volume he has made a contribution worthy to occupy a place beside the productions of our best living authors. In the “Idyl of Lake George,” every line helps to show forth the beauty of the lake and its surroundings, and the traditions of the past come in to vary and heighten the picture. The Adirondack

poems tell of the Summer and Autumn, the wood-path, the open field and the closed forest, the mountain and stream, the storm without and the fire upon the hearth within. "The City of Doom" is full of exquisite passages. There is a majesty in the whole movement. The atmosphere is that of the Roman world with an outlook into all the ages."



JAMES D. LAW.

The Bonny Woods o' Clova
How can I e'er forget?
I've wander'd far but never seen
The equal o' them yet.
Frae sunny brae to shady glen
An' burnie singin' doon the den—
O' ilka nook I used to ken
Within the Woods o' Clova!

The Bonny Woods o' Clova
Look doon aboon my hame,
Wee village wi' a charm for me
Nae ither spot can claim.
On ilka side the hills arise
Whaur Nature dons her fairest guise,
And half way tow'ring to the skies
Are seen the Woods o' Clova!

The Bonny Woods o' Clova!
The langer I'm awa'
Aye dearer still, if that could be,
I lo'e them ane an' a'.
'Twas there my musings were begun,
There first my rustic rhymes were spun,
And my dear lass was woo'd an' won,
Among the Woods o' Clova!

The Bonny Woods o' Clova!
At times my he'rt grows sair
When thochts come in my heid that I
May never view them mair.

But surely Fate will be sae kin'
As bear me back across the brine
To meet the frien's o' auld lang syne
An' see the Woods o' Clova !

The Bonny Woods o' Clova,
Forever may they bide
The brawest sicht to gaze upon
In a' the country side !
Had I the future in my han'
For happier days I'd never plan
Than end my life whaur it began—
Beside the Woods o' Clova !

So sings Mr. James D. Law, one of the very best of modern Scottish poets, in one of the many delightful lyrical pieces included in his well-known book, "Dreams of Hame and Other Poems." Mr. Law is a comparatively young poet, but with a singularly sweet and pure note of his own he has quietly and surely won for himself the respect and goodwill of all true lovers of poetry, and he has touched the Scottish heart so deeply that his writings are to be found and are treasured in every nook and corner wherever Scotsmen abide. It is not left for the writer to predict that Mr. Law will yet make a name for himself in the poetical world—he has already made it. What a wealth of poetic fancy and imagination does he possess? His writings in many instances are on common, every-day topics, but they show intelligence and culture, taste and good judgment. Notwithstanding his extemporaneous style

he is a most careful artist and never allows any careless work to pass from his hands. His rhymes are perfect, his rhythm faultless, his diction pure, his warblings sweet, and his use of the grand old Doric appropriate and commendable. Indeed, there is not a poem or lyric included in "Dreams o' Hame," etc., that does not prove the author to be a master poet in the full meaning of the phrase.

Many an evening have I taken up his handsome and well printed book and gently turned over the leaves until I reached the forty-fifth page, when I paused to join him in singing his beautiful Scottish version of the First Psalm. In spirit I have played with him as a boy at "The Auld Bow Brig." I have in imagination taken "A Flying Trip" with him to Scotland, the home of his boyhood and of mine. With him I have enjoyed "A Nicht wi' Burns," visited the now famous "Auld Clay Biggin'"; witnessed the "Unveiling of the Statue to the National Poet at Aberdeen" and the laying of the corner stone of the Philadelphia New Caledonian Club House. At other times I have been charmed and delighted with his "Few words to Walt Whitman," his "Epistle to Mr. James W. R. Collins," his "Petition to the Queen Regarding the Vacant Laureateship" and his "Address to the Author of 'Press Chips.'" I have mourned with him over the death of John Shedden, "La Teste," William MacLennan and others. I have partaken of his hospitality in his "Ain Wee Hame" or lingered with

much glee over his humorous effusions. Again, I have frequently passed many a quiet hour moralizing with him in his serious, and in many instances, deeply pathetic poems. All things considered, Mr. Law is a rare specimen of a true poet, and his is a book that I would not care to be without. Here is a humorous poem of his that I committed to memory long ago. It shows the wonderful command that the author has over his mother tongue, and it is quite possible that I may have acquired a liking for it on this account. But apart from this fact, there is a great deal of quaint philosophy in it, and I have no doubt it will hold its own with others of its class, for many years to come :

"TO A MOSQUITO."

Ill-trickit wickit bizzin beastie,
Nae langer on my face ye'll feast ye !
Sin' noo my thoom-nail I've got neist ye
Yer banes will rattle !
An' troth it's time I should arreist ye
An' gar ye saddle !

I'm far frae sorry, snip, to fin' ye,
An' tho' my bluid may coorse within ye,
Wi' lattin' aff I'll nae begin ye—
That wad be sport ill !
For while the cannibal is in ye
We wad assort ill !

I dootna but ye'll ca' me "knaive !"
An' ower my whunstane rancour rave ;
An' fegs ! I maybe misbehave,

But, crater, bless ye
 I'll get my sairin o' the lave
 An' never miss ye !

Ye ken it's a' yer ain misdoin'
 That sent me aifter you pursuin';
 Had ye been less intent tatoooin'
 Ye micht hae seen
 The ruthless claws that wrocht yer ruin
 An' dodged atween !

But na ! ye had ta'en nae forecast,
 An' frae yer feast ye wadna fast ;
 Snug, safe, frae ilka by-gaun blast
 Ye thocht yersel',
 Till thud ! the foe cam' doon at last
 An' broke yer spell !

Nae mair I'll nip aneath yer nibbles !
 Nae mair ye'll bore me wi' yer gibbles !
 Nae mair ye'll draw my bluid in dribbles,
 Or g'art rin cauld !
 Ae stammack less will stress my stibbles,
 Ye glutton bauld !

But 'skeeter ! thou art nabb'd alane
 Frae lots o' cronies—provin' plain
 Mosquitoes' schemes like those o' men
 Are deep-laid aye !
 Whaur ae rogue happens to be ta'en
 A score win by !

Still you're weel aff, compared wi' me !
 Yer doom is—jist at aince to dee !
 An', forward tho' I canna see,

I guess an' fear,
That I may pine neath sic as thee
For mony a year !

In 1892 Mr. Law published through Mr. Alexander Gardner, Paisley, Scotland, (the well-known publisher to the Queen) his "Dreams o' Hame and Other Poems." For a book of poems it has had a wonderful success, the entire edition of 1,000 copies being now almost exhausted.

Mr. Law's principal poem, and the one which gives the title to his book is "A Dream o' Hame." It is divided into two parts, historical and geographical, and is the poem wherein the author's true merits are seen to the best advantage. As a poem it displays beauty and power, pathos and tenderness; it is skillfully constructed, and, in addition to these qualities, it contains many striking similes. The descriptions are exceeding graphic, and it will rank in this respect with the best descriptive poems of the century. The following is an extract from it:

Noo Phoebus' spear has turned adrift
The darklin' clouds that thrang'd the lift;
The hinmost cock has wound his horn
And flegg'd awa' the mists o' morn;
The fragrant winds aroon me blawn
Hae drench'd wi' dew the fiery dawn.
And diamond draps in clusters row
Frae lika blade and bush and bough.

Aboon wi' girss and heather hap
Auld Noth uprears his Sphinx-like Tap—

The watch-dog o' the rock-bound North,
And grandest hill ayont the Forth.
Frae Rhynie couch'd beside its paws
I start to clim' the tow'rin wa's :
Aince mair I pass the massive rock
That bears the print o' Giant Jock ;
Walk roun' the Craig o' Clochmaloo,
And pechin' pick my pathway thro'
The breastworks built o' birsl't stanes
That dootless hap some Royal banes,
Until I reach the Cnp or Cap
That croons the summit o' the Tap
And keps the dew's at morn and e'en
That keeps the cone for ever green !

Lo, what a cycloramic view
Is spread for miles before me noo !
What wealth o' sea and hill and dale,
Of Highland moor and Lowland vale ;
Of streams that twine like siller threids
Thro' mossy haughs and grassy meads ;
Of roads that in their twists and turns
Look like the beds o' dried-up burns ;
What gowden glints o' whinny howes,
Of leavin' corn and broomy knowes ;
What blinks o' castles and o' kirks
Embower'd in beeches and in birks ;
O' touns that flash upon the sicht
Like stars upon a cloudless nicht ;
O' clachans, steadin's, crafts and cots,
Ilk wi' their little kail-yard plots—
Oh ! I could stand, and nae be loth,
For days upon the Tap o' Noth,
And gaze across its saucer-rim
Till sense would reel and sicht grew dim ;
And ye could scour auld Scotland o'er,

Yea Britain braid itsel' explore,
And trudge for mony a month, I ween,
To match me sic a glorious scene !

Ben Rinnes lonely in the west
Uprears his kingly guardian crest ;
And to the east is stretch'd afar
A glen without a peer or par—
Strathbogie wi' its fertile haughs,
Its famous aucht-and-forty daughs,
Immortalized in Scottish lore,
The grand old Gordon Land of yore !

* * * *

On mony a blood-stained battle-plain
Thy stalwart sons have held their ain
When from the mountains of the North
The Fiery Cross has called them forth,
Bear witness, ill-starr'd Flodden Field,
Where Huntly was the last to yield ;
Bear witness, Tillieangus Heath,
Wi' mony a hero stretch'd beneath ;
Glenlivet, where the base Argyle
Got first his taste o' Bogie's style ;
And mony a Covenantin' raid
Whaur waved the dark-green tartan plaid,
And whaur the "BYD—AND—!" slogan cry
Proclaimed the dauntless Gordons nigh !

Passing from "A Dream o' Hame" and glancing over the numerous other poems in Mr. Law's book, we are at once impressed with the great variety of subjects on which his muse has alighted. There are poems, epistles, songs, addresses, prayers, psalms, nursery ballads in great abundance and

there is something worthy of the poet in all of them. Take the following few verses, culled here and there at random, to illustrate this. The reader will find some peculiar feature, a pleasing thought, a flash of wit, a voice of sorrow or a happy lyrical note embodied in each of them:

Up an' waur them a', Willie,
Up an' waur them a' !
In fields o' war a brichter star
Than yours we never saw, Willie !
An' noo in peace ye shine the same
As in the years awa', Willie,
Wi' spotless fame and deathless name,
The brawest o' the braw, Willie !
—To General W. T. Sherman.

Could I but wander at my swing,
Withoout a thocht but live and sing,
O'er mither-tongue aince more would ring
To lands remote,
But Warldly Cares—they clog the wing,
And cramp the note !
—Epistle to Shedden.

We see the burnie wind alang
It's journey to the sea,
And hear it sing its auld-time sang
Of mingled grief and glee.
Again the merle wi' silver throat
Rings gloamin' o'er the lawn,
And lav'rocks pipe their golden note
Exultant to the dawn !

Anew for us the daisies bloom
And all their charms unfold ;
Afresh we scent the whins and broom
That deck the dells wi' gold !
—Prologue to Scottish Concert.

“Gae bring to me a pint o' wine,
“I'll drink,” said Burns, “before I go,
A service to the old divine
Whose numbers so divinely flow !”
“O, Tullochgorum's my delight—
The best song Scotland ever saw !”
Thus did the raptur'd Robbie write
As if his ain were nocht ava.
And there that day to Skinner's son
The Ayrshire bard by word o' mou'
Confess'd nae sma' that he had done
Was to the Linshart poet due.
—Burns in Aberdeen.

Noo the sea's betwixt us roarin'
And has been for mony a year,
But in dreams I'm aften soarin'
To the land I lo'e sae dear ;
And I'll never seek to grum'le,
Be my fortune sma' or big,
While my heart can catch the rumble
Frae the auld Bow-Brig !
—Song, The Auld Bow-Brig.

When first your lay went o'er the Water
I trow it raised an unco clatter,
And few there were inclined to flatter,
We mawn confess,
While some declared ye were a Satyr,
And naething less !
—To Walt Whitman.

Hech ! siccan lilt frae pipers braw
 On Monday we'll be hearin'
 Ere Phœbus o'er the City Ha'
 Will hae his colts careerin';
 Then Caledonian clansmen a'
 Will jump their Highland gear in,
 And croose in croods be steerin,
 For Pastime Park awa' !

—The Merry Quakers.

Among Mr. Law's smaller poems none is more beautiful or touching than the one entitled "In Memoriam La Teste." This effusion, while an exceedingly tender one, is yet a manly one, and it proves that the author possesses a kind, sympathetic nature and a true Christian heart. "La Teste" certainly could not have had a more fitting memorial commemorating his genius and virtues than is here preserved for all time in the simple in memoriam lines of Mr. Law:

IN MEMORIAM "LA TESTE."

"'La Teste' is dead !" so came the news
 Across the wild Atlantic's faem ;
 The darling o' the Doric Muse
 Noo sleeps within his hinmost hame !
 And shall the Scottish Laureate gang
 Unnoticed to the kirkyard gloom
 Withoot the tribute o' a sang
 To deck his unpretentious tomb ?
 Shall puddlers in Parnassus well
 Be laid with pomp below the sward
 And nane be found a note to swell
 In honour o' the rustic bard ?

O, Willie was a clever chiel
And though his face I never saw
I kent him and I loed him weel,
And mourn him noo that he's awa.'
He had his fauts and I hae mine,
And ye hae yours, whae'er ye be—
Ah! frien', wash oot the motes in thine
Afore ye fash your brither's e'e!
Equipp'd beyond his fellow men,
For verse he had the happiest turn,
And words cam' ripplin' frae his pen
Spontaneous as the Lossie Burn!
Unlike maist poets noo in vogue,
Whose drift the mass in vain divines,
Nae dark conundrum weighted fog
Obscures the purport of his lines,
Gie readers, blest wi' lear an' time,
The singer skilled in mystic airts,
I'm partial to the simple rhyme
That works its way to hamely herts.
Implanted by the ingle-nook,
Or stretch'd beneath a shady tree
Enraptur'd o'er his bonny book
I've seen the 'oors like minutes flee!
For honest fun he had a smile,
And thrumm'd his harp in sweet accord,
But in his strong satiric style
His stylus oft became a sword!
And he could weep with those who wept,
Give solace to the wearied frame,
And sparks o' hope that long had slept
His rousing words could fan to flame!
Nae care could chill his genial crack,
Nae dunts frae fate his hand could stay,
The world grew sunnier when he spak'
And merrier when he trill'd his lay!

Tho' stranger to a cozy nest,
Thro' summer's sun and winter's sleet,
The bird kept singing in his breast
Until his heart had ceased to beat !
His voice shall wake the woods no more,
And yet 'tis comfort now to feel
He sleeps, with all his wanderings o'er,
Among the scenes he lo'ed sae weel !
An' tho' his lyre be noo laid by
Unstopped shall ring the minstrel's strains,
He is not dead—he'll never die,
While Scotland and her speech remains !

Many of Mr. Law's epistles are deserving of more than a mere reference to their names. He seems to have a happy faculty for striking off one of these rhyming letters just at the right time, and most of them are above the average poet's work in this direction. As a rule they are of humorous character, but they also contain some sound, wholesome reasoning, and no doubt, the several parties to whom they are addressed will treasure them with great care. As a specimen we quote :

An off-hand epistle addressed to a Deeside Scot after reading "Tibbie Shiels in Yarrow," and a kind comment on some of my verses, by Prof. John Stuart Blackie :

Dear Marr :—Your letter cam' yestreen,
In troth it made me canty ;
The Great Tribune to be my frien'
Is honor far from scanty !

And here, ye see, I've tried my han'
 In far-aff Camden city,
 To imitate the Grand Old Man
 And his inspiring ditty !

It's worthy o' the fruitful times
 When Scott was in his glory,
 When Wordsworth trilled the triple rhymes
 Renowned in song and story.
 It has the happy, hearty ring
 Few living bards can marrow—
 Bravo, old Poet, thus to sing
 Of Tibbie Shiel's in Yarrow !

* * * *

Alas ! that I the truth should own,
 Thus far on life's short journey,
 Tho' years a score in Caledon
 I never saw the burnie ;
 Confined at hame to ae puir spot,
 Till Fortune sea-ward bore me,
 The classic lands of Burns and Scott
 Are unexplored before me !

This prosy land provides for me
 Nae sheep nor tunefu' shepherd ;
 The salmon I'm allooed to see
 Are either cann'd or kipper'd !
 And what o'er a' the lave is mair
 A poet's soul to harrow,
 My Tweed's the drumlie Delaware,
 A slimy ditch my Yarrow !

Nae hill rears high its heath-clad crest,
 But sand-heaps in abundance
 Shed burrs on Nature's brawny breast
 In unco great redundance.

Instead o' round a lake to tramp
Wi' rifle and retriever,
I hugger o'er a dismal swamp
And fecht the chills and fever !

Nae lark regales me in the morn
Wi' bursts o' song spasmodic ;
The strain that on the breeze is borne
At nicht comes frae the puddock !
Throughout the day I'm glad to hear
The chirpin' o' a sparrow,
And dream aboot the birds that cheer
The dowie dens o' Yarrow !

In spite o' a' I sing my sang,
And tho' I'm aften weary,
The better day to come or lang
Aye keeps my courage cheery !
I look for mony a merry rant
Ere death lets fling his arrow,
And not the least will be my jaunt
To see the Braes o' Yarrow !

Mr. James D. Law was born in Lumsden, West Aberdenshire, Scotland, in 1865. It may here be interesting to note that in the same village was born the Rev. W. R. Nicoll, editor of the London "Bookman," the "British Weekly," "Expositor," and the discoverer of Barrie, Crockett and Maclaren. Our author received a good common English education, completing his term as a pupil-teacher. From the age of 18 to 21 he was employed in the estates office at Durris, Deeside. He married in 1886 and then emigrated to this country. He is now a respected

citizen of Camden, N. J., and holds a responsible position with a manufacturing company in Philadelphia. He has four children, two boys and two girls. His wife is an intelligent and worthy woman, and is naturally proud of her gifted husband. A few years ago Mr. Law was awarded a prize, offered by the North American United Caledonian Association for the best Scottish poem by a resident of the United States or Canada.

When "Dreams o' Hame and Other poems" was published the very handsome general appearance of the book was the subject of much favorable comment. It certainly has none of the poverty stricken look about it that characterizes some volumes of poems. The writer has read a review of it in which the stock phrase, "Echoes of Burns," was made use of. It is about time, however, that the critics discontinued this phrase in reviewing a new volume of Scottish poems. Why not "Echoes of Shakespeare," or Milton or Dryden or Pope or even Tennyson, when reviewing a new book of English poems? Surely Burns did not exhaust entirely the field of Scottish poetic literature. Was he an echo of Ramsay or Fergusson? Hardly. Mr Law is endowe with all the finer qualities of a poet. Originality is one of these qualities and to say that any one of his poems is an echo of Burns is simply to talk nonsense.

As up-to-date specimens of Mr. Law's muse, we take pleasure in quoting the two following effusions. The first is a lilt in which loyalty to the land of

adoption is happily blended with the exile's never dying love for the "Auld Countrie;" and the second is an earnest protest against the too common habit of a certain class who make use of the terms *England* and *English* instead of *Great Britain* and *British*. Thanks, by the way, are due to Mr. Law from every Scot, for so earnest a protest regarding the matter.

COLUMBIA—CALEDONIA

A SCOTTISH-AMERICAN SONG.

*Columbia treats her strangers weel :
The langer kent she grows mair dear ;
And aff the heath nae Scot can feel
So much at hame as here !*

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye !"

I.

The land we left—aye to us dear !
We've sung it lood and lang ;
But hae we nae a country here
As worthy o' a sang ?
While Scotland's name and Scotland's fame
Wi' us can never dee,
Columbia noo we've made oor hame,
And praise to her we'll gie !
The Mither Land ! The Mither Land !
Let's couple wi' her name
The Independent ither land
We noo hae made oor hame !

II.

Shak' oot the starry banner's fauld,
And let the Thistle wave ;
The rampant Lion's nae mair bauld
Than is the Eagle brave !
The land we're in's a peerless land,
As big as Scotia's wee ;
Weel worthy by her side to stand
And aye oor hame to be !
We'll ne'er forget the Mither Land,
Nor need a Scot think shame
To sing wi' pride the ither land
We noo hae made oor hame !

III.

The hame we had—the hame w' hae !
O, lang and far ye'll ca'
Afore ye meet, if e'er ye may,
Wi' sic anither twa !
Auld Caledonia's first and best
O' lands across the sea ;
And here's the glory o' the West,
The country o' the free !
God's blessings on the Mither Land,
And a' within the same,
And also on the ither land
We noo hae made oor hame !

SCOTLAND FOR THE SCOTS.*

Weel, weel, what are things comin' to ?
What has become o' Britain ?
Wi' a' the English "England" noo
Is aye the wye it's written.

*Suggested by reading the London *Daily News* controversy on "The Isolation of *England*."

Puir Britons ! they hae clean forgot's—
They will hae nocht but "Englan',"
As gin she were ashamed wi' Scots
(And Irish) to be minglin' !

We ken the English head is dense,
The Hinglish he'rt is narrow ;
We ken that English insolence
Has never had its marrow ;
But let them gabble a' their micht
We hae oor Constitution,
And winna halt to read it richt
Tho' it bring dissolution !

Oh ! for the pen o' Robbie Burns,
To lash the Cockney Cuddies,
That wi' their quills are fain to turn's
Clean into Sass'nach bodies !
My faith to try to Englify
The hale big British nation ;
Sic want o' sense, sic impudence—
It fairly beats creation !

They prate as if they had forgot—
A fact maun nae be slighted—
'Twas by a true, richt royal Scot
The kingdoms were united.
Nae English king cam' marchin' north
For Scotland's annexation,
But soothward Scotty sallied forth
For English coronation !

Come, Johnny Bull ! hing doon yer heid ;
To this there's nae demurrin' ;
It sets ye ill—it does indeed—
At Scots to aye be slurrin'.

They thrashed ye aft in days lang syne
When put upon their muscle,
And ere they independence tine
They'll risk anither tussle !

When Caledonia blows her horn,
Whate'er the tricks ye try on,
Ye'll bully nae the Unicorn,
Nor yet the Rampant Lion.
St. George will dance when by his nose
St. Andrew's Cross will whistle,
And whatna Scot would fear a rose,
As lang's there wags a Thistle !

All honour to our noble Queen—
"And Empress"—as 'tis written—
She hasna been coerced, I ween,
To drop the name o' Britain.
And while a Scot can say his say,
While North and South are mated,
Her royal "British" better nae
To "*English*" be translated !

Is there a man that advocates
A country as complex as
The grand and great United States
Should tak' the name o' Texas ?
And he or she, whae'er they be,
Their lugs deserve a tinglin',
That try to mak' Great Britain *wee*
By speakin' o't as Englan' !

It's Britain, it's Britain,
And so it must be written,
But gin ye ken that Englishmen
Wish frae the map to blot's,

We'll leave the English England,
(The Irish, too, ould Ireland),
Ay let them gang and get alang,
Wi' "Scotland for the Scots."

We advise Mr. Law to continue to exercise his poetic powers. He has accomplished much in the past, but he is a young man, and his countrymen both at home and abroad are convinced that he will yet produce something that will send his name ringing throughout all parts of the civilized world where the English language is known. The Scottish speaking portion of the globe already know of him



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JOHN IMRIE.

JOHN IMRIE.

Few Canadian poets of to-day are more popular or better known throughout the great Dominion than is the subject of our present sketch, Mr. John Imrie of Toronto, Ontario, and the reason of this is at once obvious. Merit will always command attention, and Mr. Imrie is a poet of a very high order of merit. His poems are the outpourings of a heart that is imbued with the sensitive and finer feelings of a poet. They are pure, intellectual, vigorous, patriotic and sincere, and in a great number of instances they contain similes and thoughts which are morally and poetically beautiful. His subjects are well chosen, and such as he is capable of treating successfully; his sentiment is affectionate and loyal; his versification easy and correct; his style free and simple; his command of language ample for his purpose. Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe of Toronto certainly does not overestimate his abilities when he says:

Imrie, your lyrics pass the laws of kings,
Whose dread decrees but steeled the captive's heart;
Your home-taught lays a softer power impart,—
Love, joy and peace, the might that mercy brings :
And, though your muse lack flight of angel's wings,
To walk and talk with men is no mean art.
Strong in life's straits, secure against death's dart,
Attuned to truth, foreprizing hallowed things.

Not of the mockers, nor of those who make
Love's sacrament a feasting, passion-spiced ;
Not lucre-thralled, nor cankered with the ache
Of envy ; free of almsdeed honor priced ;
Not of the world : but humbly for His sake,
Striving the nobler manhood after Christ.

Mr. Imrie is the author of three volumes of poetry, all of which have been well received by those parties interested, and therefore in a measure able to judge of such works. His latest volume is a handsome 8vo of 379 pages. It contains 262 poems, which are divided into groups as follows, "Patriotic Poems," "Poems of Love, Home and Friendship," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Sacred Compositions," and "Sonnets." It will readily be seen from this that Mr. Imrie is a voluminous writer of poetry, yet he is a man whose business engagements do not permit of his enjoying many leisure hours. The few hours, however, which he has occasionally spent at the divine shrine of poesy have been happy hours to him. His heart and soul is in poetry and poetical subjects, and being a poet himself by nature his own harp is seldom silent for any great length of time. Among the finest poems in his book is the following:

NIAGARA FALLS.

Oh, Niagara ! as at thy brink I stand,
My soul is filled with wonder and delight,
To trace in thee that wonder-working Hand,
Whose hollow holds the seas in balance light !

Worthy art thou to be a nation's pride,—
A patriot's boast—a world's unceasing wonder ;
Like some bold monarch calling to thy side
Subjects from every clime in tones of thunder ?

Deep on my soul thy grandeur is impress'd,
Thy awful majesty—thy mighty power—
Thy ceaseless tumult and thy great unrest,
Like nations warring in dread conflict's hour !

Rainbows of glory sparkle round thy shrine,
Cresting thy waters with effulgence bright ;
And in thy foaming currents intertwine
Rare coruscations of commingl'd light !

Like roar of battle, or like thunder's call,
Thy deep-toned echoes roll with solemn sound ;
Like pillar'd clouds thy vapors rise, and fall
Like sparkling pearls upon the thirsty ground !

Rush on ! rush on ! in thy uncheck'd career,
With avalanchic power thy course pursue ;
While rending rocks quake as with mortal fear,
And stand in awe to let thy torrents through !

Naught but the hand of God could stay thy course,
Or drive thee back to Erie's peaceful keep ;
Then onward press with thy gigantic force,
Till in Ontario's bosom lulled to sleep !

Emblem of Freedom ! who would dare essay
To bar thy noisy progress to the sea ?
Then onward press ! while bord'ring nations pray
For strength and wisdom to be great and free !

Following this poem is one entitled "The Links That Bind Us." This is a very beautiful and touching composition and contains sentiments which at once appeal to the innermost feelings of all classes and conditions of people. It is a warm and affectionate effusion and will do much to perpetuate the memory of the gifted author:

THE LINKS THAT BIND US.

Oh ! the fond links that bind us to this earth,
Strong as bands of iron—yet fine as gold ;
Partings and tears oft mingle with our mirth—
If loving much love never can grow cold !

Ah ! were it not for partings now and then,
Love of home and friends were never tested,—
Hardship and trial make the noblest men :
Present pain is future joy invested !

The patriot's wistful eyes are dimm'd with tears
When parting from his much-lov'd native soil,
His heart doth throb with many doubts and fears,
Yet Hope points forward though his soul recoil !

But when the weary years have come and gone,
And o'er the sea he homeward ploughs his way,
He finds his former doubts and fears have flown—
Midnight with him hath changed to dawn of day !

A mother parts with one—her only son,
Each shows but half the anguish that they feel,—
The voyage finished, or the battle won,
What depths of love the meeting doth reveal !

Methinks such joy is ours when God, at last,
Shall find us gather'd 'neath Heaven's azure dome ;
Our journeys, tears, and partings of the past
Will be as naught if we but reach our home !

Next we have a delightful little lyrical piece entitled "The Sweetest Word on Earth is Home," which has been set to appropriate music by Professor J. F. Johnstone, of Toronto, and in this form has attained an extensive sale. The subject, we need hardly remind our readers, is a favorite one with poets, and it is therefore all the more to Mr. Imrie's credit that he has been able to present us with a poem which compares favorably with other authors' compositions on the same subject:

THE SWEETEST WORD ON EARTH IS HOME.

The sweetest word on earth is home,
To loving hearts most dear ;
Where'er our footsteps seek to roam,
Home thoughts are ever near.
The mem'ries sweet of life's spring-day
Keep fresh and green forever,
Like fragrant flowers they scent the way
Adown life's winding river.
CHORUS.—The dearest spot beneath the skies
Is that we call "our home !"
'Tis there we look with longing eyes
Though o'er the earth we roam !

Our homes may be where mountains rise
Like dark-green clouds to Heaven ;
Or where the valley-lily lies
Our humble lot be given ;

Or on an island of the sea
Oft by the tempest prest :
No matter where our homes may be,
To each that home is blest.
CHO.—"The dearest spot," etc.

The strongest love within man's breast
Is love of life and home ;
Like fledglings hovering round their nest
Our thoughts encircle home ;
Our years may reach three-score-and-ten,
And full of changes be,
Yet scenes of homes will haunt us then
When life was pure and free.
CHO.—"The dearest spot," etc.

Where love hath cast her golden spell
And kindest deeds are done,
Where loving hearts unite to dwell,
'Tis heaven on earth begun ;
Then cherish home with jealous care
And let not strife prevail ;
Thus for our "heavenly home" prepare,
Secure within the veil.
CHO.—"The dearest spot," etc.

Mr. Imrie is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, having been born there about fifty years ago. It is therefore not to be wondered at that many of his pieces are in the Scottish dialect. Indeed, as far as we can judge, his best pieces are those in which he expresses his thoughts and feelings in the language of Burns and Scott—his own sweet mother tongue. His compositions in this respect are on a wide variety

of subjects. We have "Bruce and Bannockburn," "The Dying Scot Abroad," "The Hielan' Fling," "My Heart is Scotland's Yet," "Scotch Dainties," "Scotty," "The Thistle," "A Bunch o' Heather," "A Scotch Surprise Party," "Hame, yet no at Hame," "My Mither's Grave," and various others, all more or less interesting and all showing the handmark of a true poet. We quote two of these pieces as specimens of his Scottish muse:

MY MITHER'S GRAVE.

I stan' beside the cauld head-stane,
 An' wat it wi' my tears;
 An' whisper, "*Mither, here's your wean
 Ye hav'na' seen for years !*"
 Whan last I saw your dear, sweet face,
 An' heard your kindly tone,
 I little thought that this dread place
 So soon would claim its own.

I plann'd to tak' you ower the sea,
 To comfort an' to ease,
 Whaur you could end your days wi' me,
 An' dae maist as you please;
 But, ah ! the Lord had ither plans,
 An' sent for you Himsel' ;
 His ways are no' aye like to man's,
 Yet does He a' things well !

But, though you cannot come to me,
 I yet shall gang to you,
 When death shall set my spirit free
 I'll mount yon starry blue,

Where grief an' partings are no more
 Nor Death, nor any pain,
 You'll welcome me on Canaan's shore—
 We'll never pairt again !

Farewell ! most sacred spot to me,
 My dear auld mither's grave,
 I'll think o' thee when ower the sea,
 Ayont Atlantic's wave ;
 Our graves may yet be far apart,
 Our spirits joined shall be,
 There's aye a green spot in my heart,
 My mither dear, for thee !

SCOTCH DAINTIES.

Gie a Scotchman a guid cog o' brose,
 Wi' milk just new drawn frae the coo ;
 Feth ye'll no see him turn up his nose,
 But tak' them, and then smack his moo' !

CHORUS:—Brose, parritch, kail, haggis an' bannocks,
 Are dainties abune a' compare !
 Nae English, French, Yankees, or Cannucks,
 Could mak' such a gran' bill o' fare !

Guid parritch for weans is sae healthy,
 It mak's them grow strong, fat an' weel,
 Dyspeptics are aye 'mang the wealthy,
 They eat what wad sicken an eel !
 CHO.—“ Brose, parritch, kail,” etc.

An' what is sae nice as Scotch kail,
 Wi' carrots, an' turnips, an' leeks ;
 Hielan' men are braw, hearty an' hale—
 Yet gang a' the year without breeks !
 CHO.—“ Brose, parritch, kail,” etc.

But the haggis is king o' the table,—
A Scotchman's maist toothfu' delight,
By dining on that he is able
To match ony twa in a fight !
CHO.—“ Brose, parritch, kail,” etc.

When spying for game in Glen Sannox,
Ahint a wheen stanes on my knees,
What's sweeter than crumpin' oat bannocks,
An' eatin' a whang o' guid cheese !
CHO.—“ Brose, parritch, kail,” etc.

Brose, parritch, kail, haggis an' bannocks,
Wad mak lean consumptives grow fat,
Though they'd sleep oot at nicht in hammocks,
They'd ne'er be a bit waur o' that !
CHO.—“ Brose, parritch, kail,” etc.

Then gie us oor dainty Scotch farin'
We'll honour the auld muckle pat !
For pastry an' pies we're no carin',
Scotch laddies are no built wi' that !
CHO.—“ Brose, parritch, kail,” etc.

A very able introduction to Mr. Imrie's poems, written by G. Mercer Adam, Esq., of Toronto, is prefixed to the volume. Mr. Mercer says:—

“Among the diverse interests of this restless money-grubbing world, there is one which should hold a larger place than it does in the affections of the masses,—namely, the honest unaffected love of home and home pleasures. In these days we are all of us too much disposed to seek enjoyment abroad, and to figure more than is good for us in the eye of the

public. The craving for excitement has made us impatient with home, and the fireside and domestic shrines have in large measure lost their attraction. We are no longer satisfied with the novel, with the song or with the play, that used to delight our forefathers; nothing so simple and innocent would now content us. Even our religion has suffered a change. The stern morality and unbending creeds of other days have become pliant and yielding, while compromise and emasculated beliefs have taken their place. The old doctrines familiar to the by-gone pulpit now offend us, though we are not particular if the preacher resorts to irreverence and slang,—on the contrary, we rather encourage him in this propensity. With tastes and cravings so destructive to the spiritual life, what wonder that simple joys and quiet domestic pleasures have in this social world lost much of their charm?

“Yet the common people,—as the phrase goes, the men and women who are doing the every-day work of this toiling world, stand more than ever in need of rest and quiet, and the kindly solacement of happy fireside intercourse. Innocent delights, restful pleasures, and the blissful contentment of a well-ordered, comfortable home, with such recreation as these Edens afford, must be the necessities, we should think, of those at least whose lot is a ceaseless round of toil. To such our author comes with his tuneful lyre and sings us the gladsome lays of the home and fireside. Benefactor is he not, to you and to me, if

he beguiles us from our distractions and cares, and leads us to realize that, after all, the world's happiness lies in the quiet comforts and refining influences of home? It would, indeed, be difficult for thoughts, however expressed, on love, friendship, home, and kindred topics to fail of finding response in the human breast; and the average reader who follows the bent of his own unperverted taste, and is as indifferent to the critics as the poets themselves, will find much to please him in the book.

"Of profit he should also find much, if his sympathies are as keen and broad as the author's, and his appreciation equal to his, of the warm-hearted Christian brotherhood, and unaffected moral purpose, which should find expression in all our work. Not its least merit, it must be said, is in the fact that there is not a puzzling or baffling line in the book. This should be counted for something, when there is so much in our modern verse, not ambitious of fame merely, but cold, meaningless, and empty. The volume, is chiefly noteworthy, however, not only for unassuming sincerity on the part of the writer, but for its appeal to the universal and easily awakened feelings of our common humanity. The unobtrusive piety and strain of religious sentiment which run, like threads of gold, through the book, will, we are sure, not the less endear the volume to the reverent reader, and to those whose hearts have felt the influences of the divine. May it be its mission to keep alive the love of home, to minister to minds dis-

traught with toil and care, and among its readers—we trust of all ranks and conditions of men—to impart an eternal sabbath in the heart.”

With all this praise, however (and it is certainly not unworthily bestowed), Mr. Imrie is, as Mr. Adam implies, very unassuming in regard to his own merits as a poet. In the preface to the second edition of his poems he says:

“It is with mingled feelings of humility and gratitude to my friends and patrons that I pen this short preface to the second edition of my poems. It is but three years since I ventured to test the purchasing appreciation of the public by publishing my first volume, and now with more confidence is sent forth a larger edition of the same book. My first volume extended to two hundred and ten pages; in this edition counting later poems there are three hundred and fifty pages. Acting on the advice of friends, there will be found a number of songs set to music, the melody of which I have introduced as a relief to the eye, and a solace to the ear, of my musical patrons. Most of these songs have been published from time to time in sheet-music form, and have met with a ready sale.

“The children of the home—as in the first edition—have a liberal share of my thoughts in happiest moods, and I am not ashamed to own that I have a great pleasure in serving them as ‘children of a larger growth.’ My style is simple, but none the less sincere, and my chief desire is to please and en-

courage the toiling masses. That these humble heart-thoughts and aspirations for the present and future welfare of my fellow countrymen, and humanity at large, may be accepted in the kindly spirit in which they have been composed is the earnest wish of the author."

As may be inferred from the above, included in Mr. Imrie's book are a number of pieces suitable for and interesting to young people. They are decidedly in the author's happiest strain and are popular not only in Canada but elsewhere. Here is one of the simplest:—

SHE PAYS HER DEBTS WITH KISSES.

I know a winsome little pet
With wealth of roseate blisses,
Who takes what favors she can get
And pays her debts with—kisses!

At night when I come home to tea
She bribes me with her "kishes,"
Then plants herself upon my knee
And tastes of all my dishes.

She comes off best in every "trade,"
And seldom ever misses
To catch me in the trap she's laid,
Then "pays me off" with—kisses!

She says she wants a "dolly" nice,
With long and golden tresses,
And if I ask her for the price,
Gives kisses and caresses!

I dearly love this little maid,
Above all other misses ;
I'll take back every word I've said,
And "trade" with her for "tisses !"

The sonnet is also a favorite style of composition with our author, there being not less than forty-four of them in his last volume. They are all of a superior caste and contain many bright and cheerful thoughts on all kinds of subjects. We quote the following specimens:

FREEDOM.

Freedom is obedience to righteous law
Framed for the guidance of a nation great ;
Made to be kept—not broken by a flaw
Known only to the rulers of the State !
Justice that treats the rich and poor alike,
Defending each from favor and attack ;
Slow to convict—yet ready aye to strike
The fatal blow on all that honor lack !
A nation's strength is measured by her laws ;
Her safety is the welfare of her sons ;
Industry and loyalty the power that draws
In peace her commerce, and in war her guns !
Freedom—our birthright, sell it not for gold,
Our fathers bought it with their blood of old !

REST.

Rest is the peaceful calm which follows toil ;
Sweet to the laboring man who tills the soil ;
Likewise most precious to the weary brain,
Tired with the dull routine of loss or gain ;

Or to the authors of our learned books,
Who show the trace of study in their looks.
All value rest—all need those quiet hours
As much as doth the plant those welcome showers
Which Heaven sends to cool the fevered earth,
And cause sweet Nature sing aloud with mirth.
When God at first created earth and skies,
He "rested" in the shades of Paradise!
Likewise shall we, earth's care and labor o'er,
Find rest the sweeter for the toils we bore!

Nor would we omit in passing to mention the fact that many of Mr. Imrie's pieces show some excellent descriptive writing. His powers in this respect are very keen. In his poem on "Queenston Heights" he says:

Here two great nations met as if to kiss,
Divided only by a silver line;
Peace, welfare, harmony and mutual bliss,
Link fruitful branches of a parent vine.

And in his ode to "Lake Ontario,"

Last of the Inland seas—yet nearest home—
Thy waters soon shall swell the mighty deep,
And mingle with the ocean's briny foam,
There shalt thou rest, and there for ever sleep.

Before taking leave of our author and his works we desire to call special attention to his religious compositions. They are all expressed in beautiful language and contain nothing that is dogmatical or offensive to any one. His Christianity is of the true

kind, being broad, and deep and charitable, and we may add that the record of his own life proves him to be a man of great piety and gentleness, simplicity and purity. It is hard to determine which are the most suitable religious pieces for quotation, but we select the following:

THE TOUCH OF THE DIVINE.

Each grain of sand by sounding sea,
Each trembling leaf on quivering tree,
Each blade of grass on dewy lea,
Speaks volumes of God's love to me !

The pearls that deep in ocean lie,
The twinkling stars that gem the sky,
The sunbeam, caught from noontide's eye,
Direct my thoughts, oh God, to Thee !

The flowers that deck the fragrant dell,
And o'er me cast their beauty-spell,
I love them, for they seem to tell,
The story of God's love to me !

No matter where I wander free,
By river, lake or boundless sea,
The touch of God's dear hand I see,
And know by these He loveth me.

Oh, God ! Thou doest all things well,
Earth, sea, and sky Thy wisdom tell,
In heaven what must it be to dwell
For ever, O my God, with Thee !

OUR MEETING-PLACE IS HEAVEN.

Lines on the death of Mrs. G. W. Grant, affectionately dedicated to the surviving members of her family.

One year ago a reaper came,
 The reaper's name was Death ;
 He gently whispered baby's name,
 And chill'd her with his breath !
 Her mother's heart was sorely riv'n,
 The father bow'd his head—
 She's but transplanted safe in Heaven,
 And lives—whom we call dead !
 But mother pin'd—and Death was kind—
 He could not part them long,
 For now they meet at Jesus' feet,
 And sing the glad new song !
 Till all are gather'd safely home,
 Life's work and duties o'er,
 Then father and the boys will come,
 And meet to part no more !
 No need for tears—no cause for fears—
 Death as a friend is giv'n,
 We sink to rise beyond the skies—
 Our meeting-place is Heaven !
 We are but pilgrims here below—
 Sojourners of a day—
 None in that land where Christians go
 Shall ever know decay !

KINDRED SOULS.

To John D. Ross, New York, who wrote an extended review of my poems for the "Home Journal," which encouraged me greatly.

There is a kinship of the soul
 Known to the good and true,
 Pulsive as needle to the pole,—
 One such I've found in you ;

Friends are life's chain of golden links
Let down from Heaven above,
God yet will weld the whole, methinks,
All perfected in love !

There is a hope more sure than creeds,
To lead us home to God—
The daily planting of good deeds
Shall flower Heaven's virgin sod ;
Each aspiration of the soul
In search of God and Truth,
Leads surely to that happy goal,
Where dwells eternal youth !

They grow not old that Wisdom love—
Our bodies may decay—
But, oh ! leal souls shall soar above ;
Death hastens life's birthday !
Then let us hold our Father's hand,
Like children, and obey,—
If we but seek to understand,
He'll teach us by the way !

ADVERSITY.

A crucible, in which to purge the dross
From out the gold of friendship leal and true,
Testing the interest men may have in you,—
Selfishness or Sacrifice ?—Gain or Loss ?
Adversity's a friend, in stern disguise,
If by its uses thou may'st find thy foes,
For, until then, life all too smoothly flows,—
Experience is a teacher to the wise !
Trust not in friends till thou hast found them strong
When thou art weak—cheerful when thou art glad—

In bonds of sympathy when thou art sad,—
These are the friends that tarry with thee long !
Adversity will put false friends to rout ;
Thank God in prayer, for having found them out !

REVENGE.

Dark-browed " REVENGE,"—the wicked weakling's plea,
Too oft the answer to a noble foe,
Lulling the conscience for a coward's blow,
He dare not strike when other eyes may see !
To take a mean advantage o'er a friend,
Because of fancied insult, slight, or wrong,
Can never build a nature good and strong,
And oft defeats its object in the end !
" REVENGE IS SWEET,"—the craven coward saith,
And skulking, hides himself in hell's dark hold,
Then steps he forth with venom-bated breath !
Revenge makes man the devil's handy slave,
To do his will, and fill a coward's grave !

The *Canadian School Journal*, in a kindly review of Mr. Imrie's poems, said:

" This volume will find its true place, the place for which it is intended, in many a home and heart. Its simple lays breathe throughout the spirit of reverence for God, loyalty to country, and regard for the delights of love, home, and friendship. As such they will be read by the quiet fireside, and minister pleasure and solace to many homes where more elaborate and finished productions, with less heart in them, would fail."

In conclusion let me now quote a very excellent

poetical address to Mr. Imrie from Donald F. Smith
of Camlachie, Can. :

A SCOTCHMAN'S ADDRESS TO JOHN IMRIE,
TORONTO'S POET.

John Imrie, ye're a gifted chiel,
Yer clinkin' sangs I loe them weel,
Ye needna heed the woralt's heel,
 Wi' a' her wrangs,
For ye could earn yer meat an' meal
 Jest writin' sangs.

There's mony poets in oor lan'
Jest made o' common lime an' san',
But, Jock, ye're jest the mettel drawn
 An' shappit weel,
By guid Dame Nater's honest han',
 Frae head to heel.

It's sweetly dae ye gar it clink,
Wi' pathos yoked to ilka link ;
Lang may yer canty muse aye blink
 Sae blyth an' clear,
Till ye're out o'er Parnassus' brink
 Withoot a peer.

Ye dinna praise thae daft M. P.'s
Wha hae a 'nack o' tellin' lees ;
But aye ye sing the muse to please
 As suits thysel',
An' how ye dae it wi' sic ease
 I canna tell.

mith

Some poets praise proud fashion's wiles,
Or court aristocratic smiles,
An' never heed the han' that toils ;
 But this ye'll grant
Wherever vanity beguiles
 The muse is scant.

Gie me the poet wha can sing
O' Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Or spread with a majestic wing
 The patriot's page,
An', hark, ye'll hear his echoes ring
 Frae age to age.

Gie me a bardie like yersel',
Ye sing, but why ye canna' tell,
But when ye tak the musey spell
 Ye hae the airt
O' touchin' aye the inmost cell
 O' ilka heart.

If critics cock their crabbit nose,
Heed not, dear Jock, their silly prose ;
Just turn an' trample on their toes,
 They'll tak their heels,
There but a set o' feeble foes,—
 Satire the deils.

An' sud ye happin on sick cattle
We ony o' their ill-faured prattle,
Ye needna try wi' honest battle
 To stop their chat,
But rhyme satire an' let it rattle,—
 They'll no stan' that.

If ony o' them nip yer line,
An' ye are unco set for time,
Gie me the wink—my aid is thine—
 An' faith they'll be
Another daft-like herd o' swine
 Drooned in the sea.

So, Imrie, here's to you this nicht,
An' may immortal honors bricht
Crown thee, yea, as a shining licht,
 While folk in throngs
Wi' kings an' princes in their micht
 Sing loud thy songs.



ROBERT REID.

Conspicuous among the more prominent poets who have left the shores of the old world and settled in Canada is Robert Reid, or, as he frequently loved to style himself in his younger days, "Robert Wanlock." Gifted by nature with an intense poetic temperament he has written a large amount of true poetry ; poetry that will live and be read long after much of the so-called poetry of to-day shall have passed into oblivion. At the age of twenty-four he appeared before the public with a volume of poems and songs entitled "Moorland Rhymes." Although he was for many years previous to this a welcome contributor to the poet's corner in many of the local newspapers and magazines, he was comparatively unknown to the literary world, but the superior tone and the general excellence of his musings, as displayed in this little volume, at once attracted attention everywhere. He was hailed by the press as a new poet of a high order, his book was eagerly bought up, and his reputation thus established has increased with each succeeding year until he is now classed among the finest of the Scottish poets domiciled abroad.

There is certainly much for the lovers of poetry to admire both in "Moorland Rhymes" and in "Poem Songs and Sonnets," the latter a more recently pub-

lished volume by Mr. Reid. Every poem in these two volumes is a masterpiece of great poetical beauty and sterling literary ability, while the numerous lyrical effusions contained in them are of an exceedingly sweet and tender nature and at once impress the reader with the fact that they are the choice work of an inspired singer. In both the poems and songs nature is frequently the theme but it really seems as if it was the voice of nature itself that we are listening to, so graphic and striking and true is it in all its details. Simple, easy-flowing, pleasant verses, happy thoughts, brilliant similes, attractive rhymes, poems, songs and sonnets, on the Covenanters, on Wallace, Love, Autumn, Fame, and various other kindred topics, constitute an intellectual treat for the lover of Scottish poetry to spend an occasional hour over, and when we are compelled to put aside either of the volumes, we close it gently and lay it down affectionately, as if regretting the necessity of having to part company with it.

Mr. Reid is a native of Wanlock, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and it is therefore not surprising that he is an ardent admirer of the Scottish dialect as used by Burns, Scott, Hogg, Wilson, and many others. Indeed, the majority of his best poems are written in his mother tongue, and it therefore becomes a difficult matter to select the pieces to present to American readers that will convey to them a correct idea of his true merits. However, here is a pretty fair specimen of his powers:

ENTERKIN.

There's a glen i' the far-aff hills o' my hame
I'll ne'er forget ;

A glen wi' a sweet auld-farrant name
That thrills me yet ;

Thrills me, and fills me wi' nameless joy,
As the sicht o't did when a dreamin' boy,
And I lay at e'en on the gray hillside,
My young heart loupin' wi' stouns' o' pride
At thocht o' the ferlies ye had seen—
Warrior and martyr, lover and freen'—
A' tint noo frae the hill-folk's e'en !

O Enterkin, I hae wandert far
Owre land and sea,

But, sweetest o' a' sweet memories, are
My dreams o' thee ;

For there, i' the gowden youthfu' days
O' love and pride,

When the Sabbath calm had husht the braes
At gloamin' tide,

The forms that I lo'ed best to see
Were wont to dauner at e'en wi' me ;
The kindly auld folks led the way,
But watcht that we didna jouk or play ;
Sister, and brother, and comrade dear,
And aiblins a sweet young stranger here,
Borrowed frae London ance a year.

O blaw thou saft on her bonnie face,
Thou muirlan' win',

For a winsomer sicht did never grace
Grey Enterkin !

Then streikit at ease on the lane glen-held,
Oor cracks wad be

O' the dauntless word and the baulder deed
That set men free ;

Free to meet i' the wilds and pray
To God, i' their ain wild simple way.
Peacefu' and happy is Enterkin !
A lowner glen ye wad hardly fin' ;
A'body comes and gangs at will,
Safe as the sunlicht on the hill,
Never a heart takes tent o' ill,

O weel may the auld times fill wi' thocht
Ilk pensive min',

For the freedom and safety there were bocht
Wi' bluid lang syne !

Baith lanesome and laich are the soun's that creep
Through Enterkin ;

Nocht waur than the bleat o' the wild hill sheep
Disturbs the glen,

The sugh o' the win', the burnie's moan,
Or the cry o' the whaup on Auchenlone ;
Little ye'd dream o' the fearsome day
When the red-coats fill'd yon narrow way,
Where the men o' the Covenant took their stand
For the martyr-faith o' their native land,
And stern M'Michael led the band.

O sweet be his slumber in auld Kirkbride,
That warrior grim,

For the half o' the charm o' yon gray hillside
Was wrocht by him !

Fu' cheerily there on the lanesome heichts
The lift looks doon,

And bauldy up i' the warm sunlicht
Ilk hands his croon.

Lowther and Stey Gyle, Auchenlone—
Daintiest hill that the licht looks on—
(Aft hae I speel'd its benty side
Wi' freen's noo sindert far and wide !)

While bonnily owre baith burn and brae
 The sklentín' shadows o' e'enin play,
 And syne hap a' at the close o' day.
 O surely the weird, uncanny skill
 O' elfin wand
 Ne'er cuist mair glamour on howe and hill
 In faery land !

O saft be thy music, thou wind o' the west,
 In Enterkin !
 And shine oot, sun, in thy splendor drest,
 In Enterkin !
 A' things bonnie and hearthsome be,
 Aye like a halo o' joy roun' thee !
 And in the hearts o' weary men
 That come to look on the lanesome glen,
 Peace, like the peace that slumbers there,
 Peace, like the peace that follows prayer,
 Fa' like the dewdraps unaware !
 O fain would I niffer a twomond's joy
 This side the sea
 Tae feel as I felt when a dreamin' boy
 Langsyne in thee !

There are many exquisite thoughts, besides numerous lines of excellent poetry in the above composition, and the dialect is not so ancient or peculiar but that it may be readily understood by most American readers. But among the best and the shorter of Mr. Reid's Scottish poems is one entitled "The Whaup." This little poem has been praised and quoted far and wide, and it is without doubt a poem of great beauty. The rhyme is perfect, the

sentiment tender and sweet, and fond memories of the past seem to crowd upon us as we read it:

THE WHAUP.

Fu' sweet is the lilt o' the laverock
Frae the rim o' the clud at morn ;
The merle pipes weel in his midday biel,
In the heart o' the bending thorn.
The blythe, bauld sang o' the mavis
Rings clear in the gloamin' shaw ;
But the whaup's wild cry in the gurly sky
O' the moorlan' dings them a'.

For what's in the lilt o' the laverock
To touch och mair than the ear?
The merle's lown craik in the tangled brake
Can start nae memories dear ;
And even the sang o' the mavis
But waukens a love dream tame
To the whaup's wild cry on the breeze blawn by,
Like a wanderin' word frae hame.

What thochts o' the lang, grey moorlan'
Start up when I hear that cry !
The times we lay on the heathery brae
At the well, lang syne gane dry ;
And aye as we spak' o' the ferlies
That happen'd afore time there,
The whaup's lane cry on the win' cam' by
Like a wild thing tint in the air.

And though I hae seen mair ferlies
Than grew in the fancy then,
And the gowden gleams o' the boyish dream
Hae slipped frae my soberer brain,

Yet—even yet—if I wander
Alane by the moorlan' hill,
That queer, wild cry frae the gurly sky
Can tirl my heart strings still.

In his purely English compositions, however, Mr. Reid gives further evidence of his being in a high degree gifted with the true poetic faculty. Such poems as "The Spirit of the Moor," "The Cairn on the Hill," "Here and Hereafter," "The Poet and His Theme," "The Two Gates," "Looking Back," "Retrospect," "Only a Dream," "Tired," "Summer and Love," "Unfulfilled Renown," and many others are poems of distinguished merit, and we see at a glance that it would be next to impossible for a mere minor poet to have produced them. Their general tone is good, their construction elegant, and a discriminating poetic taste pervades them all. Among the author's other English compositions is the "Address to the Soul." This is a well conceived poem, and it contains some peculiar thoughts which are well worth studying. It also proves that Mr. Reid's religious convictions are of a sincere and lasting character.

ADDRESS TO THE SOUL.

O, thou, whate'er thou art, whose throne
Is centred in the life of me,
Thou silent spirit working on
In bondage, burning to be free.

Whence comest thou ; and whither go'st?
Art thou some wanderer from afar,
Who left his own mysterious coast,
To rule my being like a star?

And, when this thralldom is no more,
Will thou at once, exultant, spring
Back to that mystic natal shore,
Cleaving the dusk on viewless wing?

Fain would I know thy birth and doom,
Whose presence and whose power are such
That I am left in joy or gloom,
By the weird magic of thy touch.

Art thou of God or devil born?
Thy smile is heaven, thy frown is hell,
I cannot live beneath thy scorn,
But in thy love I long to dwell.

Thou art a finger in mine eye,
Forever pointing out the way,
And in mine ear a warning cry,
That knows not silence, night or day.

And when I sin (as mortals will)
Thy secret sorrow moves me so,
That I endure in every thrill
The agony of utter woe.

Or if to good I should incline,
Thou makest all my being glad ;
The soft winds blow, the sweet suns shine,
And I for very mirth am mad.

By this, I think, thou art from heaven,
Where all our powers for good are born.
For unto what man e'er was't given
To find sweet grapes upon a thorn.

Nay more, for when I stand with Thee
Where Nature's voice is stern and high,
Beside the restless turbid sea,
Or 'neath the black tempestuous sky,—

When all the elemental force,
Which He who made can use to mar,
Seems battling to obstruct the course
Earth takes around her central star,—

Or in lone places of the hills,
Where I may sit me down to rest,
When evening calm the welkin fills :
A something stirs within my breast,

And stirring, issues forth to greet
A kindred something brooding there ;
And while they hold communion sweet,
I know that God is in the air :

I know it, and I worship low,
And bless Him that he sent me thee
The greatest gift he could bestow,
Eterne, immortal, even as He !

Thou art the one thing that doth part
Me from all other life that is,
That still keep'st whispering to my heart
How I can make that life like His.

With thee, I can exult, aspire ;
Without thee, I were but a clod ;
Thou spark from the Eternal fire
Blown to me by the breath of God !

One of the daintiest little compositions that we have met with for some time will be found in "Moorland Rhymes," under the title of "At the Garden Gate." It has the true poetic ring in it, and it is a piece of poetical work of which the author may justly feel proud:

The moon, like a shepherdess, climbs the steeps
Where her silent flocks of stars are straying,
And lightly down through the dark-blue deeps
Her cloudy robes on the breeze are playing ;
The spell of the night is on mountain and main,
Woodlands and waters are swathed in sleep ;
And fitful and faint on the night wind's wings
Is wafted the dirge that the streamlet sings,
As it glides through the glen to its grave in the deep.

Alone by the garden-gate as I stand
I think of the night, just such another,
When I waited here to touch the hand
Dear to me yet above all other :
Just so did the moonlight tip the trees ;
Just so the night-wind rose and fell ;
Ah me ! how long should I linger now
With the night-wind stealing across my brow,
Ere the touch of that hand would break the spell ?

As has already been stated Mr. Reid is a native of Wanlock, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He was born

on the eight of June, 1850. At the age of fifteen he removed to Glasgow and entered the counting-house of Messrs. Stewart and MacDonald, a well-known manufacturing firm there. Here, we understand, he remained for four years, after which he removed to Belfast, Ireland. A year later he returned to Glasgow and entered the employment of the late Mr. William Cross, who in private life was a prominent song writer and the author of "The Disruption," etc. In 1877 he sailed for Canada and he has since occupied a prominent position in the well-known dry goods warehouse of Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal. During all these years, however, he has steadily kept his native land in view. In spirit indeed he is ever there, and the hills and woods and glens around Wanlock have furnished the inspiration for many of his most pleasing poems. Of his birthplace he says:—

Did ye ever hear tell o' a lanely wee toon,
Far hid amang hills o' the heather sae broon,
Wi' it's hooses reel-rall, keekin' oot at ilk turn
Like an ill-cuisten crap in the howe o' the burn;
Ane here and ane there, wi' a fit road atween,
In the daftest construction that ever was seen?

O there the cauld winter first comes wi' his snaw,
And he likes it sae weel that he's laith tae gae 'wa;
For there's three months o' bluister to ilk ane o' sun,
And the dour nippin' crameuch's maist aye on the grun';
Ay, whiles the corn's green in the lallans, they say,
Or the hinnaist snaw-wreath dwines awa on the brae.

Frae mornin' till nicht ye wad tentily gang,
 And no hear the cheep o' a hedge-sparrow's sang,
 Nae merle at e'enin' his melody starts
 Tae wauken the dream in the lassies' bit hearts,
 But a corbie's maybe, or some ither as stoor,
 Comes by wi' a wau'f o' the win' frae the muir.

Then for flow'rs and siclike, there's juist no sic a thing,
 Except a wheen gowans a while in the spring ;
 And the twa-three bit busses the bodies ca' trees
 Hae an auld-farrant look as they bend in the breeze,
 And scarce want the gift o' the gab tae proclaim
 They reckon this solitude ocht but their hame.

The poem from which the above extract is taken contains no less than eighteen stanzas, all of them written in the same high-spirited and affectionate strain. There are also many very fine descriptive passages embodied in it, and it is in all respects an excellent and creditable production. From a number of shorter poems on the same subject we quote one which will bear favorable comparison with it. The title is "My Ain Hills," and many people have a sincere liking for it, in some cases indeed preferring it to a few of the longer poems:

MY AIN HILLS.

The bonnie hills o' Wanlock,
 I've speilt them ane an' a',
 Baith laich and heich, and stey and dreich,
 In rain, and rowk, and snaw ;
 And ower a' ither mountains
 Nane else e'er bure the gree ;
 Nae peaks that rise aneth the skies
 Can raise sic thochts in me.

I've warslet up Ben Lomond
When simmer deck'd its side,
And gray Goatfell that stan's itsel'
In solitary pride.
But frae their wildest grandeur
Wi' sma concern I'd turn
To ae wee glen, wi' some I ken,
By Wanlock's wimplin' burn.

For there wi' chiel's far sunder'd
I roved in glee lang syne,
And never fit was lichters yet
Amang the muirs than mine.
And wi' sic shouts o' gladness
We startlet hill and plain—
I'd tyne a year o' a' things here
To raise the like again.

But we are lads nae langer,
And time is gowd, they say ;
The hills sae green are seldom seen,
When ance we start to stray.
And mair than time is wanting,
For gin we a' were there—
Wha kens? the min' micht no incline
Its former sports to share.

O, bonnie hills o' Wanlock !
What pranks auld Time does play !
I kent nae change in a' your range
When I cam' here the day.
But faces that I met wi'
Are surely alter't sair ;
And some I ken hae left the glen
We'll never meet wi' mair.

But though the fit may wander,
The heart can aye be true,
And mony a yin I brawly ken
Wad fain be here e'enoo ;
And mony a weary comrade
Like me fu' aften prays
That the bonnie hills o' Wanlock
May see his hinmost days.

One of Mr. Reid's friends writes in regard to this poem :

" There is a warmth of heart and an easy naturalness in these verses which are very refreshing, and the sentiment of the last two lines I know is sincere. In a letter written not so long ago Mr. Reid gave expression to the hope that his funeral might yet take place in the land of his nativity—attended, so he said, by a wheen daicent folks with grey plaids on their honest shooters, and nae mournin' onywhere aboot them—except in their hearts."

Among Mr. Reid's other notable Scottish poems "May Moril," "Hame's Aye Hame," "A Sprig o' Heather," "Langsyne," "The Cottar's Comfort," and "Among the Brume," are each deserving of mention. In all of them the Scottish dialect is freely used and it is used in such a sweet manner that we cannot help admiring the author's good judgment in introducing it as often as he does in his work.

Another pleasing feature of Mr. Reid's two volumes is the large number of sonnets that they con-

tain. These "finely cut gems," as they have been appropriately termed by a reviewer of his books, are on various subjects, "Heroism," "April," "Nature," "Blue Bells," "Singing," "Fame," and "Romance" being among the number. He seems to take kindly to this particular style of composition, and as a rule his work in this direction is marked by much skill, originality of thought and purity of diction. A specimen may be here given:

JAMES HOGG.

The genial shepherd, full of boisterous glee
 As any schoolboy—dreamer of fairy dreams—
 Rapt wanderer by lonely glens and streams—
 More than all else had he the making o' me.
 From earliest childhood 'twas my lot to be
 Charm'd with his music; with the witching gleams
 He caught from Elfland; and his speech, which teems
 With rustic mirthfulness, uncurbed and free.
 How like his own sweet mountain lark he seems!
 The homely garb the lowly-fashion'd nest—
 Where, all night long, the tender parent breast
 Warms to its brood; but when the morning's beams
 Arouse his soul, on pinions swift and strong,
 Soaring, he seeks the realms of deathless song!

Mr. Robert Ford, the well-known author of "Thistledown," "The Harp of Perthshire," and various other valuable Scottish works, says: "Reid is beyond question the most gifted, most spontaneous and intensely Scottish singer, after Mr. Thomas C. Latto, that the gold of America has yet tempted

to leave his native shores. He has the heart and the head of a true poet, and, though his two volumes will not fail to charm us for many a day, we want more from the same fertile source."

Of our author's later work, two very good specimens may be found in the following poems published very recently under the titles of "Bruce's Grave," and "Ken ye the Land?" The first is a sort of In Memoriam poem, in which patriotic and pious thoughts harmoniously blend together, and the result is a lyrical effusion which many people consider to be as fine a piece of work as any poet has produced on the subject of Scotland. Both pieces prove that the poetic gifts entrusted to him have been lovingly treasured and guarded from decay:

BRUCE'S GRAVE.

Early—bright—transient—chaste as morning dew,
He sparkled—was exhaled—and went to heaven.

—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Come not with stern, heroic thought,
And pride of country pulsing high,
Ye, whom a glorious name has caught
And stirred to ardor, passing by:
Banish at once the lofty dream
Engender'd as that name is told ;—
For brave exploits are not my theme,
Nor memories of the days of old.

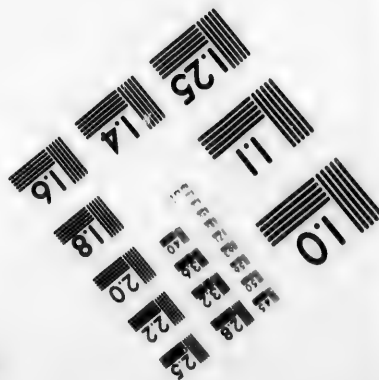
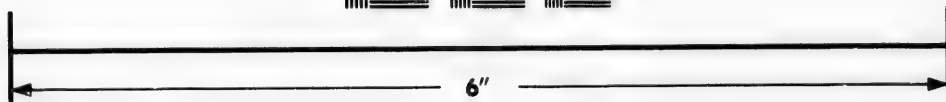
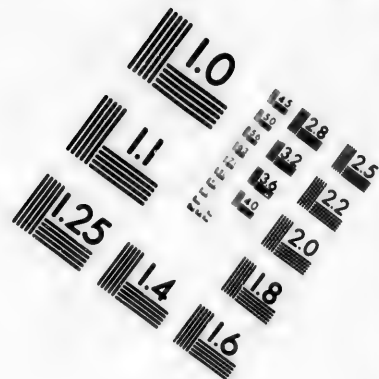
Not here the sacred dust is laid
To Scotland and her sons so dear ;

The iron arm—the kingly head—
The dauntless heart—are far from here :
In his own land the hero lies—
That greater Bruce that made us men,
Whose fame adds lustre to her skies,
And wakes romance in every glen.

Well might I sing each manly deed,
The furious charge—the mighty blow—
That turn'd the war in time of need,
And dealt destruction on the foe ;
For deep in every Scottish breast
The thought of these must aye abide,
And where a Bruce is laid to rest
Must ever thrill his soul with pride.

But, with each patriot impulse check'd,
And every stormful thought put by,
Approach this little grave, bedeck'd
With flowers, and breathe a tender sigh ;
For purity of life may claim—
As well as force—memorial tear ;
And on the blazing scroll of fame
None purer shows than ended here.

'Twas but a little waif of Time
The wind blew darkling to our door,
Round-wrapt with love from some sweet clime,
And beauty from the Shining Shore ;
But while we look'd, and long'd to keep
The wondrous stranger for our own,
The little life had pass'd to sleep,
And with it all our hopes had flown.



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Sleep soft, beloved ! O sweetly rest,
 Unvexed by any evil dream ;
 A little lamb on Christ's own breast,
 Transfigur'd in th' Eternal beam !
 How could I, even in my grief,
 Begrudge thee to those circling arms
 That gave thy tender soul relief
 From life, and all its vague alarms ?

Now lost alike to hands of thine
 Are all earth's paltry tools and toys ;
 Enough for them the flowers to twine,
 And pluck the buds of Paradise :
 And those wee feet, that could not climb
 The heather hills thy father's trod—
 Ah ! they have scal'd the cliffs sublime
 That tower around the throne of God.

KEN YE THE LAND ?

Ken ye the land whaur the heather bell
 Bonnily busks the moorland fell ;
 Whaur briar and whin on the braesides blume,
 And the lintie lilt frae her bield i' the brume ;
 Ken ye the kintra ? Brawly I ken ;
 My bairntime passed in its bonniest glen.

Ken ye the land whaur the black cliffs rise
 Frae the lochan's edge to the louttin' skies ;
 Whaur, up i' the craigs on the monntain sides,
 The lordly erne yet bigs and bides ;
 Hae ye seen them, Faither ? Aften, boy ;
 I hae spiel'd to their nests for a youthfu' ploy.

Ken ye the land o' the kilt and plaid,
 The buirdly chield and the winsome maid
 That gloamin' airta to the auld thorn tree,

To haud their tryst sae couthie and slee ;
Ken ye ocht o' the custom ? Ay, my bairn ;
O' that dear land's ways I hae little to learn.

Ken ye the land whase bards hae sung
(An' sweetly too, i' their ain sweet tongue)
The glorious deeds o' her warriors stern,
And martyrs laid i' their lanely cairn ;
Ken ye o' them ? hae ye press'd the sod
A Burns, a Knox, and a Wallace trod ?

O laddie, hae dune wi' your quastens vain !
But little ye trow o' the yirnin' pain
That lirks in a neuk o' the exile's heart,
And a look, or a word like yours, can start ;
That wearifu' pain aye waukens in me
When I hear ye speak o' my ain countrie.

What if the heather be wavin' fair
On the Scottish hills, if I binna there ?
What if the sweet briar scent the howes ?
Or the bonnie "broom o' the Cowdenknowes ?"
Or if linties sing, or ernes still soar,
Or lovers tryst, as in days of yore ?

I hae made the bed whaur I maun lie,
Though it gie me little peace or joy ;
Sae, lea' me to dree my weird alane,
And dream o' the deeds and the days bygane ;
But I canna speak—wi a heart sae sair—
O' the hills and the glens I'll see nae mair !

In a review of Mr. Reid's latest volume, "Poems, Songs and Sonnets," Mr. John Macfarland, himself an eminent Scottish poet, says:

“‘Good wine needs no bush’ and a good book requires no booming. This is a good book in the fullest sense of the word. Its poetic vintage is of the best, and will prove an invigorating draught to the weary soul of every leal-hearted Scot. To use the words of Robert Louis Stevenson about “The Stickit Minister”—“It refreshes like a visit home.” Its pages are steeped in the bracing atmosphere of the open hillsides, where the music is the sighing of the mountain burns and the cry of the curlew and plover, and the only fragrance that of the wild thyme and the purple heather. It is intensely patriotic and national, and emphasizes as no recent contribution to native literature has done, that exultant love of country and cohesive spirit of a race which, more than anything else, constitutes the strong shield of a nation's life and welfare against the disintegration of modern influences.

But it is, also, a remarkable book, in that it opens up a new vein, or one never before so adequately worked out, in the domain of Scottish poetry. Mr. Reid has been named “the laureate of the Scottish moors” and the title is appropriate. For, although it is impossible to doubt the wealth of his poetic dower in other directions, a perusal of this volume fully warrants our belief that his inspiration is at its surest and best when his foot is upon his moorland heath, and his accents are the accents of his ‘mither tongue.’ Such unique, and we might almost add unparalleled, effusions of their kind as “Kirkbride,”

"The Auld Gray Glen," "Wanlock," "Storm-sted," "Katie's Well," "A Dedication," "Hame's aye Hame," "Glenballantyne," "Something Wrang," "Enterkin," are, to my mind conclusive proof of this fact, and of themselves are sufficient to thoroughly establish the reputation of the poet on a lasting basis.

Many of the sonnets are, also, noticeable for the same high qualities that distinguish the pieces referred to. Could anything be finer in its way than this?

GLOAMING.

The hinmaist whaup has quat his eerie skirl,
 The flichtering gorcock tae his cover floun;
 Din dwines athort the muir; the win sae loun
 Can scrimply gar the stey peat-reek play swirl
 Abune the herd's auld bield, or halfins droon
 The laich seep-sabbin' o' the burn doon by,
 That deaves the corrie wi' its wilyart croon.
 I wadna niffer sic a glisk—not I—
 Here, wi' my fit on ane o' Scotland hills
 Heather attour, and the mirk lift owre a',
 For foreign ferly or for unco sight
 E'er bragg'd in sang; mair couthie joy distills
 Frae this than glow'rin' on the tropic daw',
 Or bleezin' splendours o' the norlan nicht.

To a stranger traversing for the first time those long gray stretches of sheep pasture or moorland in the south of Scotland there is nothing more startling than the weird, unearthly cry of the gray cur-

lew, It haunts the ear with a strange pertinacity for days after; but it is hardly more haunting than the verses in which Mr. Reid has given the bird an abiding place in Scottish song.

In his series of historical sonnet our author has supplied a long-felt want, and accomplished for Scotland, to a certain extent, what Wordsworth and others have so magnificently performed for the more imperial pageant of English history. In these finely-cut gems he has clearly and concisely expressed—caught and crystalized so to speak—the popular sentiment that attaches to many household names and stirring events in the annals of his country, and for this alone his countrymen, both at home and abroad, owe him a deep debt of gratitude.

From among the portraits in this gallery we abstract this powerful and suggestive silhouette of “Wallace at Stirling Bridge:”

Colossal shape ! half hidden in the gloom
Of murky centuries, through which we strain
Pride-quicken'd eyes in keen attempts to gain
A clearer vision of the forms that loom
In that far distance ; pigmies in hosts are there
Unknown, unnoted ; but thy godlike form
Towers majestic through the hurtling storm
Of battle ; lo ! thy terrible arm is bare,
Dealing destruction on thy country's foes ;
With swelling hearts we view its matchless force
Sweep all before it in its glorious course ;
And as the tyrant reels beneath its blows—
Thy visor up—almost we can descry
The deathless sorrow in thy steadfast eye.

"Poems, Songs and Sonnets" is inscribed to Sir Donald A. Smith, Hon. President of the Caledonian Society of Montreal, "a representative Scot, whose love for the Old Land manifests itself on every available occasion." We heartily commend the book as a worthy and valuable addition to every Scotsman's library. It is published by Alex. Gardner Paisley."

In 1895 Peter Kinnear, Esq., of Albany, N. Y.—as true and patriotic a Scot, by the way, as there is in America—offered a prize wreath through the North American United Caledonian Association, for the best Scottish poem or song submitted to a special committee, which the association was to appoint at its 1896 meeting. Needless to state that a large number both of poems and songs was duly submitted and carefully examined by the committee, Messrs. Captain James Moir, of Scranton, Pa., Andrew D. Weir, Esq., of Patterson, Pa., and Prof. Clark Murray, of Montreal. The verdict of these gentlemen placed the wreath on the brow of Mr. Reid and I have now great pleasure in appending a copy of this very tender and truly mentorious prize poem:

KIRKBRIDE.

[It is related of an old native of this district that the last request he made while on his deathbed was "Bury me in Kirkbride, for there's much of God's redeemed dust lies there;" and, taking advantage of the license which all rhymers are apt

to arrogate to themselves, I have put the beautiful words into the mouth of an old Covenanter, who is supposed to have survived the persecution.—R. R.

Bury me in Kirkbride,
 Where the Lord's redeemed anes lie ;
 The auld kirkyaird on the grey hillside,
 Under the open sky ;
 Under the open sky,
 On the briest o' the braes sae steep,
 And side by side wi' the banes that lie
 Streikt there in their hinmaist sleep :
 This puir dune body maun sune be dust,
 But it thrills wi' a stoun' o' pride,
 To ken it may mix wi' the great and just,
 That slumber in thee, Kirkbride.

Little o' peace or rest
 Had we, that hae aften stude
 Wi' oor face to the foe on the mountain's crest,
 Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude ;
 Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude
 For the richts that the Covenant claimed,
 And ready wi' life to mak' language gude
 Gin the King or his kirk we blamed ;
 And aften I thocht in the dismal day
 We'd never see gloamin' tide,
 But melt like the cranreuch's rime that lay
 I' the dawin, abune Kirkbride.

But gloamin' fa's at last
 On the dour, dreich, dinsome day,
 And the trouble through whilk we hae safely past
 Lea's us weary and wae ;
 Lea's us weary and wae,
 And fain to be laid, limb-free,

In a dreamless dwawm to be airtit away
To the shores o' the crystal sea ;
Far frae the toil, and the moil, and the murk,
And the tyrant's curséd pride,
Row'd in a wreath o' the mists that lurk
Heaven-sent, aboot auld Kirkbride.

Wheesht ! did the saft win' speak ?
Or a yaumerin' nicht bird cry ?
Did I dream that a warm haun' touch'd my cheek,
And a winsome face gade by ?
And a winsome face gade by,
Wi' a far-aff licht in its een,
A licht that bude come frae the dazlin' sky,
For it spak' o' the starnies sheen :
Age may be donart, and dazed and blin',
But I'se warrant, whate'er betide,
A true heart there made tryst wi' my ain,
And the tryst-word seemed Kirkbride.

Hark ! frae the far hill-taps
And laich frae the lanesome glen,
Some sweet psalm tune like a late dew draps
Its wild notes down the win' ;
Its wild notes down the win',
Wi' a kent soun' owre my min'
For we sang't on the muir, a wheen huntit men,
Wi' oor lives in oor haun' langsyne ;
But never a voice can disturb this sang,
Were it Claver'se in a' his pride,
For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransom'd thrang
Forgether'd abune Kirkbride.

I hear May Moril's tongue
That I wistna to hear again,

And there—'twas the black McMichael's rung
Clear in the closin' strain,
Clear in the closin' strain,
Frae his big heart, bauld and true :
It stirs my saul as in days bygane,
When his gude braidsword he drew :
I needs maun be aff to the muirs ance mair,
For he'll miss me by his side :
I' the thrang o' the battle I aye was there,
And sae maun it be in Kirkbride.

Rax me a staff and plaid,
That in readiness I may be,
And dinna forget that THE BOOK be laid
Open, across my knee ;
Open, across my knee,
And a text close by my thoom,
And tell me true, for I scarce can see,
That the word's are, " Lo, I come ; "
Then carry me through at the Cample ford,
And up by the lang hillside,
And I'll wait for the comin' o' God, the Lord,
In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride !



REV. BURTON W. LOCKHART, D.D.

Among the various less known American poets whose writings I have been studying of late, and from which I acknowledge having received much intellectual enjoyment, is the Rev. Burton Wellesley Lockhart, D.D., the beloved and highly respected pastor of the Franklin Street Congregational Church, Manchester, N. H. Like many other true poets, however, and especially like those who do not put their pen under tribute for a livelihood, this gentleman's natural modesty, or shall I call it lack of confidence in his own abilities, keeps him from appearing, except at rare intervals, before the reading world, as a writer of verses. True, he is not a voluminous writer, and he makes no claim to the title of poet, but he certainly deserves great credit for the poems he has produced. Indeed, I entertain a very high opinion of his poetical writings, and I can conscientiously point to all of his pieces as being of a very superior order of merit. Alexander Smith in one of his delightful essays, "Men of Letters," says: "I would rather be Charles Lamb than Charles XII. I would rather be remembered by a song than by a victory. I would rather build a fine sonnet than have built St. Paul's. I would rather be the discoverer of a new image than the discover-

er of a new planet. Fine phrases I value more than banknotes. I have ear for no other harmony than the harmony of words." Dr. Lockhart might easily and appropriately echo these sentiments in connection with his own writings, as they abound in fine sonnets, fine phrases, beautiful images and similes. Here, for instance, is a small cluster of bright thoughts gathered at random from his various poems:

One vision lingers of the dawn,
One bell-voice of the early chime.

The chalice of the wine of youth
Still pours its living streams ;
And lo ! we mind the olden truth,
And dream the early dreams.

We felt
The sacramental touch of God.

Pictures that gleam
About the calm horizon of our life,
In gorgeous setting.

God grant that when our hairs are gray—
When twilight blurs the page,
The music of our dawning day
May charm our lonely age !

Bloom, sweet magnolia—orange boughs,
In stranger southland fields afar ;
Ye saw her ; mindless of our vows,
Asleep beneath the Southern star.

Call your once sky-colored thought
The chaste exordium of life's meaning speech,
The faultless prelude of life's deeper song.

Lo ! here is truth ! Lo ! there she stands !
Bow down, and cry, All hail !
Still she looks on us, far withdrawn,
With stars and clouds bedight ;
The vision of our spirit's dawn,
The watchfire of our night.

Was summer music in the trees
When I stood lonely on that shore
Where restful lies, by restless seas,
The lov'd one I can see no more ?

In early life I rhymed, and sang and dreamed ;
Haunted the woods at morn, at eve, at night,
And listened to the tremulous, whispering leaves ;
The rill that rippled, and the daffodil,
That bloom'd, had mystic language for my soul.

Our theories may well decay
If what we do endures.

Not Burns alone
Gauged ale-house casks for bread, when his high muse
Should have been striking flakes of living fire
From rich mosaics of ideal worlds.
We do it better now ; a consulship
Will shelve the poet in him as completely.

When first the slave of bestial wars,
Before his soul stood awed,
First felt the glory of the stars,
And sang a hymn to God.

The frequent-smattering man,
The wide-read miss, who glibly talks of books,
Conned on the title-page—of Milton talks—
Sublime ; reading a fragmentary sketch
In school books—these are fitting types of half
The educated world.

Many of Dr. Lockhart's poems were printed in "The Masque of Minstrels" (a book of excellent poetry, and one which I have already noticed in connection with the poem, of the Rev. Arthur John Lockhart.—(See page 136).

They are distinguished by great beauty, originality of thought, refined taste, choice language, and an inspiring moral tone which cannot be too highly commended. His sonnets are at once musical and striking, and are sufficient to prove that he possesses poetical talent of great power. Let us look for a moment at the two on Wordsworth and Keats. These are among the earliest of his compositions, but he need never hesitate to place them side by side with the work of his more mature years:

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth ! the tender rapture of thy song
Hath touched long-slumbering chords of grief and
joy ;
Hath poured a consecrating light along
Those days when I too roamed, a passionate boy,
Courting the mountain winds, the stars on high,
Living in sensuous dreamy phantasy—
And felt the power of river, grove and sea,

With all that gives delight to ear or eye,
What though thy full experience is confined
To spirits finely toned, who can aspire
Above faint types to the Eternal Mind?
Enough! My soul hath caught thy lofty fire,
And drawn deep lessons from those years that lie
Asleep in dreams and visions of immortality!

KEATS.

Poet! who roamest in a fairyland,
Too rich and passionate for this sober earth,
Thou surely hast some talismanic wand,
Or genius, of a more 'han mortal birth,
Who steers thy bark o'er strange, enchanted seas,
To islands fairer than th' Hesperides;
Where thy glad eyes do wonderingly behold
A touch, transmuting e'en the rocks to gold.
There thro' voluptuous skies, and blooming shades,
An unimaginable glory falls.
When the pale moon gleams thro' the silver'd glades,
And star-born halos fill their verdurous halls;
And mystic music trembles to and fro,
From one lone nightingale that chanteth soft and low.

The Rev. Matthew Richey Knight (editor of *Canada* and himself a poet), writing a sketch on "Pastor Felix" in the Canadian *Methodist Magazine*, says: "Eighteen out of the one hundred and twenty-eight pieces in this volume were written by the younger brother, Burton W. Lockhart. A few quotations from these will give us reason to regret that this younger brother has not given more encouragement to his poetical powers, and made frequent excursions

with the muse. Here is the concluding stanza of
"Bird on the Sea:"

There is hope, there is joy, for a wing as free
And a heart as constant as One above
Hath given to thee !
To the ear that is open, to the eye that would see,
To faith, in the dark—in the sunshine, love—
There is never despair, for with God we move,
Bird on the sea !

"The Retrospect" is a poem read before the annual meeting of the Acadia College Alumni in June, 1886. I quote two stanzas:

Trust thy soul's highest vision—trust !
Think not to touch and taste ;
Time's ancient mystery—poor dust !
For thee will not make haste.

Truth comes in holy, earnest strife :
The Hamlets dream and die :
What boots on Obermann's sick life,
An Amiel's weary cry ?

Dr. Lockhart has been a student of the poetic literature of all ages and nations, and particularly of the English. His taste is classical and severe. Among his principal favorites he names Tennyson, whose exquisite art and fineness of temperament delight him. He is a rapid, omnivorous reader, and has the ability of penetrating to the heart of any book or document, and getting the gist and kernel

of it. He keeps abreast of the thought of the time, and seeks to master contemporary problems, philosophical, socialistic, theological and religious.

Among the poems of special note written by him, and printed in the *Masque*, are: "Sir Richard Trenville," "Bird on the Sea," "The Retrospect," "Talking by the Sea," "Wordsworth," "In Solemn Vision," "The Singer," "In Memoriam," "The Old Home," "Fragment of an Epistle" and "To Abbie in Florida." He has written many very fine poems, however, since these were published, and of these we give two brief specimens:

A SONG OF LOVE.

Love sayeth : Sing of me !
What else is worth a song ?
I had refrained
Lest I should do Love wrong.

Clean hands and a pure heart,
I prayed, and I will sing ;
But all I gained
Brought to my word no wing.

Stars, sunshine, seas and skies,
Earth's graves, the holy hills
Were all in vain ;
No breath the dumb pipe fills.

I dreamed of splendid praise,
And Beauty, watching by
Gray shores of Pain :
My song turned to a sigh.

I saw in virgin eyes
The mother-warmth that makes
The dead earth quick
In ways no spring awakes.

No song! In vain to sight
Life's clear arch-heavenward sprang.
Heart still or sick—
I loved! Ah, then I sang!

BIRTH OF MUSIC.

When and where was Music born?
When the strong gods, one great morn
Made for man a heart of fire—
Love, with infinite desire.

Ages long Love wandered dumb,
Dreaming on the things to come,
Till the strong gods, quit of wrong,
Crowned her loveliness with song.

Like his brother, the Rev. Arthur John Lockhart, he has been a denizen of the Gaspereau Valley, and a lover of that sweet scenic river. This he sings in one of his poems entitled "Gaspereau:"

Eight years! It seems not long ago—
Comrades who walked with me!
Since last we watch'd the Gaspereau
Flow singing to the sea.

O pensive walks, when trees were full,
Under the harvest moon!
Long thoughts, by river beautiful
As Burns' Bonny Doon.

The orchards blossom white as foam,
The air with nectar fills :
Once more we laugh and dream and roam
In sunshine on the hills.

O rich in hope ! O brave in deed !
Those days are gone forever ;
And yet, unchanged, the blooming mead
Smiles on its lipping river.

Dr. Lockhart was born on the twenty-fourth of January, 1855, at Lockhartville, township of Horton, county of Kings, Nova Scotia (the heart of the Acadian country). He is the third child of a family of seven. His father, Nathan Albert Lockhart, was a master mariner and died only last year. He was of Scotch and English ancestry, while the mother, Elizabeth Ann Bezanson, of Chester, N. S., is of Scotch and Huguenot descent. There stirs in our author's veins the blood of certain resolute Huguenots, who left the old town of Besancon, France, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, "choosing exile and poverty with freedom, faith and conscience rather than titles and landed estates without." It is related of his ancestor, Benson, that he rode from Paris to Switzerland with his bride on horseback and later came to the British provinces where there was religious liberty. Dr. Lockhart received a good education and began teaching while yet a youth at college. He afterwards entered Acadia College, Wolfville, a Baptist institution from which in due

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time he graduated with high honors. After preaching for one year and three months at Lockport, N. S., he took another course of religious instruction at the Newton Theological Seminary and then became pastor of the Baptist Church, Suffield, Conn. Here he married Miss Frances M. Upson, preceptress of the Classical Institution, a lady in all respects his equal and as worthy a companion for him as he was for her. In 1888 he experienced a change of faith, having become more in sympathy with the liberal conservative element in Congregationalism. He also at this time removed to Chicopee, Mass., where he ministered for some time to a large congregation. Dr. Trask, of Springfield, writing of him at this time, says:—

“Perhaps no preacher in the little city to the north of us has so many strangers in his congregation drawn by his pulpit power. . . . It is a rare Sunday when there are not some Springfield people in the audience. . . . There are also a number who come down regularly from the Falls, while visitors from the street, Willimansett and West Springfield, are not infrequent. Dr. Lockhart is now in the full prime of life, and his studies in philosophy and general literature, no less than in religion, combine to make him not only a pleasing conversationalist, but an instructive and inspiring preacher. . . . His parishioners in all of the pastorates he has filled have loved him intensely. His gentleness of spirit, united with rare intellectual

powers, captivates his audience. He has humanity, as the phrenologists would say, in a large degree, and his people feel it. He has a keen, searching mind, and his people know it, so that he is both beloved and admired. Literature is pastime, preaching his passion. He loves philosophy, but truth he adores. A finely-shaped and good-sized head, features clear and well-cut, the eyes large and dark and suffused with a mellow and attractive light, are the elements of Dr. Lockhart's physical appearance, which are the most impressive and commanding. As one of his parishioners expressed it, 'He is the biggest man of his size I ever saw.'" He was installed as pastor of the Franklin Street Congregational Church, Manchester, New Hampshire, January 24, 1894.

And later on Dr. Trask gives us still a further insight into Lockhart's character and writings in the following graphic language: "He has that rare faculty which rhetoricians call vision—the power of seeing abstract things as if they were alive, and hence he is never dull or commonplace. If his eyes are open, so that he preaches by sight, his inner vision is open also, and he speaks by insight, too. He is a poet—not that he indulges largely in rhyme, although he has written verse which is fine, both in quality and in finish, but he sees truth in pictures, and all his illustrations and much of his diction have a rich poetic charm. There is newness in all his work. . . . He has range and breadth, and im-

presses you as being an original investigator and thinker. He is never obscure. The sunlight plays in every sentence. His simplicity is strength. His genial temperament makes him a cheerful speaker. He leaves no gloom on the spirit as it goes back into the hard, grinding world. . . . He believes not only in sunlight but in sunshine. A subtle humor pervades many a sentence. A little shaft of satire sometimes breaks the monotony of the thought, or a bit of irony arrests the attention. But the general impression is that of a serious and reverent thinker, whose clear mind and sincere heart are speaking in the calm impressive tone of a persuasive and mobile voice. When he has finished you feel that you have been listening not only to a sermon but to a man.

Dr. Lockhart became pastor of the Franklin Street Congregationalist Church, Manchester, N. H., on January 24, 1894. Here is his latest composition, a compliment to the town where he now resides :

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE INCORPORATION OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

Queen City of the Granite State,
Great be thy soul as thou art great :
Thy nurturing hills sweep round thee free,
Thy river floweth to the sea.

The ramparts of the Lord thy God
Guard thee by day and night unawed,

Their purple banners high unfurled
Greet each new morning of the world.

Great God ! we lift this hymn of praise
To Thee who measurest out our days—
The Lord of all that live and die,
At whose command the centuries fly.

For fifty proud triumphant years,
For wealth that cost not blood nor tears,
For the high hopes that kept us young,
For noble griefs that made us strong.

For peace that brooded like a dove,
For household plenty, joy and love,
For freedom won in glorious strife,
For life that cost our best of life.

For old heroic memories,
Borne to us from the distant days,
And for our holy quiet graves,
Where the wind whispers in the leaves.

For greater hopes that led us on,
For splendid dreams of days to come,
When purer faiths and truer creeds
Shall blossom into kindlier deeds.

For these we lift this hymn of praise
To Thee who measurest out our days,
The lord of all that live and die,
At whose command the centuries fly.

Queen City of the Granite State
Great be thy soul as thou art great ;
Thy nurturing hills sweep round thee free,
Thy river floweth to the sea.

It is unnecessary for us to say anything further in connection with the ministry of Dr. Lockhart after the glowing words already quoted of Dr. Trask. We have recorded our opinion of him as a poet, and we will now conclude with a stanza from one of his talented brother's well-known poems:

Still let thy rustic, untaught muse
Tune his wild harp from every spray,
Mimic the notes the wild birds use,
Weaving a sweet and artless lay;
And though no grand applause be given—
Though Fame no laurel wreath accord,
The meaning song shall rise to heaven,
And Love shall bring her own reward.



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WILLIAM T. JAMES.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Mr. James was born in Cheltenham, England, February 22d, 1861. His life thus far has been a varied and rather eventful one. While yet on the callow side of twenty, he slipped away from home to gratify a desire for adventure, and was next heard of in London, where he had landed from an ocean voyage. Induced to return to his father in Hereford, before a year had elapsed he was off again, and from that time until he came to anchor in the harbor of wedlock he led a roving life, travelling extensively in England, Ireland, Wales, Spain, Portugal and the United States. A printer by trade, he, like Walt. Whitman, found this occupation suitable to his itinerant habits. "If I can't write books I'll print them," he said, on beginning his apprenticeship; and not only has he fulfilled this declaration, but, as the proprietor of a printing office in Toronto, Canada, he has had the additional satisfaction of printing and publishing some of his own literary productions.

Poetical and prose contributions to various periodicals led to the publication of his "Rhymes Afloat and Afield" in 1891. Although the author thinks the book contains many blemishes and some evidence of hasty preparation, it was received by the critics with more than ordinary favor. It is certain-

ly a very commendable book of skilfully turned verse, its chief merit being the picturesque and realistic character of its subject-matter, its unaffected naturalness and simplicity, and a virility of expression which appeals strongly to the imagination.

In his nautical poems there are spontaneity, buoyancy and vigor besides a wholesome, refreshing flavor that smacks of the "breezy blue." Indeed, not to appreciate these is to evince indifference to everything germane to salt water.

Perhaps the best indication of Mr. James' standing in the literary world is the fact that he has contributed to *The Century Magazine*, *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, *Puck*, *The Metaphysical Magazine*, *The Canadian Magazine*, *The Week*, *Walsh's Magazine* and other American and Canadian publications too numerous to mention.

Of the poems which accompany this sketch, the reader is able to judge for himself.

Since the publication of this book, however, Mr. James—not satisfied with first efforts—has set assiduously to work at the revision of its contents, which, in their improved form, together with many later compositions of undoubted excellence, should some day make a volume of goodly size and place him in a still higher position among the Canadian literateurs.

WAITING.

Ah ! me. The day, for years desired, is spent—
This festival, which should my love restore.

O love-lorn heart, who wooed with blandishment,
Is lost to thee—is lost forevermore :
The reckoned time is o'er.

The beach the hour appointed knows, and yearns
To feel the cooling torrent on its breast ;
Not once it ebbs, but duly it returns
At turn of tide, and will not be repressed :
Untrue *my* plighted guest !

How eagerly the earth awaits the sun,
And doffs her garb of shadow to assume
A mantle green, with blossoms interspun,
And sees with joy his countenance illumine
All that he left in gloom.

Yet am I still awaiting him I love,
Although the hour is past when he should come.
Like a forlorn and mateless turtle-dove,
I sit and pine within a cheerless home,
Disconsolate and dumb.

All through the term of loneliness I kept
A faithful vigil, I can truly say ;
In dreams for him still yearning as I slept ;
In sleepless watches sighing time away,
Expectant of to-day.

To-day, alas ! is almost yesterday,
And he—false one !—in absence lingers yet,
Nor comes his debt of promises to pay.
Could he, in life, that solemn pledge forget ?
Owes he *another* debt ?

O jealous heart ! In mercy make excuse,
Nor let thy passions riot o'er this slight.

Why sharpen words to weapons of abuse?
Hope yet a little till has taken flight
Th' eleventh hour of night.

Bethink thee of the neap-tide's fickle flow—
How many leagues of strand await in vain
Its sulky waves, that half-way come and go
Until by moon propitious swelled again.
Judge harshly not thy swain.

Remember seasons, too, of rain and gloom,
When clouds obscure the sun and earth is drear.
Blame not the orb that should the sky illumine :
It shineth constantly ; the atmosphere
The morrow maketh clear.

Who knows what hindrance may have thwarted haste?
Oft trifles have a journey long delayed.
I'll trim the lamp within the casement placed,
Lest he shall say he in the darkness strayed,
And bide me, undismayed.

What sound was that—the opening of the gate?
A footstep? Yes! It halts—I hear a knock!
O love! thrice welcome, though thou comest late,
And chimes the midnight from the steeple clock.
I will the door unlock.

A DRIFTING ICEBERG.

A crystal mountain on the azure wave,
Bald as to verdure, but aflame with hues,
Its gorgeous splendor of prismatic light
Reflects the radiance of an Arctic night
Upon the liquid path of its lone cruise ;
While Boreas from each green, abyssmal cave
Evokes the shrieks of long-imprisoned gnomes,

And steers them and their island day by day,
With grim persistence, to a Southern clime,
Where ponderous peak and pinnacle sublime
Shall dwindle slowly till they melt away.
Down from the North majestically it comes :
At times in view of travellers' raptured eyes,
And often insulated by the skies.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

AN ALLEGORY.

I looked upon the world, and lo !
A ghastly mount, whose streams were blood,
Rose, writhing, from the plains below,
All sodden with its crimson flood.

Upon its summit was a throne
Of hideous skulls, and on it sate
A man whose higher self had flown—
The genius of a world of hate.

Up—up its quivering slopes there pressed
An eager but a heartless throng,
Who knew not love, nor peace, nor rest,
And he who led them on was Wrong.

From many hearts and hearths laid waste,
From peaceful dynasties o'erthrown,
They upward bore, with eager haste,
The trophies they had fought to own.

And laid their wrested tribute down
Before the soulless one, their king.
'Midst spoils of many a plundered town,
I saw a ravished matron's ring ;

And wealth untold from city marts,
The gains of greed, the price of blood ;
Truth, honor, wisdom, children's hearts ;
Virtue deflowered while in the bud—

All piled in one promiscuous heap,
The price that wanton Pride will pay
For power and place, though it should reap
Its sins in sorrow in their day.

Then he, the king of worldly fame,
Began to mete out their reward :
To some he gave a sounding name ;
To some with reputation marred,

He granted license to control
The tongues of men to vaunt their praise ;
To them who lacked a noble soul
He gave the gift of courtly phrase ;

To some a title to bequeath,
Won in a fierce, rapacious fight ;
On many a brow he placed a wreath
Of flowers that faded ere the night.

And whatsoever thing they sought,
They paid the price and gained their end ;
But greater curse was seldom bought
Than riches purchased with a friend.

When all were served, not one was pleased.
One had a crown, yet felt remorse ;
Another wealth, but was diseased ;
Who had a carriage, craved a horse.

And so they fell to fighting hard,
And mangled whom they could not slay :
None were content with their reward,
For none had walked in Wisdom's way.

Up from the stones I heard a groan,
And when I looked at them again,
I cried to him upon the throne :
“ *Behold these writhing stones are men !* ”

He answered with a mocking laugh :
“ Know ye, the road that leads to fame
Is paved with mankind's nether half,
Whom they may bruise who crave a name.”

I stood aghast in speechless pain ;
I felt the anguish of the stones ;
I saw the millions war has slain,
And then I cried in piercing tones :

“ How long, O God, shall these things be ?
When will Thy hand avenge the weak ?
How long this nightmare misery ?
Speak, Spirit of Thy Justice, speak ! ”

I listened, and I heard a voice—
A still small voice within my breast,
That said prophetically : “ Rejoice !
The clouds are clearing in the West.

“ The gleams of a new era break
Athwart these portents of decay,
Though mighty truths the world must shake
Ere darkness brightens into day.

"What time that halcyon day shall burst
In splendor on the suffering rife,
The follies mankind long have nursed ;
Oppression—fruitful cause of strife ;

"The basic selfishness of man
(The motive whence his actions spring) ;
The envy screened by Fashion's fan,
Or shown by him who stabs a king ;

"The wretched poverty of love ;
The squalor of the human heart ;
The ignorance of things above
Trade, gossip, reason, science, art ;

"Distortions of perverted good,
Held sacred, though so misconceived ;
The error that as truth has stood,
And cruel creeds, so long believed—

"All these shall dissipate like mist
That broods o'er valleys through the night,
When Earth's fair forehead has been kissed
By her resplendent bridegroom's light.

"The seer and sage, from lofty peaks
Of higher altitudes of thought,
Have long perceived effulgent streaks
That distant mountain-tops have caught.

"They've watched the signs that herald morn
With eyes that scanned their varying tints,
And prophesied, despite of scorn,
This dawn which the horizon glints.

"Like watchmen on a city tow'r,
They still proclaim the day's approach
To torpid minds, that note the hour,
Then their disturbers' voice reproach :

" 'Tis false ! I see no sunlight peep
Into my *shuttered* chamber yet.
Cease thy report and let me sleep,
That I such tidings may forget !'

" But ever and anon a cry
Gives warning of the coming change,
While sluggards ask the reason why,
And deem this exhortation strange :

" 'Awake ! ye dreamers, and arise ;
Your minds with knowledge now array,
For bright and brighter glow the skies
With sunshine of the dawning day.' "

THE UNUTTERABLE DESIRE.

The pensive youth resumes his irksome task
Behind the plow, and goads the drowsy team ;
But every common object wears a mask,
And e'en the oxen teach him how to dream.

He needs must pause. (How quick the burly beasts
Perceive the liberal license of his mood,
And stand at ease while wayward Fancy feasts
With paladins, returned all blood-imbrued).

And while the stately cavalcade is formed,
And helmèd knights their battle-steeds bestride,
And fields are won, and feudal castles stormed,
The setting sun proclaims it eventide.

Again the task dispels the stirring scene,
Again the furrow lengthens o'er the field ;
But who could pass a copse so dense and green
Without a glimpse of romance, there concealed ?

Here Robin Hood and stalwart Friar Tuck
Dispensed the spoils or ate their venison fare ;
Here outlawed archers tested skill and luck,
Or wound their horns, or planned a bishop's snare.

And here Maid Marion heard a lover's vow,
And here——(But oh ! prosaic, cruel Fate !
There stand the idle oxen and the plow,
And there an irate father at the gate).

And oh ! the task, and oh ! the stern demand ;
And oh ! the guilty feeling in his breast.
Is there no champion who for him will stand,
To silence wrath with Chivalry's behest ?

" A lazy lout ! " he hears his father say,
He slew a dragon, fought a host and won,
Preserved a maiden scathless through a fray,
And yet is asked : " Why is the task not done ? "

Without excuse, he meekly bears the cuff,
Then slinks, crestfallen, to his truckle-bed—
A vanquished hero, who was bold enough
Where plows were lances and where fields were red.

He cannot tell why he should be remiss,
Nor why some things a vision will inspire ;
He knows but one vague feeling, and 'tis this :
The poet's wild, unutterable desire.

Let others plow, and others plant the corn ;
Let others moil in servitude's degree ;
But he *must* dream, though waking brings him scorn,
When each enchantment ends in misery.

He sees with envy youth engage itself
In tedious toil or boisterous merriment ;
Yet while one book, unread, is on the shelf,
He keeps his vigils as a saint keeps Lent.

Foregoing pleasure, little else he craves
Than toleration of his solitude,
And choice in spending all the cash he saves,
With some respect for each eccentric mood.

And granted these, he reigns a king supreme,
His vassals numerous as he can create.
Would he a palace? He has but to dream,
And lo ! he enters by the golden gate.

Ask him not why, nor what it is that burns
Within his breast like a consuming fire ;
He only feels that he for something yearns
With that intense, unutterable desire.



HECTOR MACPHERSON.

That portion of the British Empire known as the Highlands of Scotland, is particularly rich in poetry, song and legendary lore. While we usually think of the men cradled and reared among the heather hills as a restless and warlike race, still history credits them with being a heroic race; an earnest, patriotic, determined, unconquerable race, but withal a gentle, warm-hearted, honorable, God-serving race, from which have sprung preachers, philosophers, novelists and poets whose names are familiar throughout the world.

Not very long since, a sturdy and intelligent representative Highlander—Hector Macpherson, bade farewell to his native hills, and after a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic took up his residence in the great cosmopolitan city of New York. He brought with him letters of introduction to several influential people here, but he soon found that his principal passport to the friendship and the homes of these parties consisted of a little volume of musings entitled "Heather Blossoms," which he carried with him. This little work he had published on the other side some time previous to his becoming impressed with the idea that he might possibly better his condition and extend his fame were he to emigrate to

America. In the course of time he obtained congenial employment in the office of a city newspaper, and here we propose leaving him while we take a look into the little volume referred to.

There is a wealth of poetic feeling and thought in "Heather Blossoms" which promises much for the future success of Mr. Macpherson as a poet. He certainly gives evidence at present of being no novice in the art of writing poetry, as the majority of his compositions have all the beauty and smoothness and finish of a more experienced and more venerable bard. He writes naturally, his language is delicate and always well chosen, his style refined, his rhyme perfect, and his ideas seem to have been carefully studied out before being presented to his friends or permitted to appear in print.

There are sixty-two pieces in the book, all more or less characterized by a true poetic spirit. Here is the opening poem, as dainty a piece of Scottish verse, by the way, as we could wish to read. It is a cry from the heart, a reaching out after home, a lament from a foreign land, and it is sweetly perfumed with the fragrance of the heather:

SCOTLAND'S FLOWER.

There are flowers in lands afar, frien',
May cheer fond hearts out there,
And fling their gentle fragrance
Upon the caller air;

But, ah ! my soul aft wearies
For hame across the sea,
Where bonnie heather sweetly blooms—
The dearest flower to me.

Erin's bairns may weave a wreath
O' shamrock fair and green,
An' garlands o' the roses
May charm gay English een ;
Gi'e unto me the heath frae
The mountain's ragged broo—
It whispers tales o' those I kent,
The gallant, kind, an' true.

Whar thou, sweet flower, bloomed fairest,
Our fathers worshipped God ;
Out o'er thy regal purple,
A foeman never trod ;
The sons o' Caledonia
Their hearts' blood aft did gi'e,
That thou might'st ever bloom amang
The noble an' the free.

There are many similiar poems to this, in "Heather Blossoms." A sweet musical cadence runs through all of them, and they possess more than a passing interest for the lovers of the Scottish muse.

"Lady Margaret," "Where He Sleepeth," "A Woeful Tale," "Gathering Clouds," "A Curler's Lilt," "Gloom and Glory," "Amid the Shadows," "After Many Days" and "My Bairn at Sea" are all exceptionally good poems and will always win friends for themselves wherever they become known. The last named piece has been widely copied by the

British press and not very long ago the writer met with it in the columns of an American Journal.

MY BAIRN AT SEA.

When the gloamin' creeps doon
Frae the tap o' the hill,
An' the beams o' the moon
Licht oor valley sae still,
Aften lanesome I rove,
While the tears dim my e'e,
For the bairn o' my love
On the turbulent sea.

Tho' lang years hae ta'en flicht
Since he gaed frae his hame ;
In my dream ilka nicht
Do I murmur his name ;
His kin' letters I seek,
They bring pleasure to me,
For o' love do they speak
Frae my bairn on the sea.

When the storm-fiend doth sweep
Thro' the woods on the brae,
Ne'er in peace can I sleep,
When my heart is sae wae,
But I pray that His han'
O'er the ocean may be,
An' bring safely to lan'
My brave bairn on the sea.

Oh ! then hasten the morn
When I'll greet him again,
An' wi' fear nae mair torn
When the win' mak's its mane,

Frae the dawnin' till nicht
 Shall my heart blythesome be,
 A' the dark shall be licht,
 When my bairn's frae the sea.

Among the other English compositions in the volume is a sonnet on Shelley which is so talented in every way that it at once proves Macpherson to be a poet of no small merit. It is a perfect gem of its kind, without a line or a thought which we could wish to alter:

P. B. S.—1792-1892.

'Tis but an hundred fleeting years ago,
 When slumb'ring nature stirred her from her sleep,
 And bade the soul of music sweetly flow
 Across time's dark and dreary tuneless deep.
 High Heaven bent an ear unto the cry,
 Vowed earth no more should pine beneath such wrong,
 Forthwith a minstrel true it sent from high,
 A gentle soul whose only speech was song.
 He seized his harp, and o'er a list'ning world,
 From shades of lone seclusion's sacred sphere,
 Such strains ecstatic he to all had hurled,
 That nations, all entranced, had paused to hear.
 We bless thee for the song thou'st left behind,
 'Tis but one joy the more to human kind.

In the Spring of 1896 Mr. Macpherson published a second volume of poetry under the title of "Here's to the Heather." In reviewing this work, the *Edinburgh Scotsman* said:

"Mr. Hector Macpherson's book, "Here's to the

Heather," will be read with interest as the work of a Scotsman in America whose thoughts run easily into rhyme when they revert to his native country. The distinguishing quality of the pieces in dialect is a tenderness for Scotland that is touched gracefully by an exile's melancholy. Besides these Scottish pieces the book has many in the standard English—lyrics which reflect the spirit of the fashionable poetry of the past generation—that of Byron and Moore—rather than of the present day. It has been said of Burns, to the offence of many indiscriminating admirers, though not without some reason, that he was never so successful in English as in Scottish. The remark is not applicable to Mr. Macpherson, or indeed to any but very few who have written since the time of Burns. The dialect seems often affected for the purposes of poetical expression. Mr. Macpherson's Scottish is far from being the false or manufactured article which one meets with in drawing-room songs and in the work of some poets. But he writes better, on the whole, and with less reminiscence of mere bookish words and phrases, when he drops the dialect. But whether in the homely or in the literary speech, he writes with so sincere a regard for all that is most characteristic of Scotland that readers here cannot but be touched as well as pleased by the tender patriotism of his verses."

Hector Macpherson was born on the tenth of April, 1864, at Tain, in Ross-shire, Scotland. His boy-hood days were happy ones, but in educational matters he

was considerably hampered by a defect in his sight. This defect, however, has been in a great measure happily remedied. At the age of fifteen he removed to Inverness, the great capital of the Highlands, and here it was that he first began to weave his thoughts into verse. He gradually became perfect in this work and for the last eight or ten years he has been contributing articles and poems to some of the leading newspapers and magazines of the old world. A few further details in connection with his life may be gleaned from the following epistle addressed to the writer:

GENEALOGICAL.

TO JOHN D. ROSS, ON HIS ASKING FOR SOME
BIOGRAPHICAL DATA.

My life's tale I unfold to view
Its dreams and hopes in order due,
Scant gold : much dross ;
But mercy here ye shall extend,
For Scotia's minstrels found a friend
In John D. Ross.

My worthy frien', I scarce can tell
Wherein my forbears' footsteps fell
But haith, I doot that poortith snell
Did nip them sair
For ne'er in ae place wad they dwell
Noo here, noo there.

My grandsire's is the oldest name
Unto my listenin' ears that came :
He ance midst scenes well kent to fame

Stood staunch an' true ;
He fought for glory an' his hame
At Waterloo.

Syne he in my auld native toon
When nigh full ninety years gaed roun',
Laid a' his heavy burdens down,
For a' naun dee ;
An' noo in peace he slumbers soun',
Fast by the sea.

Wha can Dame Nature's power restrain
When youthfu' ardour fires ilk vein !
My sire mang martial scenes was fain
To stand or fa' ;
While life's gay morn was a' his ain
He gaed awa'.

Ere lang 'fore Scotia's foes he stood
Where Death in strange and fearsome mood
Wrought 'mang the noble an' the good
Maist direfu' ill,
An' there he marked a brother's blood
Stain Alma's hill.

Syne oot upon far India's shore
The bloody brand of war he bore
Avenging mony a pang fu' sore
That bled at hame,
Then wi' his wounds an little more
To Scotland came.

Faith shone upon his early days
He noo to cheer his aulder ways
Does good, nor censure heeds, nor praise,

Aids a' he can ;
Thus doon life's gloamin' noo he strays
An honest man.

My aged mither blessings cheer
Her life's lang journey year by year,
May sorrow ne'er again draw near
To wake a plaint,
She's to the bosom far mair dear
Than queen or saint.

War's glamour for oor race is spent
Where furious passions madly blent,
Nor e'er midst bloody scenes intent
Was I to stray,
Fain wad I rove in sweet content
In peacefu' way.

Mr. Macpherson is a young man with hopeful optimistic views of life, and it is no doubt due to this fact that many of the poems contained in his books are on the subject of love. These poems, as may readily be surmised, are characterized by a great purity of thought, added to which is an intensely affectionate spirit. Besides this they contain numerous lines of really exquisite poetry. Among the best of them are those addressed "To a Lady," "To Love's Truant," "Love's Charms," "Love's Recompense," "Love's Petition," "Jessie Mine," and "A Lassie's Lament." There are also some very tender and touching little poems that might appropriately be termed "Serious Love Poems," and of these we attach a specimen:

WILT THOU FORGET?

When I am laid among the dead,
My darling, wilt thou weep for me?
Or when my spirit thence has fled,
Shalt thou forget who loved but thee?
Yet if from earth first thou should'st stray,
I'd fret my drooping soul away.

Let no vain show of inane art
Oppress the tomb where I shall rest,
My monument—a loving heart
Is all I seek, 'tis still the best;
And may that heart be thine alone,
Where memory sets her sacred throne.

Let nature deck the lowly mound
With wild luxuriance, rich and rare;
May only woodland choirs resound
To wake the hallowed stillness there.
If there thy way thou e'er would'st trace,
Let not death's shadow dim thy face.

Forbear the wild impassioned tear,
Thy riven heart may bid thee shed,
For know my spirit hovers near,
Tho' I may slumber with the dead.
E'en Heaven cannot Heaven be,
Until there thou shalt dwell with me.

In Mr. Macpherson's brief preface to his first volume he says:

"To a volume of verse in this part of the world a preface has become a regular institution, the writers giving a detailed account of the disadvantageous

circumstances under which their lines were composed, and their disinterestedness in the publication—merely getting their volume out to please a few friends. Having nothing to offer in extenuation of my crime in venturing to intrude myself among such modest singers, I place myself at the mercy of the critics to atone for my sins as they see best."

To this we would add that the critics have had their say in the matter and their verdicts, as far as the writer has seen, must have been exceedingly pleasing to the feelings of this young and talented author.



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JOHN MACFARLANE.

JOHN MACFARLANE.

("JOHN ARBORY.")

It is a singular fact that many of the finest Scottish poets of our time are to be found in the United States and Canada. "Indeed it may well be doubted," says a writer in the North British Advertiser, "if the living poets who still remain in Scotland equal those now in exile." It is unnecessary, we presume, to mention the names of the various bards now domiciled here and in Canada in support of this assertion. We have all listened at one time or other with rare pleasure, as they warbled forth their sweet and affectionate notes in our midst, and we have applauded and praised their efforts so heartily that they have at length been encouraged to lay their productions in book form before the public, and, in the majority of cases, we think they have been amply remunerated for the venture which they made. Aside from this, however, they have assisted in the building up of American and Canadian poetical literature, and their books will become valuable, and will no doubt be treasured long after the present generation has passed away.

Among the poets who have established a reputation for themselves in the new world, there are few more deserving of notice than Mr. Macfarlane, the

"John Arbory" whose musings are so frequently met with in the newspapers and weekly publications of to-day. Within the past few years this gentleman has produced a very large number of highly meritorious poems and lyrical pieces, and we feel assured that he will ere long attain a prominent position among the more notable modern Scottish poets. He certainly possesses a fine literary taste, and a healthy poetic imagination. His poems are intelligent, powerful and fascinating. They embrace a wide variety of subjects, and in most instances, are distinguished by original and lofty ideas. His expression is graceful and touching, his diction pure, his style earnest and dignified. Mr. Macfarlane was born in 1857 and spent his boyhood years in Abington, a romantic little village situated almost on the borders of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire, and near to the source of the river Clyde. (In the immediate vicinity are Arbory Hill, Arbory Glen, etc., hence the nom-de-plume "John Arbory.") In his poem entitled "The Bonnie Banks o' Clyde," he gives us an interesting and graphic account of the impressions which the natural surroundings of his birthplace conveyed to his young mind. These were happy and pleasing impressions, and time has seemingly stamped them all the more indelibly on his memory. We quote the little poem referred to here as it forms as exquisite a piece of Scottish descriptive poetry as we could wish to read:

THE BONNIE BANKS O' CLYDE.

O ! sweet are the smiles o' the simmer sun,
Whaur the sil'vry Severn shines,
An' many the gardens glittering rich,
That the winding Wye entwines ;
But fancy flies—an' I stand ance mair
In the purple gloaming-tide,
An' the gowden licht o' auld lang syne,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

I hear the croon o' the wee hill-burn,
That sings thro' the lang green glen;
Whaur the muircocks craw thro' the misty daw'
And the red fox bigs his den,
Whaur the harebell chimes to the westlan' breeze,
An' down frae the broon hillside.
The scent o' the heather fills the air,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

The lavrock lilt in the cloudless blue
An' the wee wild gowans bloom,
An' the linty chirms a lown luv-plaint,
In the bield o' the yellow broom.
The blackbird pipes, an the cushat wails,
An' faur through the plantin' wide
The springs o' life are fresh an' young,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

In the howe o' the nicht when the wan munelicht,
Lies sleepin' on cot an' ha',
When the finger o' silence has touched the hills,
An' the stars glint doun owre a';
The heart grows grit wi' the thocht o' the rest,
Whaur God's ain deid abide,
In the auld kirk-yaird on the breist o' the brae,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

Very beautiful and tender also, is the little piece entitled "A Flower," composed by Mr. Macfarlane only a few months ago. There is a charming simplicity about it, and it recalls to our minds many scenes and incidents of days now long gone by, but over which we linger lovingly. It is written in the pure lowland Scotch, and it will be welcome to many for the sweet thoughts embodied within its lines.

A FLOWER.

It cam' wi' a glint o' the scenes langsyne,
 Frae the hills that I ca' my ain ;
 An' the glens that aye wi' my dreams ir twine,
 In the howes o' my waukrife brain.
 Nae doubt 'twas a feckless thing to sen',
 But it thrilled my heart, forsooth !
 Wi' a nameless joy that few can ken,
 That flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

I hae look't on grander gems o' licht,
 An' fresher frae Nature's hand,
 But nane that were burden't wi' thocht mair bricht
 In the length or breadth o' the land ;
 For it brocht wi' its blinks o' dew-deck'd lea,
 An' its pearlins o' muirlan' truth,
 A kiss frae the mou' that I fain wad pree,—
 Sweet flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

The smiling o' Fortune may e'en gang by,
 An' the lustre o' coronets wane,
 But love, like a star in the gloamin' sky,
 Beams aft in the gloom alane ;

An' tho' 'neath the blasts o' misfortune chill,
The blossoms o' Hope may fa',
A Han' frae aboon has plantit still
A flow'r in the warld for a'.

Another excellent little production, but altogether different from the foregoing, shows how eminently adapted Mr. Macfarlane is for composing brief poems in connection with any subject on which his fancy may alight. "In Yarrow" is a perfectly finished poem in a very few lines. It is highly melodious in composition, yet plaintive and almost sad in sentiment, and no one can read it without feeling satisfied that the author possesses true and finely cultivated poetical talents.

IN YARROW.

I lay on the braes of Yarrow,
In the deepening, gloaming tide,
And my heart was stirred to a sad sweet tune,
Like the chaunting of some old bride.

Like a song from the land of Faëry,
In the mystic days of yore,
Of a ladylove to her own true knight,
When his elfin spear he bore.

For so weird was the wold and lonely,
And the emerald sward so green,
That a dreamer of eld might fancy *there*
The morrice was danced yestreen.

And the hills and the streams around me,
In the light of song were fair,
And a sad gray beauty that died away,
On "The Bush Aboon Traquair."

So I thought of Wordsworth's ballads,
'Neath the full red harvest moon,
Of the Ettrick Bard and Sir Walter Scott,
And Thomas of Erceuldoune.

Of the band of nameless singers,
Like the aun in the west sunk down,
The magic spell of whose glamourie,
Still haloes each tower and town.

And my heart was moved in Yarrow,
As the night wind moves the sea,
By the touch of a far-off strange unrest,
From the ages of gramerye.

While our author spent a number of years at the village school, he received the most important part of his education at what Caryle styles "the best university of these days, viz: a collection of Books." His father was a man of considerable learning and good intellectual abilities, but it was from his mother that he inherited his poetical tastes. In his sixteenth year he left his native village and proceeded to Glasgow. Here he obtained employment for some time in a merchantile house. He was next employed in England, and then returned to Scotland. A few years ago he crossed over to Canada, and he now holds a responsible position in a large dry goods importing house in Montreal. He began contributing poems and sketches to various newspapers and magazines when only a boy, and some of his many effusions display considerable merit and promise. The following production, for instance, is a very

creditable one for an author who had just attained his twentieth year. It was written for the inauguration of the Glasgow Burns' statue, which was unveiled by Lord Houghton on the twenty-fifth of January 1877.

A POET KING.

What meaneth this wild commotion ?
Why surgeth the crowd along ?
'Tis the natal day of a poet king,
The chief of Scottish song ;
And lo ! they come in thousands
From mountain and strath and glen,
As free in soul as the air they breathe,
To honor a Saul of men.

And grandly, hark ! is ringing
On the silv'ry stream of day,
"The rank is but of the coin the stamp,
The man's the gold for aye."
No lyric dream is this,
To thrill with its magic thrall,
No fancy caught from the wilds of thought,
But a cry from the hearts of all.

The soul of manhood leaps
In the toil-encircled throng,
They shake the earth with their bounding tread,
For he hath made them strong ;
For wreathed with the light of genius,
The labor-warrior stands,
And the bulwarks e'en of a throne might fall
If smote by his horny hands.

And the blind'd god of Mammon,
Hath paled at the minstrel's name,
And a shiver hath passed to his crusted soul
'Neath the blaze of the heavenly flame ;
The tyrant with gloom in his heart,
And the brand of Cain on his brow,
Like a craven quakes in his white-lipp'd fear,
At the gleaming of Freedom now.

* * * *

The shroud of the past hath vanished,
And the mighty-given-of-God,
Looms forth entranced with the meanest flower,
That springs from the verdant sod ;
Oh ! wildly impassioned spirit !
In the throes of thy great unrest,
Thou gavest the golden chalice of Thought,
But we called for the ribald jest.

The stamp of the mind unfettered,
The smile and the orb'd fire,
No magic touch to the image brings,
We garnish a broken lyre :
But scarr'd with the fight of ages,
Triumphantly Scotia turns,
With a queenly glance of pride in her eyes,
To gaze on her laureate Burns.

The patriotism and love for their mother land
evinced by Scotsmen abroad has become proverbial ;
and that distance does not lessen their ardent admir-
ation for the genius of their great national bard, the
return of each succeeding 25th of January is sufficient
evidence.

In this latter respect, our author has lost none of his youthful enthusiasm for Burns, as the following tribute written on Canadian soil will show:

ROBERT BURNS.

To-night, amid Canadian snows,
In lordly hall and cottage home,
Where e'er the blood of Scotsmen flows,
Where e'er the feet of Scotsmen roam ;
One name upon the lips grows sweet,—
More rich than wine from purple urns,—
With thrill electric, flashing fleet,
The name of Robert Burns.

Young hearts thro' all the golden years
Proclaim the magic of his wand,
And agèd eyes are wet with tears
With music from his loving hand ;
He is not dead—he cannot die—
A king of men he still returns,
And rules as erst with spirit high
The land of Robert Burns.

In clouds of glory, dash'd with rain,
With heavenly light-gleams bound and furled,
From his high Caucasus of Pain
He casts a song-wreath round the world ;
And weakest souls beneath his spell
Have gathered strength as he who spurns
The might of tyrants : it is well !
God bless you ! Robert Burns.

A considerable number of Mr. Macfarlane's poems refer to the Covenanters and their times. "Simp-

son's Traditions of the Covenanters," he writes "was the real 'Arabian Hights' of my boyhood. I was a veritable Covenanter, and it required no great stretch of imagination to be so, as I lived in the very heart of the Southern Moors consecrated by the heroism of that dark period of Scottish history. That and the fact that the blood of some of the sufferers ran in my own veins is reason enough, I suppose, why my youthful fancy was captivated by the romantic side of the great struggle. I, myself, would be very far from being in intellectual touch with a Covenanter projected into the present age, but all the same, as Carlyle says, and Burns sings, the Covenanters were the true heroes and not the Cavaliers." "It is to be regretted," he adds, "that the great genius of Sir Walter Scott was not in sympathy with the genius of his race on this point." The following brief poem will give an idea of his work in this direction:

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

Hid in the depths o' the muirlan' mists,
Unwatched on the slope o' the mountain green,
The Martyr's grave that we kent langsyne,
Pleads wi' the heart in the wilds unseen ;
An' the glen whaur forfouchen an' hunted sair,
He socht for a den by the roebuck's lair.

Alane, on the hill-tap stern an' gray,
Alane, in the fa' o' heaven's ain dew,
He thocht o' the Lord and His promise guid,

For the faith o' the covenant life was true ;
An' a sweet dream cam' ower his wearied sicht,
Like a gleam straucht doon frae the starns o' licht.

Chased frae his hame, an' the bairns he lo'ed,
Far frae the luve o' his kith an' kin,
He still was leal to the grand auld league,
For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin ;
An the croun was his that the sainted wear,
For it glintit aft on his broo o' care.

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,
Sae he didna flee frae the hour o' doom,
His father's God was his only trust ;
An' his saul ta'en flicht to the realms sae blest,
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin' mist.

Among our author's other poems on the subject of the Covenanters and their times, we would specially refer to " Auchensaugh," " Dowie Howms o' Bothwell," " The Nameless Martyr," and " The Last o' the Hillmen." These are written in a pathetic and masterly style, recalling with a startling reality the times and deeds on which they treat. Apart from this subject, however, Mr. Macfarlane has written many valuable poems of a deepiy religious character. These display considerable talent in their general composition, and, taken altogether, are productions to which he can point with satisfaction and pride. Take the following one as a specimen :

A DREAM OF DEATH.

"Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death."

—Tennyson.

Death to a loved one came so very near
That waking thoughts within my vision crept,
Till all before the Shadow draped with Fear,
In agony I wept.

And cried in human weakness to the gods,
For some strong arm of more than mortal mould,
To dare like His who brought from high abodes
The sacred fire of old.

To thrust aside the flaming sword and stand
A new Prometheus by the immortal tree,
When lo! to stay the impious wish, a hand
Thro' darkness fell on me.

And calmly sweet as sunlight from on high,
From out the East a voice of sadness came
Breathing into my heart whose wilder'd cry
The lips had moved to frame:

"Behold the man!" and dimly bright there stood,
(With sorrow crowned, ah! diadem supreme!)
One pure of life by Calvary's sacred rood,
Who spake above the ages' fevered dream:

"Let not your souls be troubled,"—and around
The shining feet of Him the shackles lay
Of vanquish'd Death—a captive made and bound,
Whose power had passed away.

With whom doth ever walk unstained of crime,
And heavenly-wise this stricken earth of ours,
An angel-band within the Night of Time
Uplifting weary hours.

Bearing throughout the regions of the tomb,
The mystic symbol of the Holy Dove,
Wherefrom is shed—dispelling deepest gloom,
The nimbus of His love.

* * * *

And so forever fled the fear of death,
Like mists that roll before the breaking day;
I knew the Spoiler with the Cypress Wreath
Could only take the clay.

Mr. Macfarlane has been honored by having a number of his lyrics set to appropriate music and published in sheet form, and in each instance they have commanded a very extensive sale. In reviewing his little volume, "*Heather and Harebell*" in the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, the writer remarks of one of these—"The Lost Langsyne"—that "it is destined to find a permanent place among the already numerous celebrated songs of Scotland:"

THE LOST LANGSYNE.

The lost langsyne ! O, the lost langsyne !
Wi' the day-light sae sweet, an' the gloamin sae fine,
The heart yirms aye, an' the thocht winna tyne,
For the years far awa' i' the lost langsyn'.

We trysted at e'en—an' acourtin' gaed we
When the 'oors sped sae swift 'neath the auld thorn tree,
Sae blythe an' sae blate—dae ye min ; dae ye min :
In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

Or, the hairst was afit, an' the liltin' was free,
 An' the sangs that were sung were sae pawky and slee,—
 For the luve-licht was glintin', and young hearts were kin',
 In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

The lost langsyne ! O, the lost langsyne !
 The hopes that were yours, an' the lovs that were mine,
 Hae shed a' their bloom like a flow'r i' the dwine,
 Far, far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

As a closing specimen we quote his well-known song:

THE LAND O' CAKES.

I carena for Italian skies,
 Tho' bricht nae doubt they be,
 I lo'e the mountains o' the North,
 Wi' tempests fierce an' free ;
 I lo'e the bonnie burnies a',
 The grand majestic lakes,
 O' Mither Nature's sternest isle,
 The guid auld land o' cakes.

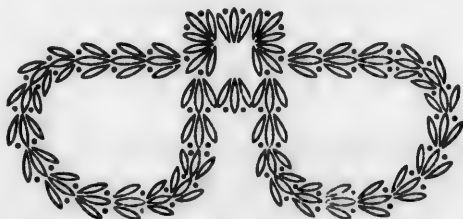
Tho' fortune smile on ither climes,
 An' sunlicht purer fa',
 They canna gild a tyrant's croon.
 Or dicht its stains awa' ;
 Where slav'ry binds wi' gowden chains,
 There freedom never wakes ;
 But liberty was born an' bred,
 In Scotia's land o' cakes.

Tho' heather twines the breckan roun',
 The thistle shields his bride,
 And love frae mony a lassie's e'e,
 s glancin' oot wi' pride ;

The blackbird liltin' sweet at morn,
His love-mate ne'er forsakes ;
Leal hearts hae cast a halo roun'
The bonnie land o' cakes.

And still to ilka wanderer dear,
Ayont the dark blue sea—
The scenes o' youth aft haunt his dreams,
Tho' clouded frae the e'e ;
And aye the siller cord leads back,
To where the wild wave breaks,
On rocks that guard the queen o' isles,
To Scotia's land o' cskes.

In conclusion, we may state that Mr. Macfarlane is the editor of a work recently issued from the press of Mr. Alex. Gardner of Paisley, entitled "The Harp of the Scottish Covenant"—an anthology of poetry intended to do for the Covenanters what has long ago been done for the Cavaliers and the Jacobites—and to judge from the newspaper notices, the book is likely to have a wide circulation among Scotsmen, both at home and abroad.



REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

In 1850 there was published in Toronto, Canada, a small volume of verse by William Wye Smith, then a young man, 23 years of age. This little volume soon commanded considerable attention, as its contents proclaimed its author an excellent scholar, an original thinker, and a gentle, pure-minded man. Since that time Mr. Smith has given to the world many sweet and beautiful poems and religious pieces of a lyrical character, and his name is known and honored from one end of the Dominion to the other. He possesses two special characteristics in the writing of poetry, the first being a preference for religious composition, the other a love for writing in the Scottish dialect, and in the possessing and using of these two features combined, he surpasses any Scottish poet of to-day. It is a very easy matter to quote poems in illustrations of this, as there is such a large number to select from, and the following one is, therefore, simply taken at random as a specimen:

A FEVER-DREAM.

O dawtie, let your een
See my face, sae calm, serene ;
And I'll tell ye whaur I've been,
In my fever-dreams and a':—

I was mony and mony a mile,
Through the ever-widening smile
O' a day that kens nae toil,
In the sweet Far-Awa' !

There were mony bright and blest,
That about me fondly pressed,
But sair I needed rest,
In that joy, and peace and a'.
Were ye ever fann'd wi' wings
O' an angel while he sings?—
Oh, the rest sic slumber brings,
In the sweet Far-Awa' !

Whaur the laddie, puir, forfairn,
Hears nae mair the tyrant stern ;
Whaur the mither finds her bairn,
And her tears are dried and a' ;
Whaur the pilgrim finds his hame,
And the outcast has a name,
And our folly isna fame,
In the sweet Far-Awa' !

Oh, to bide forever there !
Drap this wearin'-dud o' care,
And breathe that caller air,
Wi' its bliss, and joy and a' !
Whaur the vera thocht o' sin,
Dimmin' heart and hope within,
Nevermair can enter in
To that sweet Far-Awa' !

Whaur the dream that glintit by,
Fadin' as it neared the sky,
Rises bloomin', fair and high,
On the glory-fields I saw !

Wi' the wish that wantit might,
And the doubt that wantit light,
And the faith that turns to sight
In the sweet Far-Awa' !

I am gangin' hame the morn !
For the Faither willna scorn
A puir weary wight forlorn,
When his Son says, "Come awa' !"
And the Freend I lang hae lo'ed,
Bids me lippen till the blude,
As I cross the Border-flude
To the Land that's Far-Awa' !

From an excellent sketch of Mr. Smith, written by the well-known Scottish poet, Mr. John Imrie, of Toronto, and recently published in the "Magazine of Poetry," we learn that he was only 3 years of age when his parents and their young family left Scotland to better their circumstances in the New World. His father's intention was to sail for New York, but, on account of delays in shipping, he and his family took passage for Baltimore, where they arrived safely, and soon afterwards pushed forward to the southern part of Ohio. His father, finding the "rough and tumble" life of a new country somewhat distasteful, betook himself to his original destination, that of New York, as a field more congenial and better suited to the future educational requirements of his young family. He remained in New York, doing business as a clothier, six years, and here the subject of our sketch received his first public school tuition, proving himself an apt pupil,

and there laying the foundation of his future literary career. His father's health somewhat failing, and with a fancy for farming, he removed his family to the neighborhood of Galt, Upper Canada, where he bought a cleared farm, and thus was brought about a break of eight years in the education of our young aspirant for learning; but, being a great reader, and thirsting for knowledge, he read and inwardly digested every good book he could lay his hands on. A volume of Burns' poems was one of his peculiar treasures, and his inborn taste and talent for poetry were thereby educated and stimulated, and the style of some of his best productions display the fact that his ideal poet was the Ayrshire bard. With the exception of about six months in a country school, Mr. Smith had no means of a practical education other than his own untiring diligence after working hours on his father's farm. How successful he was may be judged by the fact that at eighteen he obtained a position as school teacher in the village of St. George, which position he held for a year, and thus earned funds for future travels in search of a higher education. He went to New York and was greatly benefited by industrious application during two terms in the classical department of the University Grammar School in that city. By this time our young poet had gathered together almost a volume of creditable effusions which had appeared from time to time in local papers in Canada, and in New York city.

In 1851 he married, and started business as a general storekeeper in St. George. About this time his success as a writer of prose as well as poetry was demonstrated by a prize of \$100 being awarded him by the Sons of Temperance for an essay advocating the Prohibitory Liquor law in Canada. Early in the year 1855 he removed his business to Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, then a very isolated part of the country. A couple of years afterward, on being appointed to a clerkship of one of the courts, he gave up his business as storekeeper, and devoted himself for the next six or seven years to the duties of his office. During these years his spare time was spent in courting the muse, and as editor and publisher of the "Sunday School Dial," a monthly publication, the first illustrated S. S. paper printed in Upper Canada. The year 1862 was spent in revisiting the land of his birth—"bonnie Scotland"—and he returned, benefited in health, improved by intellectual travel, and a more than ever an enthusiastic Scottish-Canadian. In 1863 he bought out the Owen Sound "Times," and continued to edit and publish it for a period of two years; but in 1865, being invited to become the pastor of the Congregational Church in Listowel, Ontario, he sold out the "Times" to the present proprietor. For about twelve years he was the Canadian correspondent of the Edinburgh "Daily Review," and acted as their special correspondent at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. After a pastorate of four

years in Listowel, he accepted a call to the congregation of Pine Grove, near Toronto, which position he held for nine years. Afterwards he served a Congregational Church for three years in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, near the Vermont border. He is now a resident of St. Catharines, Ontario, and devotes his time to editorial work in connection with the "Canadian Independent," the organ of the Congregational body in the Dominion. During all these years many a poetical production of his appeared in the daily press of Canada, the United States, and the motherland."

The birthplace of Mr. Smith is given as the old historical town of Jedburgh; and this reminds me of a weird piece of poetical writing that appears in his latest volume. It is written in a peculiar and quaint measure, and contains quite a large number of rare old Scottish words. The title is:

THE GHOST THAT DANCED AT JETHART.

When gude King Aylsander was marriet,
 'Twas lang syne, kimmer, i' the town o' Jethart;
 Stane-biggie, Abbey-crowned, auld Border clachan,
 Whiles I hae thocht on greetin', and whiles lauchin',
 Just as fond memory wi' the past forgather't,
 And down Time's stream was carrier.

And the King strode through the Abbey ha',
 Wi' the stride o' a battle field;
 He was neither a callant to mind your ca',
 Nor yet was a man o' eild.

But a man—we never saw but ane,
Nor ever saw him more !
The King we wiss't for aye could reign,
And the gentle queen on his arm remain,
A treasured jewel in joy and pain,
And gladness come to ilk hame again,
The braid land o'er !

And at his knee the courtiers bowed,
And gentle ladies fair ;
Nor kenned that the Abbot grumbled loud,
That a' the town had come, a loyal crowd,
To bend the knee, and then a measure take,
A generous dance, wi' lord and lady in't—
And landwart lassie, fresh frae pu'in lint—
A' merry for his sake !

But the King said, " Every ane enjoy hisel' ;
For a king's no marriet every day !
And the only thing a man can tell
Is, Tak the sunshine while ye may ! "

When gude King Aylsander was marriet,
The provost and the bailies o' the town,
The waukers, wabsters, and the smiths and souters,
The merchants, millers, and the caudron-clouters,
And every cadger frae the country roun',
Wad celebrate the Weddin'.
And a' the town was ta'en wi' dancin',
Frae the Town-fit to the Abbey !
A' dancin' to the weel-bein o' the King ;
An' Ringan Hastie cam',
The first Town-Piper o' the ancient borough,
And a lang lad wi' a bassoon yet langer,
And whillie-wha's, and instruments o' clangor,
And kettle-drums, and fifes to pierce lugs thorough,
And harps, and men to sing !

And the King sate at his Marriage-feast,
Wi' the Queen at his left hand ;
And lords and ladies gather't there,
Round the table heaped wi' dainty fare,
And that stretched awa' to the outer air !—
(And wha' coudna find a seat to spare,
Gat ilk ane's leave to stand !)

Then flowed the yill, as large as Jed in simmer,
And whangs o' cheese and bannocks
High towered in cairns along the groanin' board
Wi' pears and apples frae the carefu' hoard
o' burgess loyal ;
An' haggis, tripe, and every dainty stored
For feast sae royal !

And, like a hailstorm through the forest grand,
A rushing dinnle,
Began the dance, sworn to keep on till morn—
E'en crazy eild intil the swirl was borne—
And "Jethart's Here !" roar't out bow-legged Tam
Tinnie
When sudden cam a stand !

Bvt still the patter o' a pair o' feet
Was heard fu' right !
The lad had fainted wi' the lang bassoon,
An' kettle-drums an' fifes were in a swoon,
And harpers glowered atween their silent thairms
On sic a sight !

It jousl't wi' its elbucks e'en the King—
And maskers fled—
For ne'er in masquerade had sic a thing
Been seen or read !
It wasna leevin', yet 'twas dancin', loupin',
An' ower the provost it was nearly coupin',
Sic whirls it led !

It had a plume as it had been a baron,
Wi' feathers hie—
A kilt wi' gold brocade an' siller lacin',
An' dainty doublet wi' a braw, braw facin',
But hon-och-rie !
It was an atomy, a thing o' banes,
That wadna dee !

It lightly trod the airy min-e-wae,
An' crackt its fleshless thoombs ;
An' linked wi' unseen partners down the floor,
As country-dance was never danced before !
An' girmed an' boo'd to leddies on the dais—
Then flittit frae the place !

"Ho ! Tam the Tip !" cried out the Provost bauld,
"Bring back yon loon !
We'll pit him where he winna be sae yauld,
An' gie him time to blaw his parritch cauld !
He might hae hid his banes wi' decent garb—
Affrontin' the Town !"

But ne'er was seen that merrie ghost again,
In Jethart dear !
Her battle-axes fell on Southron shields,
Her sturdy spearman won victorious fields—
And "Jethart's Here !"
Rung down the ages, as the battle plain
Its heroes gather't—
But one, and only one, shall that remain—
The Ghost o' Jethart !

"I have not invented this ghost," says Mr. Smith,
"I find it narrated as something that would be the
better of explanation, but has never been explained,

that at a masquerade ball given in Jedburgh, in 1285, on the occasion of the marriage of Alexander III., a ghost danced ! Sir Michael Scot (the 'Wizard,') who was then living, was the best man to have explained it; but, though he wrote of everything—rams' flesh and bishops—pot herbs and wicked women—kings and emperors and the roasting of eggs—the dignity of friendship and whether fishes chew their food—he has never told us a word in explanation of 'The Ghost that Danced at Jethart ! It was perhaps a pious fraud of the Abbot and monks, not well pleased at so much hilarity in the Abbey. Hector Boece distinctly says 'A skeleton danced !' "

In 1888 Mr. Smith published through Messrs. Dudley & Burns, of Toronto, a collection of his poems in a small octavo volume of 265 pages. The volume was well received by his admirers everywhere, and several of the leading papers in Canada and in Scotland devoted considerable space to favorable notices of it. There are no less than 175 pieces in the volume, and these are classified under the headings of "Miscellaneous," "Canadian," "Scottish," "Religious," "Psalms," and "Children's Pieces." It is needless to say that all of these compositions are in a masterly style. Open the book at random and the eye will alight on the musings of a true poet. There are beautiful lines, inspiring thoughts, bright similes, melodious rhymes, and the choicest of language displayed on every page, and

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when Mr. Smith published his poems in this permanent form he added a valuable contribution to the now steadily increasing poetical literature of Canada. Among the poems in the book are many of tender and deeply pathetic interest, and which serve to show that Mr. Smith is possessed of a large and sympathetic heart. "Wee Jeanie," "Our Bonnie Bairn's Asleep," "James Guthrie," "The Martyr of Solway Sands," "Wallace's Farewell to Marion," and various others are exceedingly touching poems, and will always be treasured by people who are specially interested in this particular kind of poetry. There is another poem, however, "Robert Fergusson," which also belongs to this class, and which possesses a peculiar interest for all lovers of the Scottish muse. In Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song" we read, "An incident strikingly illustrative of the unhappy destiny of the young poet, and at the same time of the honorable esteem in which he was held by those who knew him, must not remain untold. Shortly after his death a letter came from India directed to him, inclosing a draft for £100, and inviting him thither, where a lucrative position was promised to him. The letter and draft were from an old and attached school fellow, a Mr. Burnet, whose name deserves to be forever linked with Fergusson's for this act of munificent, though fruitless generosity." And on this incident Mr. Smith composed the following:

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

"O come to the Indies, Rab!
For the skies of the East are aglow;
There's hope for thy bosom, and light for thine eyes,
There's wealth at thy bosom to flow!"
'Twas thus to the minstrel he sent,
With a pledge from his brotherly hand;
As he lay at noon in his sultry tent,
And dreamed of his native land!

Swift sails the message bore
Through spicy isles of the sea;
But the bard or ever it reached the shore,
Had laid down his head to dee!
They could kindle and glow at his strains,
Or weep 'neath his minstrel wand—
But they left him to die amid clanking chains,
In the heart of his native land!

Alas, for a friend at hand
Wi' a bosom as tender and true—
And a cheering word for the hapless bard,
Like the lad ower the ocean blue.
Soon, soon was thy harp untuned
That might lang hae been strung wi' glee—
And mony wakened to find thee fled,
They wad hae gien gowd to see!

O sweetest and kindest Rab;
Heart broken, yet brither to a';
How young and how fair thy brow to bear
The sorrows that were thy fa'!
Like the minstrel wha set thee a stane,
The Plowman Laddie o' Ayr,
We'll drap a saut tear ower thy lowly bier,
And a' that lies buried there!

Gifted but ill-fated Robert Fergusson! Death claimed him at the age of 28, and in the midst of the most gloomy and miserable surroundings of all—a madhouse. Burns, it may be remembered, on his first visit to Edinburgh, sought out the poet's almost neglected grave in the old and historic Canongate Churchyard, and at his own expense erected a stone at the head of it. All honor to the memory of Burns, were it for nothing more than this noble and generous action! The late true-hearted Scottish poet, James Ballantine, took Fergusson's grave under his special care, and had a margin of shells around it, brought from Ayr. After reading the above poem, he wrote to Mr. Smith:

"Should we have met when you were here, I should have joined you in your pilgrimage to Fergusson's grave, and shed tears together over the poor, dear fellow, and true Scotsman."

Included in Mr. Smith's latest volume are many beautiful lyrical pieces, all of which are deserving of special mention. There is a simplicity of language used in their composition, and they are remarkably sweet, both in thought and expression. They prove that their author is possessed of an exquisite lyric note and a pure taste. We quote the following as specimens.

THE BIRDIE THAT'S WANTIN' A WING.

They say there's a birdie that's wantin' a wing,
Ower the sea ; ower the sea ;

He neither can flie, nor yet can he sing—
 Ower the sea ; ower the sea.
 But he finds him a mate—sae he's no sae bereft ;
 He has a right wing, and she has a left ;
 And they link on thegither, and aff they gae daft
 Ower the sea ; ower the sea !

They say there's a birdie that wantin' a note,
 Ower the sea ; ower the sea ;
 And a' the high sounds seem to stick in his throat,
 Ower the sea ; ower the sea.
 But he finds him a mate wi' the high notes sae clear—
 He has the bass, and she has the air—
 And "Turn about, Tibbie?"—the sang's rich and rare!—
 Ower the sea ; ower the sea !

I tell't it to Kate ; and I thought I was slee ;
 By the dyke-stane ; by the dyke-stane.
 And in the bit birdie I hoped she'd see me,
 Dowie and fain ; dowie and fain.
 "It was a daft ditty," she said, "she must say ;
 And when a chield tauld his love-tale in that way,
 She thought it was time that his tongue he let play,
 And spak his mind plain ! and spak his
 mind plain !"

O, the sun it cam out, and the birds they sang clear !
 Ower the lea ; ower the lea !
 And the lass that I lo'ed seemed never sac dear
 Ever to me, ever to me !
 The wing that was wantin', I faund it complete !
 The sang that was mantin', was perfect and sweet !
 And twa Scottish lovers, twa hearts with ae beat,
 Sat there by the sea ; sat there by the sea !

A SIMMER MORN.

'Tis the lilting o' the laverock,
As he flits the clouds amang,
And the wind is blawin' mouthfu's
To the pulses o' his sang—
I never kent what gar't the wind
Blaw mouthfu's at a time,
Till I heard the mornin' laverock,
And the owercome o' his rhyme !

And it's up, and ever upward,
Till he canna farther win,
Unless through Heaven's unsteekit yett
He fairly enters in—
And the bonnie gowan waukens,
And her blush becomes a lowe,
Whaur 'mang the dew she hiddlit
In the shelter o' the howe.

And the sun is shining on the fell,
And rising as he shines,
While the mellow-throatit mavis chirms
A wheen unstudied lines ;
And the shepherd whussles in his joy,
His collie at his fit ;
Till, fain to feel sic happiness,
My vera heart grows grit !

And there, amang Creation's joy,
My bannet in my han'—
I pour my thanks for sic a morn,
My thanks for sic a lan' !
And ever pray my future day
Sic simmer suns may see ;
And aye some laverock singin' clear
Atween the Heavens and me !

A prominent New York weekly, in reviewing Mr. Smith's volume, said:

"The Rev. Wm. Wye Smith has published a volume of his collected poems which ought to be warmly welcomed throughout the Dominion and wherever lovers of true poetry are to be found. The poems, which refer to Canada, have the true ring about them. They are sturdy, independent and hopeful. Many of the Scotch poems are marked by pure patriotism, lofty sentiments and pretty fancies. The Doric is simple, natural and unaffected. The religious poems possess great merit, and many of them have enjoyed a wide popularity. We cordially commend this volume to our readers everywhere."

Were it necessary we might say considerably more in regard to Mr. Smith's poetical abilities. But we presume our readers will agree with us that he is in all respects a true son of song, without our saying or quoting anything further. He is actively engaged in literary work, and accomplishes much in this direction every year. He has also won renown from the many portions of Scripture that he has translated into the Scotch, and each of these is, to say the least, a literary curiosity.



ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe is entitled to a prominent place among rising Canadian poets. His volume entitled "Poems Grave and Gay," recently published by Messrs. Imrie and Graham, of Toronto, contains numerous poems of distinguished merit, while there is not a single piece in it which one might term frivolous or insignificant. In reviewing the book some time ago, the *Dominion Illustrated* said: "His poems show him a man of rare insight, high thought, pure taste and good education," while *Canada* paid him a unique and well deserved compliment by saying: "The author has more than ordinary poetic talent. There is thought and sense and imagination in the book, and this is certainly more than can be said of much of the verse that is published nowadays." Delicacy, tenderness and a sacred feeling of the highest order are depicted in most of our author's work, while his style, except in his humorous poems, is of a subdued and gentle character, his taste refined, his similes original and his language graphic and musical. The following brief piece may be taken as showing these particular qualities:

THE FIRST WORD.

An angel came
And stood beside the cradle of a child
And spoke its name;

And near by lay the mother, sleep beguiled,
A little space to sorrow reconciled.

His whisper woke
The babe, who feared not at the gracious sight,
And smiles outbroke
Upon its infant face, and sweet and bright
His answering smile made shining in the night.

Gently he took,
As with a father's care, the fatherless,
And let it look
On her who lay in widowed loneliness,
Half-happy in some dreamed of, dead caress.

There he instilled
In it the knowledge of her motherhood,
Forever filled
With love, and care, and quick solicitude,
Guarding from evil, guiding unto good.

And having trained
The infant lips to voice that darling name
That lives unstained
Beyond all speech of blessing or of blame,
He passed away in silence as he came.

At break of day
The babe awoke upon its mother's breast,
And as it lay
Called her that dearest name. And she confessed
The Lord is God who makes affliction blessed.

Other poems of the same affectionate caste are
"Evangeline," "Betrothed," "Dark Eyes," "Life's
Fairy Tale," and "Lough Swilly." In a brief note
to his volume, Mr. Smythe says:

"In the autumn of '82 the writer first discovered himself in the columns of a leading London journal. Perhaps nothing that a stern critic might say could evoke chagrin equal to that felt on learning that certain friends and acquaintances had escaped hearing of the occurrence; and perhaps no lenient reviewer could give more pleasure than the congratulations of those who had been more alert. Nine years since then of hard-working commercial life in Belfast, in Chicago, in Edinburgh, and in Toronto might indeed have dulled one's susceptibilities, but as enough spare time has been found for the planning and penning of these pages, so the sensitiveness has not been wholly stifled which derives great satisfaction from a kindly reception."

The poem referred to at the beginning of the above note as having appeared in the London *Graphic* is the one entitled "Eva," as sweet a piece of lyrical poetry, by the way, as one would wish to read. The sentiment is exceedingly tender, the melody fascinating, the moral tone pleasing, and taken altogether it is perhaps the finest of Mr. Smythe's poems.

EVA.

High, high, in the westerly sky
Lingers the day as I linger by thee;
Slow, slow, from the darkness below
Creeps the night over the brim of the sea.

Soft, soft, to the sea-birds aloft,
Whisper the waters that toss on the shore,

Rare, rare, from the mermaid's hair,
Scattered and sparkling, the jewels they wore.

Far, far, there is shining a star
Pure as the beacon a seraph would burn,
Clear, clear, that poor wanderers here,
Seeing it lead them, a pathway might learn.

Soon, soon, will the silvery moon
Glow through a glory of luminous mist,
Pale, pale, in her vaporous veil,
Down on the flowers that look up to be kissed.

Then, then, when the children of men
Seal up their souls with a slumbering spell,
Sweet, sweet—and till morn when we meet
Angels will guard thee and comfort thee well.

In his humorous poems, such as "In Lodgings," "One of the Left," "The Peanut Ballads," "Fate the Milkman," "Eye Wisdom," and various others, Mr. Smythe proves himself to be a capital storyteller as well as an excellent poet. Nor are these humorous pieces simply of local or passing interest. They contain many lines and similes which are worthy of preservation, and although the incidents which they chronicle have necessarily to be written or explained in a humorous vein, still there is always a lesson to be learned from them, or else some good wholesome thoughts for reflection will be found embodied in them. Take the following for example:

BOB AND THE STARS.

A VERSION.

We went to the window, Bob and I,
Someone declaring the night so fine,
And watched the wonderful winter sky
Sparkle with frosty stars and shine,
And gleam, I thought, like the hugely high
Cavern-roof of a jewel mine.

Bob is a small philosopher ;
I am the sire of the tender sage,
And half expect him to make a stir
Out in the world when he comes of age,
Though as yet his infant character
Only has reached the hopeful stage.

Bobby has curious thoughts and wise ;
Some, like himself, could stand alone,
Yet might, when they leave a father's eyes,
Tumble down or be overthrown,
For none can properly sympathize
With thoughts or children not his own.

Now this winter night in the starry light,
Bob said a notable thing to me ;
He asked and his voice so low and slight
Sounded somewhere about my knee—
“If the bottom of heaven looks so bright,
Father, what must the inside be?”

The *Toronto Globe* referring to Mr. Smythe's work on one occasion, remarked that some of the poems in the volume are very charming bits of fancy, and the author excels as to the daintiness of his com-

parisons in the flower poems of which there are many in his book. This remark is indeed very true. Some of his poems on flowers are really remarkable for their beauty and freshness and finish. They possess a pure poetic sound which no one who reads them can fail to note. Among the principal ones we may mention "Flowers," "Breeze and Blossom," "Roses," "January Violets," "May Blossoms" and "Lilies," the last named piece touching on "The Calla Lily," "The Tiger Lily," "The Water Lily," and the "Lily of the Valley," as follows:

LILIES.

I. THE CALLA LILY.

When the lofty peerless lily,
Silver-browed and chastely chilly,
Hides the dream on which she museth
What a world the poet loseth !
She is queenly on her stem,
Though she wear no diadem.
And she knows she is a queen,
Self-contained, self-ruled, serene ;
No supremacy requiring,
No predominance desiring,
Owning such estate of beauty
Reverence becomes a duty.
Thus there dwells the stainless form
Even fancy fails to warm
With the dainty blossom-hues
Morning freshens with her dews.

II. THE TIGER LILY.

Edith's throat of marble whiteness
Shamed the tiger lilies' brightness
Where they blazoned, fiery, flaming,
Their imperial rank proclaiming.
They were proud and passionate,
She was haughty, but sedate ;
Heedless in her tranquil pride
Though neglected or belied ;
But they courted admiration
And grew faint with emulation.
Thus for contrast Edith wore them,
And a comely one she bore them ;
They, all eager to be seen,
Curled their leaves with conscious mien,
Edith passed along too proud
To regard the gazing crowd.

III. THE WATER LILY.

Lonely, beautiful and stilly
Floats each leafy water lily,
Never rival claim contesting,
Only radiant—only resting
Through a pleasant summer dream
On a gentle, gentle stream :
Dying on the brimming flood
Calmly as they came to bud.
All the lilies, liquid-lustred
With the dew-drops that have clustered
In their shallow, limpid hollows
Where the gnats avoid the swallows,
In the loving waters grow,
While their shadows shine below,
But their sheltered hearts of gold
Unreflectedly unfold.

IV. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Tiny tinkling bells of beauty
Peal forth elfin calls to duty,
And the fairy people rally
Round the lilies of the valley.
Lady Alice one day took
From the valley where they shook
Such a burden of the bells
Silence fell among the dells.
On her bosom, though, she hung them
Where her laughter lightly swung them
Till the fairy forces hearing
How they chimed, all came careering,
And they crowded close and pressed
Round her lily-laden breast;
There she bound them—snared with art—
Slaves forever in her heart!

Included in "Poems Grave and Gay" are also a number of deeply pathetic pieces which prove that Mr. Smythe possesses a warm Christian heart, and that he can extend true sympathy and consolation to others in an hour of trouble, or when the angel of death passes over their beloved thresholds. There is a hopeful, resigned spirit ringing throughout them, and they will always be classed among our author's most successful compositions. "Jessie," "Edith's Grave," "In the Twilight," "Good-bye My Wife" and "Fading" are all very beautiful and touching poems, and they appeal to the heart in a very direct manner, and help to bind up the wounds of the afflicted. We append the last named piece as a specimen:

FADING.

She moved about with quiet tread,
With weary steps we still remember ;
The sunshine kissed her drooping head,
Like golden leaves in sad September.
But though the chilling winds would shake,
As yet they only breathed a warning ;
And though she slept, she still would wake,
And still we found her with the morning.

Her every act, and all her words
Were flowers untimely in October,
That gladdened faintly when the birds,
Grown silent, left us grave and sober.
We scarcely felt that we were glad
To have her yet a little longer,
We dared not think that we were sad
She did not leave us to be stronger.

We knew she was not yet to go—
Alas ! the little while was fleeting—
She fed a robin in the snow,
She kissed us for a New Year's greeting ;
But when the snowdrops trembling hung,
Then bowed we dumbly, sorrow-laden,
The Angel of the Lord had flung
A snow-white robe around the maiden.

Mr. Smythe was born in the Moravian settlement of Gracehill, in county Antrim, Ireland, on the twenty-seventh of December, 1861, the anniversary, by the way, of the death of Charles Lamb. Some of his early experiences are reflected in a number of

his poems, but at the age of ten he was in the town of Ballymena, where he remained till 1876.. "The atmosphere of Ballymena," he says, "is favorable to poetry, and many a local singer is embalmed in the memory of the district, and chief among them, perhaps, is Davie Harbison, the bard of Dunclogh." Education in the National Schools is not very advanced, but it is, at any rate, thorough. Going to Belfast, the commercial metropolis and now the largest city in Ireland, he learned a little and taught a little and contracted that appreciation of transatlantic ways which Belfast more than any other British city is calculated to inspire. 1884 proved a peculiar year in many ways for him, love and death and heaven and earth and the mysteries of life all seemed to present themselves at once, and, without any idea of running away, emigration seemed to suggest a solution of the problems.

A very valuable friendship inaugurated in 1882 during a visit to the Scotch lakes with an Illinois gentleman, gave the direction to his travels, and he first tasted the sweets of American hospitality at the Christmas season among the fertile farms of McLean county. A business engagement in Chicago followed, and until 1887 he learned to look on the wonderful western city as a second home. The spirit of unrest, however, again manifested itself and we next find him in Edinburgh, Scotland, filling an important engagement and adding a little more to his cosmopolitan sympathies. His connection with

the choir of the celebrated St. Giles' Cathedral was one of the pleasantest experiences of that time, and the constant contact with the broad and liberul tendencies of Dean Cameron Lees during that period, he considers one of the most valuable educative influences of his life. With the Dean there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond or free, male or female, all are one in the divine body. In Edinburgh he also first became acquainted with the teachings of Occultism and of the Theosophical Society, which he subsequently joined and which he says has been a guide and stay to him ever since. In 1889 he sailed to Canada, where he arrived in due time. That he sincerely loved Scotland may be readily inferred from the following sonnet which he composed when leaving it:

EVENING LARK SONG.

At a rural railway station en-route to Glasgow, leaving
Scotland, 9 p. m., 20th May, 1889.

There's the last lark in Scotland ! Hear him pour
His sweet enchantment on the quiet air—
A benediction or a vesper prayer,
Or praise for all the gladness gone before.
Still there is light to sing and light to soar
And all the glowing western heavens wear
Gold promise of the morrow. Does he dare
Exultantly rejoice for gifts in store ?
While I, with heart more like the shamefast flower
That grows beside his nest and shuts its eye
Ere daylight fades, dreading the sunset hour,
Leave these bright Scottish years and each dear tie,

Faces of friends, kind hands, warm hearts—Love's
dower,
Unthrifed, yet secure, while Time rolls by.

Mr. Smythe has since resided in Toronto. Here we must take our leave of him although not without according him our best wishes for his continued prosperity in commercial and literary ventures. He has a mission to fill in life and we feel very confident that if he will continue to devote his spare moments to the cultivation and exercise of his poetical faculties he will ultimately produce poetry that will entitle him to rank among the most prominent Canadian poets. We have not touched upon his religious musings but we conclude with one of his religious sonnets, leaving the reader to judge for himself of the merit of his work in this direction:

DEATH THE REVEALER.

I know that death is God's interpreter :
His quiet voice makes gracious meanings clear
In grievous things that vex us deeply here
Between the cradle and the sepulchre.
We, gazing into darkness greatly err,
And fear the shrouded shadow of a fear
Till dawn reveals the vestments of a Seer
With gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.
There is a mystery I cannot read
Around the mastery I no more dread ;
For love is but a heart to brood and bleed,
And life is but a dream among the dead
Whose wisdom waits for us. God give me heed
Till the day break and shadows all be fled !

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

In business a mechanic, a manufacturer and a merchant; in public life, a soldier in the state and in the Civil War; an enthusiastic member of the G. A. R.; an Alderman in the city of Auburn 1876-7 and Superintendent of Charities for six years; Chief of the Auburn Caledonian Club for several terms; President of the North American United Caledonian Association for one term and Secretary of the same for four terms; add to this that Mr. Anderson is a true son of song and has written some very excellent poetry and we have, in outline, the record of a man who may justly be termed a representative Scot in American.

Mr. Anderson was born at Duntocher, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, on the 8th of March, 1836. He came to America in 1853 and has since resided in Auburn, N. Y. At present he holds the position of Clerk to the Water Board.

In 1867 he married Margaret Allen Dyer, the grand daughter of Robert Allen, the Kilbarchan poet, and a very worthy woman in all respects. They have a family of four sons and one daughter.

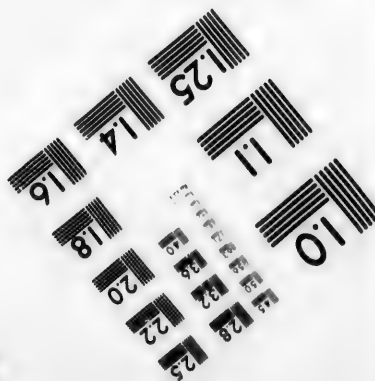
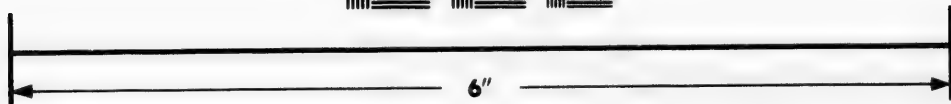
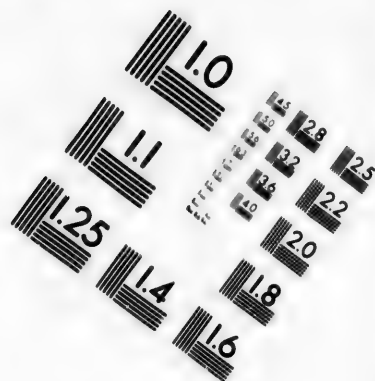
As a poet Mr. Anderson receives honorable mention in Dr. Peter Ross' latest work, "The Scot in America." He has written quite a number of what may be called National pieces (such as "Old Glory")

that have attracted attention all over the country. His Scottish pieces are full of patriotism and deep feeling and all of them have the genuine ring of the poet in their composition. "Whatever merit any of my efforts may possess," writes Mr. Anderson, "it is certain that those which has given me the greatest pleasure are the poems I have written of the happy meetings I have had from year to year at the Conventions of the N. A. U. C. A. such as the "Great Caledonian Raid," "The Gathering Day," "The Opening of the Mine," etc.

Mr. Anderson has frequently been advised to issue his poems in book form and contemplates doing so at an early date. They are certainly well worthy of being placed before the public in this permanent form. Here are a few specimens:

OLD GLORY.

A song to the flag of our country we raise
The grandest ere vaunted in song or in story.
Thou emblem of Freedom ; our lips sing thy praise
And our hearts' full devotion, we pledge thee, Old
Glory.
The sun, in his course, sees none braver than thee ;
The breezes of Heaven kiss none that is fairer,
And where'er thy proud folds float, by land or by sea,
All beneath, in thy glory and power become sharer.
Our hands will defend thee, our tongues tell thy
story,
Our hearts aye will cherish and love thee, Old
Glory.



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A salute to the flag of the "Stripes and the Stars,"
The bravest, the fairest, the proudest in story,
In the forefront of battle, in freedom's just wars,
Firm hands and bold hearts aye hath borne thee, Old
Glory.

O'er the clouds at Lookout, with the hosts of the free ;
At Vicksburg, triumphant, thou shone in thy splen-
dor ;

At grand Gettysburg, on the "March to the Sea."
Until treason bowed down unto thee, in surrender.
Our hands will defend thee, our tongues tell thy
story,
Our hearts aye will cherish and love thee, Old
Glory.

A toast to the flag of the red, white and blue,
In peace, as in war, aye the matchless in story.
May ever the loyal, the brave and the true,
Stand guard to defend and preserve thee, Old Glory.
And beneath thy dear folds over all our fair land,
From ocean to ocean, o'er mountain and river,
May all dwell united, a patriot band,
And Freedom and Justice and Peace reign forever.
Our hands will defend thee, our tongues tell thy
story,
Our hearts aye will cherish and love thee, Old
Glory.

THERE'S NAE LAND LIKE AULD SCOTLAND.

I.

There's nae land like fair Scotland,
Her vales sae bonnie, hills sae hie ;
There's nae land like Auld Scotland—
The battlefield o' liberty.

For there, in days o' yore, proud Rome
 First met a foe knew no retreat,
 And fields o' Largs and Bannockburn
 To Freedom's foes brought sore defeat.
Chorus—There's nae land, etc.

II.

There's nae flowers like Scotia's flowers,
 The bonnie bluebell, waving free ;
 The primrose and the buttercup,
 And sweet wee daisies deck the lea.
 And whaur's a flower sae bauld and strang
 As Scotia's thistle rears its head?—
 Ye loons wha ettel Scotland wrang
 Ye daurna on her thistle tread !
Chorus—There's nae flowers, etc.

III.

There's nae sangs like auld Scotch sangs
 To cheer the heart when we are sad—
 To whisper true love's melting tale,
 To voice our joys when we are glad.
 And want ye sangs to nerve the arm
 And fire the soul that wad be free,
 Then "Scots wha hae" and "Stirling Bridge,"
 Are trumpet tongues o' liberty !
Chorus—There's nae sangs, etc.

IV.

There's nae men like Scottish men,
 In battle brave, in friendship true ;
 When duty, or when country calls,
 "Aye ready !" they to dare and do.
 And whaur's the lassies like oor ain ?
 The warld owre there's nane we ken
 Sae bonnie, gude—sae fit to be
 The wives and mithers o sic men !
Chorus—There's nae men, etc.

WE'RE A' DAFT.

We're a' daft, we're a' daft,
Some wantin' warp, some wantin' waft,
Some temper'd hard, some temper'd saft,
Some crack't, some bent,
But ane an' a' we're a' daft,
To some extent.

In proof that my assertion's true,
Juist pass mankind in brief review ;
Tak' heathen, Christian, Gentile, Jew,
A' class an' craft,
As soon's their mainspring meets your view,
Ye'll see they're daft.

Let's wi' the great o' earth begin,
Pope, Emp'ror, Prince or Sovereign King ;
To rule by Right Divine's the spring
O' a' King-craft—
A monstrous lie ! to which they cling,
An' mak's them daft.

The crafty statesman plots an' schemes,
To guide the flow o' human streams ;
Power, fame an' fortune are his dreams ;
He drinks the draught,
Which promises but ne'er redeems—
He too is daft.

An' priests o' every name an' creed,
Presume to know, to teach to lead,
To punish, to absolve—indeed,
The haill priestcraft
Wad fain to Heaven's power succeed ;
They're unco' daft.

The rich man wi' his bonds an' stocks,
Banks, railroads, steamships, mines and docks,
Wi' fears an failures get sic shocks,
His brain grows saft,
An' syne ahint some Bedlam's locks
Stan's ravin' daft.

The man wha boasts his pedigree,
An' wad look doon on you or me,
Because we hae nae family tree,
Has never quaff'd
The wine o' human liberty—
He's just clean daft.

In every land, in every age,
At every hero, saint an' sage,
Whase name illumines History's page,
The world has laugh'd
To see them acting on life's stage,
Whyles waur than daft.

But haud ye there ; tho' this be true,
Tak' ye nae pessimistic view ;
All's for the best, truth will accrue ;
The years will waft
The better sense, and love subdue
What dings us daft.

The grandest soul o' a' his time,
ROB BURNS, wha set these words in rhyme—
"To mak' a happy fireside clime,
For weans an' wife,
That's the true pathos an' sublime
O' human life."

Will Shakespeare said, lang time ago, "The very walls have
ears ;"

If that be sae, then whatna tales these wa's hae heard for
years !

And, carrying fancy further, if they had a tongue as well,
Then, oh, what unco' stories this wee room wad hae to tell !

What curlin, and what quoin' ploys hae often been here
plann'd !

What happy meetin's here o' freens lang pairtit in the land ;
What politicians here hae focht, and richtit a' the wrangs !
And here wee Dugald Cockburn, aft has sung his sweetest
sangs.

Here Smiddy Jock, and Fairmer Jock, "in perfect health,"
thegither,

Wi' Collier Tam, and Weaver Sam, hae toasted ane anither ;
Here Border Willie, fu' o' fun, wi' Rhyming Wull's sat doon,
To hae a swap o' jokes and cracks. in this wee cosy room.

Hann, frae the Hielands, Printer John, Van Cleef, learned in
the law,

Carlyie, and Sinclair, Bowery Tom, gie this wi' room a ca' ;
McKnight and Stevens, Mitchell, Booth, Case, Irving, Rose
and Moore.

Aft meet and spend in this wee room fu' mony a happy o'or.

To name the feck o' Jamie's freens wad mak a list owre
lang—

They couldna a' be mentioned in the compass o' my sang ;
But every honest, social chiel wha's ever here sat doon,
May rest content, his name's weel kent, in Jamie's wee back
room.

I cannot here resist the temptation to insert one
more specimen of Mr. Anderson's muse, a piece

composed last summer and which now appears in print for the first time. It is a noble song in honor of Old Scotland ; grand, patriotic, dignified and inspiring. It is one of Mr. Anderson's best productions and is certainly well worthy of a prominent place in this volume.

SCOTLAND FOREVER.

Oh ; Scotia, the land never trod by a slave,
Made free by the blood of a martyr and yeoman,
Where the tyrant invader ne'er found but a grave,
Where a traitor is held to be doubly a foeman,
The land of our sires, our own dearly loved land,
Aye ours to remain, mountain, valley and river,
All her rights, as of yore, we'll maintain sword in hand,
Our motto and watchword be "Scotland Forever."
Scotland Forever ; Aye Scotland Forever
Our motto and watchword be, Scotland Forever.

When Northern hordes, under "Haco," their king
From their war-ships had landed our conquest intending,
They found, erst, at Largs, how Scotch thistles could sting,
Their own soil from the tread of the tyrant defending.
And the mid-night surprise of our camp—as they planned,
Met such brave repulse, foiled their boldest endeavor,
'Gainst the sweep of our broadswords no foeman could
stand,

Whilst the cry of the victors was "Scotland Forever."
Scotland Forever ; Aye Scotland Forever,
The cry of the victors was Scotland Forever.

And again, with the might of all England, arrayed,
When Edward, his barons and knights—famed in story,
With ten times ten thousand, marched forth to invade,
And subvert our dear land, freedom, honor and glory.

On thy banks, Bannockburn, they were stayed by "The
Bruce,"

Who, tho' o'ermatched, yet scorned he to falter or waver,
And that red field he won, ere his "bugles sang truce,"
And his broadswords gave freedom to Scotland Forever,
Scotland Forever; Aye Scotland Forever,
His broadswords gave freedom to Scotland Forever.

When the war-god of France, in the height of his power,
Wrecking dynasties; thrones; making nations to tremble;
When against him, the dial of Time, told the hour,
For the forces of Order and Peace, to assemble,
There, at dread Waterloo, in the heat of the fray,
Rode the famous "Scots Greys," in a charge equalled
never,

And the valor of Scotia helped win that great day,
Inspired by the slogan of "Scotland Forever."
Scotland Forever; Aye Scotland Forever,
Inspired by the slogan of Scotland Forever.

Thus aye it hath been, and for aye it shall be,
As at "Alma," at "Lucknow," "Quebec" and "Corunna,"
In defence of her home, or her rights beyond sea,
Her war-pipes shall aye proclaim Scotia's hosannah,
In the front rank of progress her sons will aye stand,
For right; and for truth, and all manly endeavour,
And God will protect by the might of His hand,
And bless with His love our dear Scotland Forever.
Scotland Forever; Aye Scotland Forever,
And bless with His love our dear Scotland Forever.



CHARLES REEKIE.

"Day Dreams," a volume of excellent poetry, by Mr. Charles Reekie, of Hoboken, N. J., is one of the latest contributions to the poetical literature of our time. Mr. Reekie is a graceful writer of poetry, and many of his compositions are far above the average productions usually found in an author's first volume of poems. He is patriotic and musical, thoughtful and graphic, while a deeply pathetic note seems to vibrate through all of his musings, thus adding a peculiar charm to them and making them delightful and instructive reading. "Apart from their great literary merits," writes Mr. George T. Leslie, an esteemed teacher in the old school where Mr. Reekie learned his A. B. C's, "there is a vigorous manly ring about the poems which can only be a reflex of the personal character of the writer. How he has managed during so long a residence in his adopted country to preserve 'the mither tongue,' is to me wonderful indeed." I have gone very carefully over "Day Dreams" and it has certainly pleased me greatly. Among the poems that I have a preference for are "The Hame Where I was Born," "Nellie Graham," "Gae Bring to me a Heather Bell," "Lines on the Birthday of Robert Burns," "Columbia," "Fair Belmar by the Sea," "The Scottish Shepherd," "In a Dream of the Night" and

"In Memory of John Reid." Did space permit I would like to quote from a few of the many press notices that have appeared in favor of Mr. Reekie's book, and I really regret very much that I am compelled to refrain from doing so. They have all accorded it a welcome that is both satisfactory and gratifying. Mr. Reekie is a native of Scotland, born and reared on the estate of Carphin in Fifeshire. He has been forty-five years in this country and as an architect has acquired considerable eminence in his profession. He has made several visits to the land of his birth and each of these visits seems to have inspired him to undertake greater flights in the realm of poesy. But he is a voluminous writer and his muse readily alights on various subjects. The following are a few specimens:

THE HAME WHERE I WAS BORN.

Oh, for an hour in yon wee bower
That lay ayont the corn,
Or a keek again, through the window pane,
Of the hame where I was born !

Oh for a glint of the auld gray hills,
That rang with the harvest horn,
And a touch of the hand that woke me there,
In the hame where I was born !

Oh for a nicht wi' the auld lamp licht,
Or an hour of the simmer morn,
To hear the breeze amang the trees,
Around where I was born !

Oh for the mirth of the auld stane hearth,
When the harvest rigs were shorn,
And the guid auld sang, when the rafters rang,
In the hame where I was born !

Oh for a note frae the lintie's throat,
That sang in the auld hawthorn,
Or the robin's trill on the window sill,
Of the hame where I was born !

Oh the memries there of the hamely prayer,
That no scoffer dared to scorn !
But the voice has gane frae the auld hearthstane,
In the hame where I was born !

NELLIE GRAHAM.

I oft again, in fancy's dream,
Revisit youth's auld hame,
And linger there by wood and stream,
Where I wooed Nellie Graham ;

And roam the paths we loved of old,
Amang the yellow whins,
O'er mossy braes of russet gold,
Up whaur the glen begins ;

And list the sound of summer bells,
Across the heath's perfume,
With skylark ringing in the dells,
And linties in the broom ;

And live again those hours of bliss,
In groves without a name,
And touch again with burning kiss
The lips of Nellie Graham.

But now the skylark's song is o'er,
The lintie's voice is tame,
And my fond lips will touch no more
The cheeks of Nellie Graham.

And love's young harp is silent now
In that deserted hame,
While death's cold frost is on the brow
Of my lost Nellie Graham.

GAE BRING TO ME A HEATHER BELL.

Gae bring to me a heather bell,
Across the deep blue sea,
A token of my native dell
Of Scotland ere I dee.

Gae bring it frae my native shore,
From youth's immortal shrine,
And let it thrill my heart once more
With dreams of auld lang syne.

Oh ! bring it frae my native hills,
Flower of my native sky,
A blossom from the mountain rills
To bless my latest sigh.

And when my heart has gaen to rest
With one fond breathed farewell,
Then lay it on my silent breast,
Dear Scotland's heather bell !

LINES ON THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Awake the lyre with music and with song,
Strike the wild harp, and roll the anthem forth
From distant isles, where tropic suns are known,

Back to the regions of the "starry north,"
Ten thousand tongues swell out the jubilee,
Ten thousand lips the chorus grand encore,
And send it flashing underneath the sea,
And roll it onward still from shore to shore.

Awake the echoes of old Scotland's hills,
Where blooming heath her rugged cliffs adorn,
And bring us music from her silver rills,
To hail the day her "poet king was born ;"
And let us honor her immortal dead,
And hang the laureate's wreath upon his tomb,
While fancy lingers in the classic shade
Beside the waters of old rippling Doon.

No banners waved from city's glittering domes,
No marshaled pomp, nor thunder peal is heard,
Nor tinselled crowds, around earth's gilded thrones,
Awaits the coming of the peasant bard.
Not from the mighty on the scrolls of fame,
Not from the sires that blaze their names on high,
That humble shieling gives the world a name
That will not perish till the nations die !

He touched the chords that thrill the human heart,
That makes man kith and kin in every clime,
And sung that rank was but the gild of art,
That honest manhood only was divine.
Strike the wild harp ! with music and with song
Awake the echoes as the day returns !
And send the swelling anthem rolling on
To hail the day that gave us ROBERT BURNS !

COLUMBIA.

Columbia dear ; child of the ages, thou
Hast much to reckon with the age to be :

Long may the crown of justice wreath thy brow—
Right not might, the standard on each prow
That bears thy starry flag from sea to sea ;
Nor cancerous envy warp thy native power,
Nor craven bluster e'er bequeath its dower,
But as thine eagle, may thy heart be free !

FAIR BELMAR-BY-THE-SEA.

I've stood upon the bounding deck
Where ocean tempests roar,
And heard the Arctic thunders break
On Greenland's icy shore ;
I've watched the golden sunset gleam
Across the tropic lea,
But the greenest spot on memory's dream
Is Belmar-by-the-Sea.

I've roamed alone through pathless glades
Where Indian skies are clear,
And heard the song of her dusky maids,
In the vales of fair Cashmere,
And dreamed where echo still enfolds
The Arabian maiden's glee ;
But the fairest scene that memory holds
Is Belmar-by-the-Sea.

I've heard the curfew fading still
On gloaming's soft decay,
And heard the flute-toned bulbul thrill
The wilds of far Cathay ;
But sweeter than the wildbird's note,
Fond fancy turns to thee,
The gem of memories unforgot—
Fair Belmar-by-the-Sea.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN REID.

And thou art dead, my friend—
 Passed like a breath away ;
 While we are left to say,
Is this the end ?

And thou art still, great heart !
 To friendship ever leal ;
 While we in sorrow feel
Thou hast the better part.

Those lips are silent now !
 Thy life-long deeds remain
 With neither blush nor stain
Upon thy brow.

And hearts that loved thee well
 Bow 'round thy silent bier,
 To drop a parting tear,
With one long, sad farewell.

No more beneath the sun,
 In busy mart or street,
 We hear thy tireless feet ;
Thy race is run.

Had early fate but willed,
 Where feebler tongues debate
 In lofty halls of state,
Thou mightst have thrilled !

Or worn the ermine crown,
 Where sculptured bronze,
 With lettered scroll, enthrones
Deathless renown.

But faultless Nature drew,
With happier mold,
Thy heart of gold,
To honor ever true.

Oh, fleeting breath,
Brief as the taper light,
Quenched in the starless night,
Of unrelenting death !

True friend in need,
Thy crown is won,
Thy race is run,
Beloved, lamented REID !



REV. DUNCAN ANDERSON, M. A.

The Rev. Duncan Anderson, M. A., is a native of Aberdeenshire, having been born in the parish of Rayne in 1828. He first attended the old Aberdeen Grammar School and at quite an early age attended King's College and University. He was licensed to preach in 1853 and in 1854 left Scotland and settled in Levis, Province of Quebec, Canada. For many years we are told "he was Chaplain to the Imperial troops, and for two decades he occupied the position of Presbytery clerk, fulfilling the duties of the office in a most unexceptional manner. Mr. Anderson is also known far and wide as an Oruithologist of fine attainments, and the labor of his hands has found its way to Kensington Palace, and the castle of Inverary; as a preacher he occupies a high place among the divines of his church, his sermons are encircled by classical allusion and their literary finish and poetic beauty entitle them to a good place among the pulpit utterances of the day."

As a poet Mr. Anderson is entitled to high honors. His "Lays of Canada," is a handsome volume and a valuable addition to Canadian poetical literature. It certainly contains numerous poems of great beauty and merit. "His writings are true to life and reach the heart," says one of his critics. In particular, his descriptive poems combine a great clear intellectu-

ality, combined with natural refinement of soul and tender sensibility. He is evidently a man of high-toned piety, and this, with his fine endowment of feeling and aspiration, makes his utterances profitable, as they are pleasing.

Dr. Louis Fréchette of Montreal, says of Mr. Anderson:

"A man of great learning, a fluent talker, endowed with a spirit the most capacious and the most conciliatory. Mr. Anderson is one of the most sympathetic men that I know. . . ."

"The 'Lays of Canada' let me know that I lived side by side without knowing it, with an original poet, full of animation and intelligence (*de verve et d'esprit*), endowed with a powerful poetic temperament, served by a language which is very harmonious and well coloured. Among the poems I would particularly refer to the 'Death of Wolf,' a picture from the hand of a master.

"Mr. Anderson was not born in Canada; but no one among us is more Canadian than he. In adopting our country many years ago he cordially espoused our past, our glories and our sorrows. He sings our struggles of earlier days and salutes with enthusiasm the dawning of our future.

"With him there is no exclusiveness, no narrowness of view, no prejudices of race. If he acclaims the illustrious Conqueror of the Plains of Abraham, he does respectful obeisance to the glorious conquered. Not one syllable in all this poem, is calcu-

lated to wound the French ear, however enthusiastic.

"In his verses, as in his person Mr. Anderson is courtesy itself. His poetry is completely himself, with his grace, his native kindness, and his delicately impressionable nature. The 'Lays of Canada' have their place in all Canadian libraries, and their author takes his place in the first rank among our native poets. I am happy to offer him my hand in token of the most cordial welcome." Mr. Anderson's latest work is a volume entitled "Scottish Folk Lore." It is an excellent prose work and has already had a large sale.

Following are three specimens of his muse:

SONG.

TO BENNACHIE.

Tune: "O! gin I war whaur Gadie rins."

I'm weary o' the guggle's sang,
And a' the gaudy feathered thrang,
And would ance mair I war amang
Thy rocks, bauld Bennachie.

CHORUS:—O! gin I war whaur clear Don rins,
By fair Pitfichie's gowden whins,
Whaur tunefu' linties wauk the linns
That sing to Bennachie.

My ploughboy songhs but foreign tunes;
My bairns are rocked to Frenchie croons';
Ah! would that I could hear the souns
I've heard near Bennachie.

Awa ! vast lakes, proud commerce' throne ;
Awa ! broad streams that ships sail on ;
Mair sweet's to me the wimplin Don
That rows near Bennachie.

Fair Fancy, lend your son your wing,
That back my boyhood's joys can bring,
And tune my lips again to sing
The saugs o' Bennachie.

And when this heart is cauld and still ;
My heart unstrung without a thrill ;
Lay there ae stane fresh frae the hil,
A stane frae Bennachie.

TO A WHITE CROWNED SPARROW.

SEEN IN A SNOWSTORM ON 2ND DECEMBER 1895, AT MONY-
MUSK, NEAR QUEBEC.

Sweet little birdie cowrin' low
In bed of crisp and cruel snow,
From what far region hast thou sped,
Where blizzards fierce are born and bred,
And Boreals blow ?

When Indian Summer smil'd with glee,
And pour'd its warmth o'er mead and lea,
Why did thy laggard wing delay
To mount the sky, and hie away
To flower and tree ?

Perchance on some lone Arctic shore,
Where glaciers frown and lichens hoar
Scarce bloom, the dread Jer Falcon came
Thy loving mate to fiercely claim,
And leave thee sore.

Did mem'ry keep thee near the nest,
Where oft in summer time thy breast
Thy nestlings warned, till strong of wing,
They wandered free to sport and sing,
And give thee rest?

Or didst thou linger on the way,
To honour Scotland's festal day;
The merry toast and dance to mark,
And men aye ready for their wark
At feast or fray?

Ah! hast thou seen the icy pole,
Where storm fiends rave, or soft waves roll;
Hast view'd the cairn where Franklin sleeps,
Or where brave Hall, tho' dead, yet speaks,
A living soul?

Sweet wand'ring songster hie away,
We would not tempt thee here to stay;
Hark! loud the northland tempests blow,
And high, and higher drifts the snow
O'er dale and brae.

The squirrel seeks his nut-stored tree,
To shelter creeps the chick-a-dee,
The song of birds is heard no more,
Lone is the lake, and icebound shore—
No home for thee.

God temper then, to suit thy wing,
Those biting winds that storm clouds bring,
And guide thy flight to sunnier lands
Where welcomes from sweet tuneful bands
Shall round thee ring.

TO A SHEEP'S HEAD AND TROTTERS.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY, 1892.

(DEDICATED TO THE PRESIDENT OF ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY,
QUEBEC.)

"We'll hae nane but Hielan' bonnets here."

Na ! Na ! nane but a kinly Scot
Can join us roun' the toothsome pot
That frae our Patron Saint we got
 In days of old ;
Frae guid St. Andrew, sans a blot,
 Or rust, or mould.

It may be true that when we stand,
Ranked for the foe wi' ready brand,
Leal John is there at our command,
 And Paddy bright,
But when a sheep's head is on hand,
 Wha then's in sight ?

We weel may boast our haggis bauld,
That keeps Scotch stamacks frae the cauld ;
But pleasures aft are twins we're tauld
 To Peers or Cott'rs,
And some new Burns may frae the fauld
 Sing "Head and Trotters."

Sae leeze me on your honest face ;
Tho' somewhat grimed, 'tis nae disgrace ;
Ye've passed like mony a nobler race,
 Thro' scathin' fires ;
And proud are Scotchmen aft to trace
 Sae in their sires—

Nae doot bold Jason, as they say,
Wha bore the "Golden Fleece" away,
And shared Medea's Wedding Day,
For work weel sped,
Refreshed his sair forfoughten clay
Wi' guid Sheep's Head.

And Saul, but at his crimes we blanche !
Wha raided cruel Agag's ranch,
And cleaned him out,—root,—stock,—and branch,
Made Samuel wroth,
Because he showed a love *prepense*
For Sheep's Head broth.

Sae set it doon, the lordly dish,
That bangs them a',—flesh,—foul,—and fish,
And fills a Scotchman's ev'ry wish,
However great ;—
Wha douts I'd mak the Maiden * kiss ;
Puir bladderscate.

And when we've pickt the juicy banes,
Till they be bare like chuckie stanes,
And cripples maist could stand their lanes,
Then up as ane,
And sing like mad,—Man,—Wife,—and Weans—
"God Save the Queen."

*As sheep-stealers in Scotland were, at a comparatively recent date, executed for this crime, the poet has scarcely availed himself of poetical license when he suggests a kiss of the Maiden (the finisher of political treason in Scotland) as a suitable reward to everyone who differs in opinion or taste from himself with regard to sheep's head and trotters.

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